

The Smart Screen Magazine

# SCREENLAND

December

15¢

RECORDED  
SEP 15 1943  
3

Ann  
Sheridan

**NEW FULL-COLOR GLAMOR STAR PORTRAITS!**  
*"Glass Key" • Exciting Melodrama with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake*  
*What Bing Crosby & Bob Hope Did To Me! By Dorothy Lamour*



**HAYWORTH'S** Glowing Beauty!

**ASTAIRE'S** Glorious Rhythm!

**KERN'S** Greatest Score Since "Show Boat"!

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER



*Fred*  
**ASTAIRE · HAYWORTH**  
*Rita*  
in

**You Were Never Lovelier**

with  
**ADOLPHE MENJOU**

Music by **JEROME KERN**

Screen play by Michael Fessier &  
Ernest Pagano and Delmer Daves  
Directed by **WILLIAM A. SEITER**  
Produced by **LOUIS F. EDELMAN**  
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

*Hits*

Thrilling tunes  
everyone's already  
humming:  
'I'M OLD FASHIONED'  
'YOU WERE  
NEVER LOVELIER'  
'DEARLY BELOVED'  
'WEDDING IN  
THE SPRING'

America's favorite!

**XAVIER CUGAT**  
and His Orchestra

Hear their song hit...  
"CHIU, CHIU"!







# Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

## hearts surrender to a radiant smile!

**To give your smile extra sparkle and appeal, brighten your teeth with Ipana and Massage!**

**T**AKE COURAGE, plain girl—and smile! You don't need beauty to win your heart's desire. Just glance about you at the girls who are well-loved—the brides-to-be—the happy young wives—

Very few can claim real beauty... *but they all know how to smile!* Not timid, half-hearted smiles. But big, heart-warming smiles that light their faces like sunshine!

You, too, can have that same mag-

netic appeal—compelling, irresistible. So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Let your smile turn heads, win hearts, invite new happiness for you.

But it must be a *brave* smile, flashing freely and unafraid. For that kind of smile, you must have teeth you are proud to show. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

### **"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!**

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise

by today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it helps the health of your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means gum circulation is quickening—helping gums to new firmness.

Make Ipana and massage part of your regular dental routine and help yourself to have brighter teeth and firmer gums—a more attractive, sparkling smile!



Product of Bristol-Myers

*Start today with*  
**IPANA and MASSAGE**





A lion like an elephant never forgets—

She was twelve, she came from Grand Rapids and had rhythm. She sang like a lark on the beat. While her mother accompanied her on the pianoforte. M-G-M cheered.

What an electric little spark was Judy. She was destined for stardom.

Today is destiny day. See "For Me and My Gal."

Judy Garland is a great star. As a matter of fact, she is the second most popular actress in the nation by actual poll. And no wonder.

How she sings and dances and acts! But above all, she has feeling—that's what makes her so good.

It's what distinguishes "For Me and My Gal" from all other musical movies you've seen. Feeling.



The plot is as warm and friendly as your fireside. Convincing dialogue. Infectious song rendering.

George Murphy and Gene Kelly play with Judy. Murphy is at his best. Gene Kelly is a "find." Broadway saw him first in "Pal Joey," but you'll never forget him in "For Me and My Gal."

It's not necessary to predict a future for Gene Kelly. His future is here. What a performance he gives as a heel with a heart.



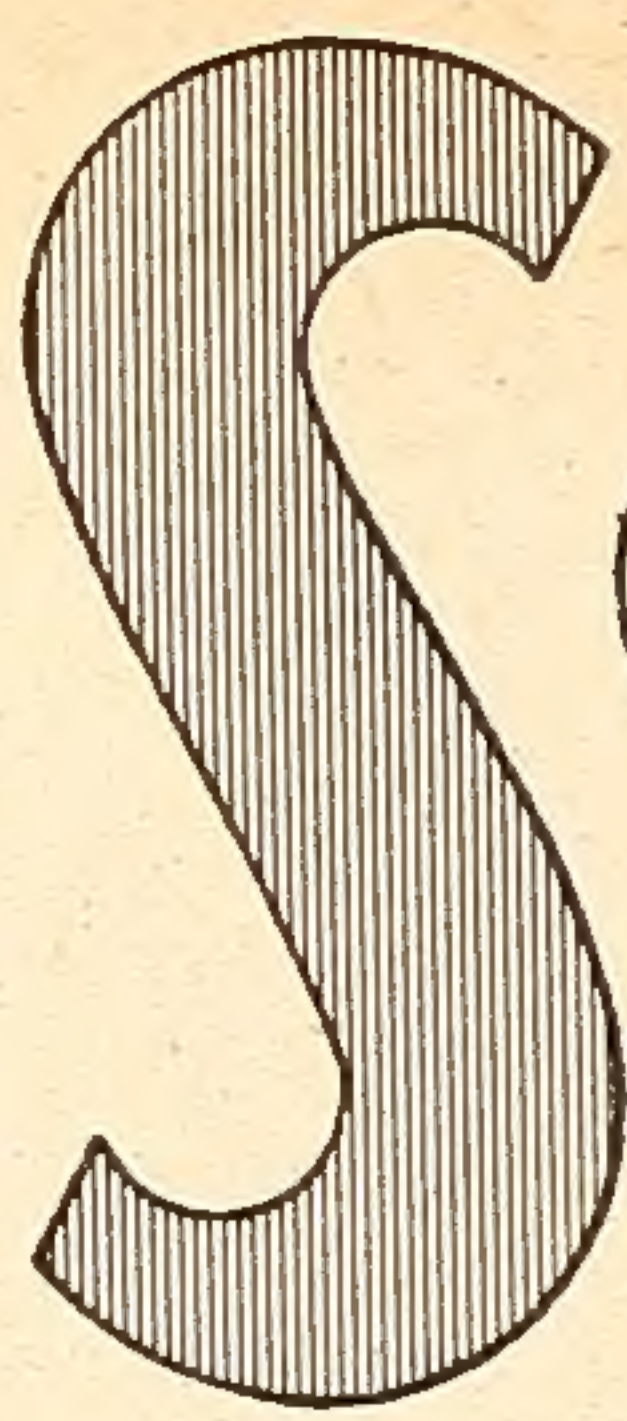
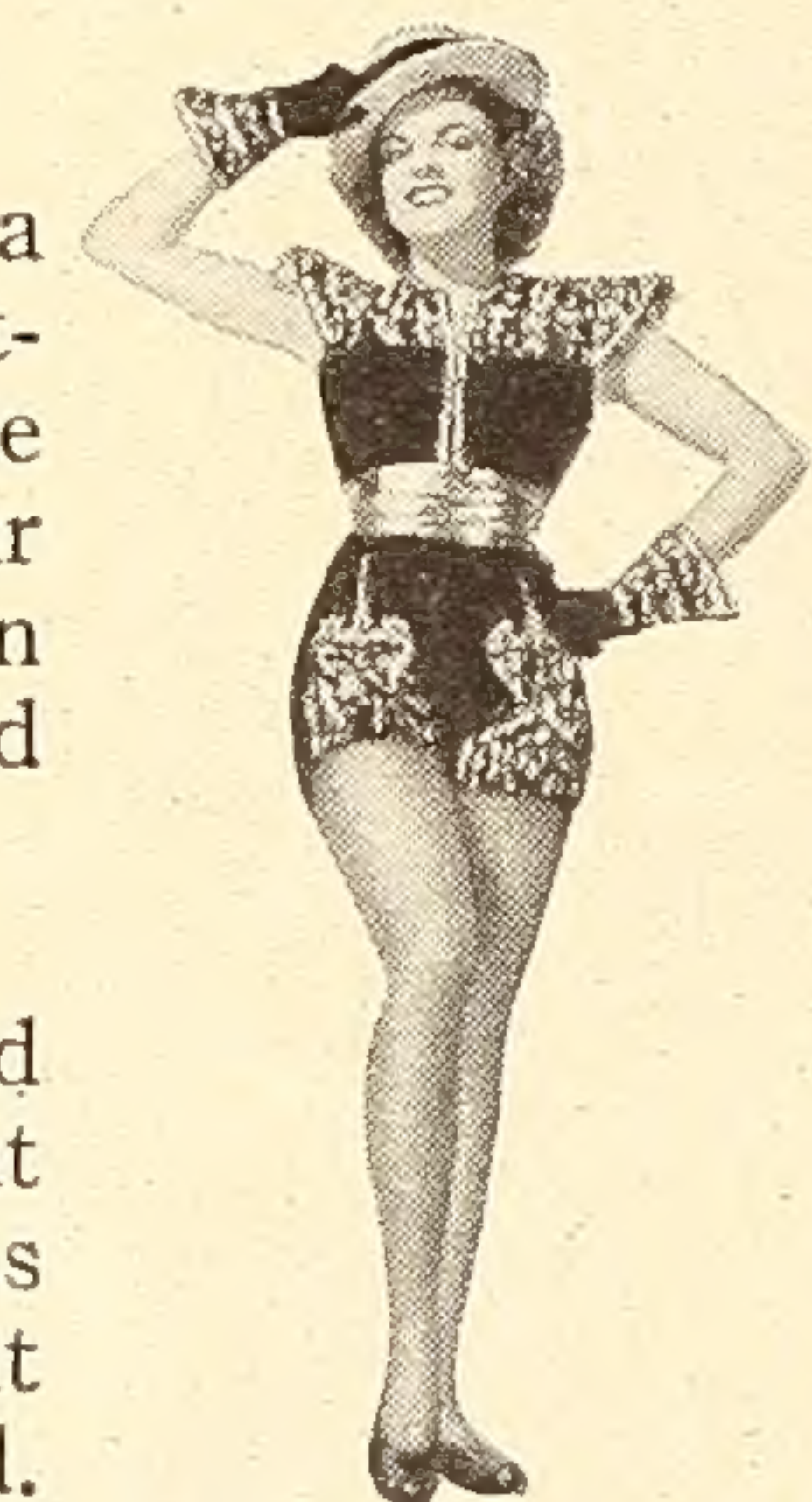
The dramatic and humorous screenplay has been provided by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers from Howard Emmett Rodgers' original yarn.

Busby Berkeley, the screen's greatest director of musical pictures, directed it and Arthur Freed produced it. The two work well together.

"The bells are ringing For Me and My Gal."

—Lea

P. S. We recommend "Random Harvest" as the greatest dramatic film since "Mrs. Miniver." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, of course.



# SCREENLAND

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December, 1942



Vol. XLVI, No. 2

## EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	19
Should Girls Let Down the Bars in Time of War?.....	May Mann	20
What Bing Crosby and Bob Hope Did to Me!....	Dorothy Lamour	22
"The Glass Key." Complete Fictionization....	Elizabeth B. Petersen	24
I Am Proud To Be A War Wife! By Annabella (Mrs. Tyrone Power) As told to Elizabeth Wilson		26
Youth Was Her Mortal Enemy! Anne Baxter....	John R. Franchey	28
Roy Rogers' Wife Talks!.....	Ida Zeitlin	30
Gene Tierney's New Home.....	Liza	33
Jeanette MacDonald Sings for the Soldiers.....	Elizabeth Wilson	50
My Brother George and I. George Sanders.....	Tom Conway	52

## FULL-COLOR PORTRAITS:

Rita Hayworth in Columbia's "You Were Never Lovelier".....	23
Tyrone Power playing in "Crash Dive" for 20th Century-Fox.....	27
Gene Tierney appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "China Girl"....	32

**SPECIAL PICTURE PAGES:** Henry Fonda, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Mickey Rooney, Esther Williams, Ann Rutherford, Lynn Bari, Greer Garson, Ronald Colman, "Ice-Capades Revue," Hollywood Canteen Opening.

## DEPARTMENTS:

Hot from Hollywood .....	6
Honor Page .....	8
Inside the Stars' Homes. Ann Miller, Linda Darnell....	Betty Boone 10
Fans' Forum .....	12
Your Guide to Current Films.....	Delight Evans 14
"Beauty Without Extravagance".....	Josephine Felts 54
Guide to Glamor.....	55
Here's Hollywood .....	Weston East 56

Illustrated with Candid Camera Pictures by Jean Duval  
Cover Portrait of ANN SHERIDAN, Starring in  
"Edge of Darkness," for Warners

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Published monthly by Hunter Publications, Inc., Executive and Editorial Offices, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City. Advertising Offices: 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 427 W. Fifth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$2.00 in Canada; foreign \$2.50. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.  
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GRAB YOUR GIRL - HUG YOUR BEAU - HERE'S A DARLING MUSIC-SHOW!



JUDY GARLAND  
FOR ME  
AND MY GAL



**GEORGE MURPHY • GENE KELLY • Marta Eggerth • Ben Blue •** Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY  
Produced by ARTHUR FREED  
Screen Play by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers • Original Story by Howard Emmett Rogers • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture





*Don't Trust Yourself*

To a Face Powder That Fails to Give Your Skin Color-Harmony

**MEN THRILL** to the touch of warm smooth skin. But how does your skin *look*? If streaks and blotches in your face powder mar the color-harmony of your face—a precious moment may be lost to you forever.

**TRY THIS TEST.** Press out a bit of your present face powder against a mirror. See those little streaks of raw color? Sure as fate, he'll notice them . . . just when you want him to notice only *you*.

**FOR NATURAL** color-harmony, try Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. Its color is blended for harmony so natural no flaws can show. Scented, too, with the "fragrance men love."

6 Ravishing Shades of Color. In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.



**Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder**

A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—  
the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

**HOT**

**from  
Hollywood**



First photo of Ingrid Bergman's short haircut for her rôle in "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

**R**UN, don't walk, when "For Whom The Bell Tolls" plays at your local movie house. We go on record as saying that Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman are the most perfect couple on the screen. Ingrid finally confessed that Gary was her great favorite for many years in Sweden. She is thrilled to be playing opposite him and their scenes show it. Especially the love scenes. She and Gary seem so shy of each other and yet work together so beautifully. Everyone on the set is excited at watching them. And that's *really* something.

**T**HIS gives you a rough idea of the part Hollywood is playing in war work. Abbott and Costello appeared in 78 cities and at 101 war production plants in 38 days. It's estimated they sold 85 million (yes, we said 85 million) dollars worth of bonds and stamps. To us they are as wonderful as they are funny.

**'T**IS rumored that Randy Scott is getting very close to his first date with Hedy Lamarr. Hedy herself expressed an interest in meeting the great Scott and it's now being arranged. In the meantime, John Pierre Aumont (who isn't making much headway) keeps sending Hedy wires that say, "I don't want to walk without you, Hedy."

**M**ICKEY ROONEY has gone home to mama. No one knows just exactly what caused Ava Gardner to sue him for divorce. And Mickey is so surrounded by studio-appointed guards and protective friends, a body can't even get close enough to say a cheery good morning. It's Hollywood's guess and you *know* how Hollywood loves to guess, that Ava was and still is career-minded and not the little homebody Mickey thought he had found. However, there are two sides to every story.

**PAULETTE GODDARD** knows her publicity values. But she's also capable of being nice, just for niceness' sake. Recently she left on a bond tour. But she left earlier than expected to visit Washington first. She arrived at the station, minus photographers, press agents, reporters. Sitting at her compartment window, she looked out and across at another train, loaded with soldiers waiting to be shipped out. They recognized Paulette and started to shout. She got off her train, went across the tracks. She walked the full length of the other train, giving autographs and shaking hands with hundreds of boys who all but fell out of their windows. The porter got her back on her own train just as it was pulling out.

**W**HETHER it's love or just that she's learned to dress better, Jane Russell is even more stunning since John Payne came into her life. She's lost weight and it's becoming—not that anyone ever complained about the Russell figure. John and Jane were quite secretive about their romance at first. But now they come right out in the open and make no effort to disguise their true feelings.

**S**INCE her return from a bond tour, Dorothy Lamour has been very tired. But that isn't the reason she's been absent from the old familiar haunts. At least, so say her friends. They insist that Dottie's got it bad and it's good. The gentleman in question is said to be a handsome Lieutenant, stationed in Washington. They met when Dottie was selling bonds in that city. They say she doesn't even want to be with any one else since Mr. "Right" came along. More about this later on—if we know what we *think* we know.



Maria Montez and Louis Shurr, her agent, enjoy a late snack at one of the gay night spots.

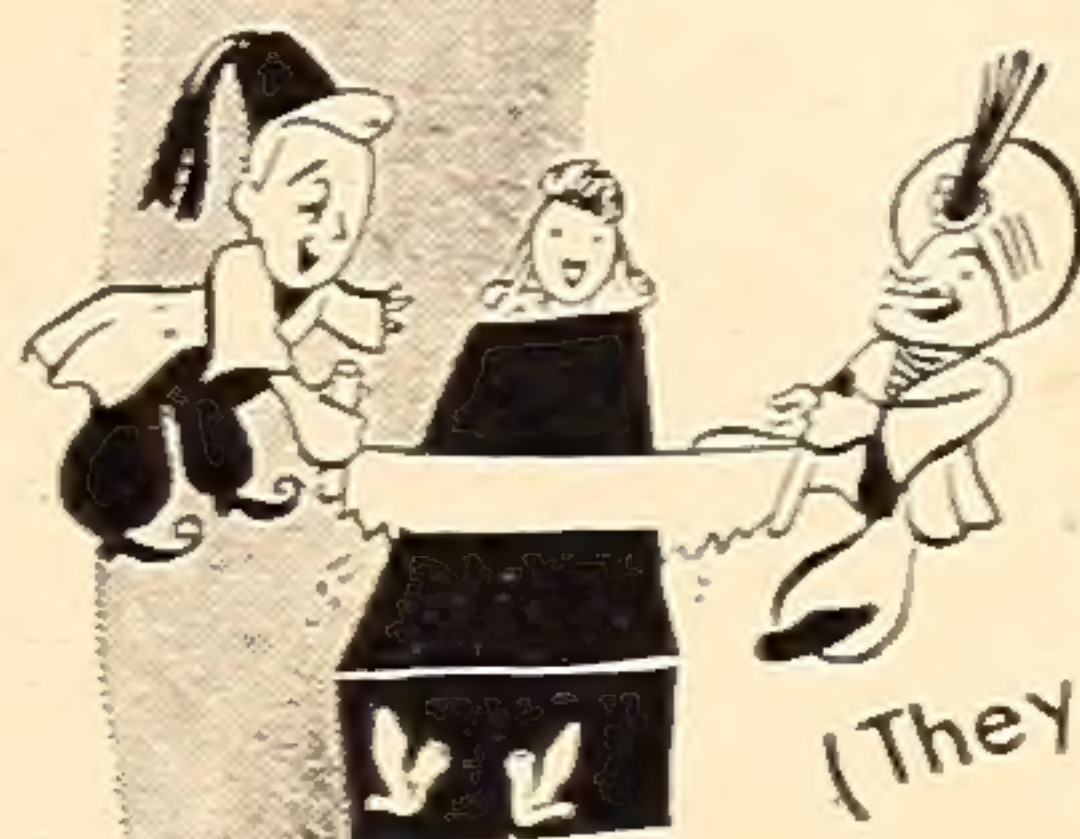


# WE'RE OFF ON THE ROAD TO MOROCCO

My name's  
Mable



(Dance of  
the seven veils)



(They saw their  
wives in half)

We're off on the road to Morocco  
This taxi is tough on the spine  
Where we goin'? Why we're goin'—  
How can we be sure?  
I'll lay you eight to five that we meet  
Dorothy Lamour.

We're off on the road to Morocco,  
Hang on till the end of the line.  
I hear this country's where they do the  
Dance of the seven veils . . .  
We'd tell you more but we would have  
The censor on our tails.

We're off on the road to Morocco  
Look out! Well, clear the way!  
Cause here we come.  
The men eat fire, and live on nails,  
And saw their wives in half.  
It seems to me that there should be  
Easier ways to get a laugh!

## FOUR BIG SONGS

"Moonlight Becomes You"  
"Constantly"  
"Ain't Got A Dime To  
My Name"  
"Road To Morocco"



BING CROSBY • BOB HOPE • DOROTHY LAMOUR  
in **"ROAD TO MOROCCO"**  
The Funniest "Road" Show of Them All!

with  
ANTHONY QUINN • DONA DRAKE  
Directed by David Butler

A Paramount Picture

Original Screen Play by Frank Butler and Don Hartman

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

SCREENLAND

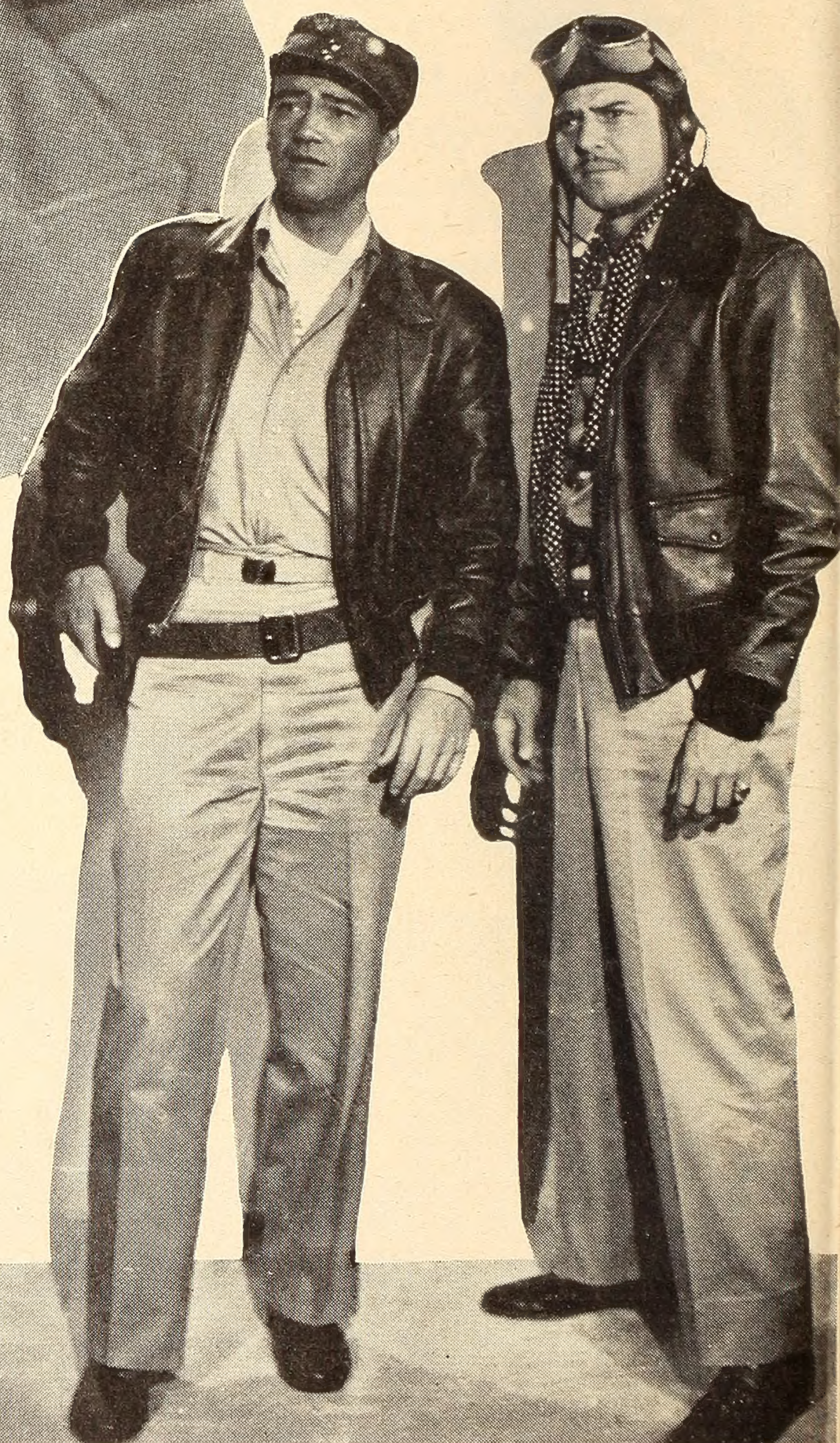
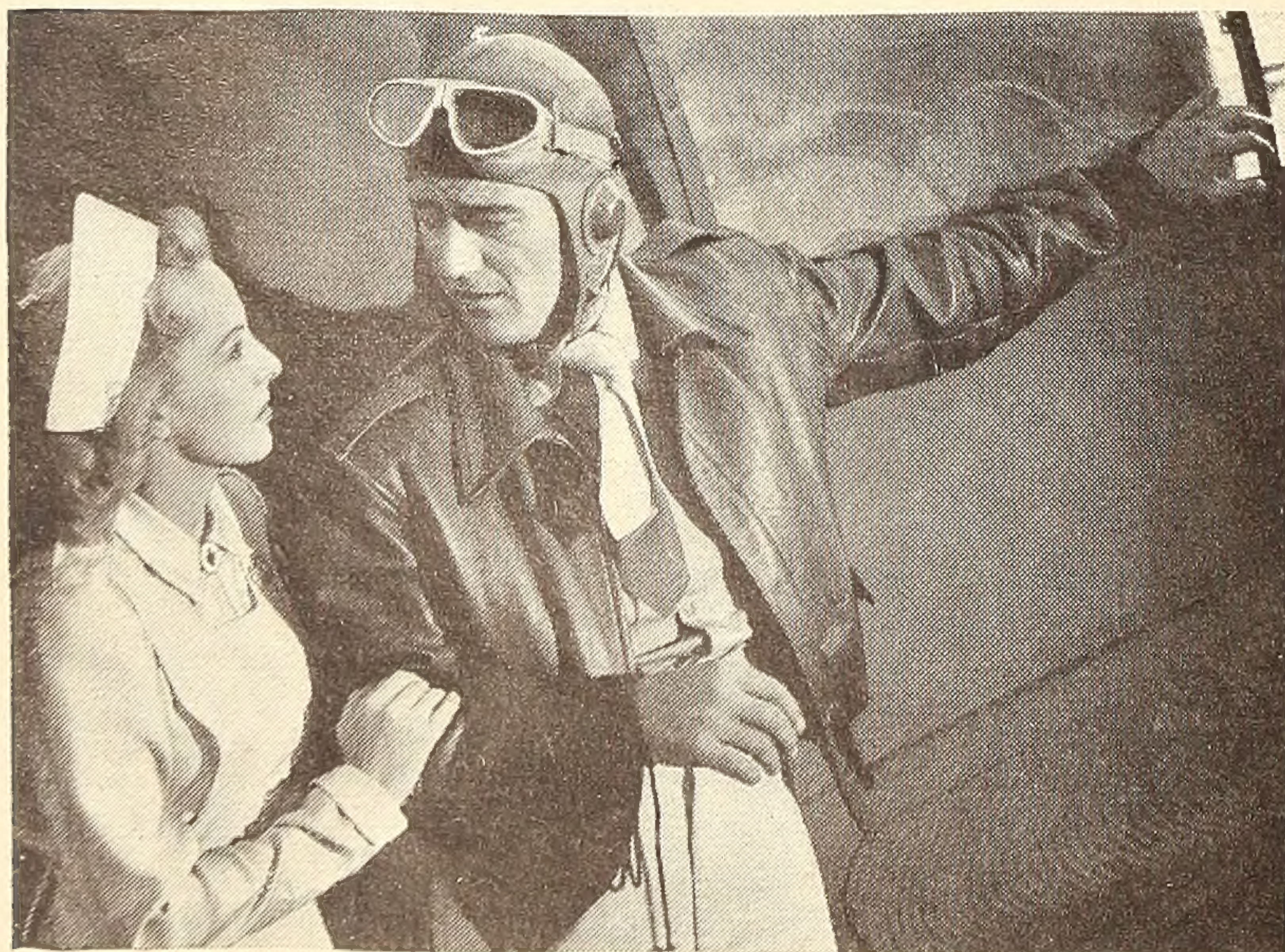


# Screenland Honor Page

**John Wayne scores as hero of the skyways in "Flying Tigers," Republic's thrilling new film based on the actual exploits of the A.V.G. in China**

*As Squadron Leader Gordon, John Wayne has his best rôle—and if you've had him branded as just another cowboy actor you're in for a surprise, for he delivers a smashing performance. John Carroll, in scene with Wayne below, is exceptionally good as a hot-headed pilot.*

Heroine of "Flying Tigers" is charming, blonde Anna Lee, playing a nurse in love with the squadron leader (John Wayne).





Jack Benny, the great Lover!



**JACK BENNY and  
ANN SHERIDAN!**

**ABSOLUTELY THE FUNNIEST  
THING ON FILM!**

# "George Washington Slept Here"

**A WARNER BROS. RIOT!**

With **CHARLES COBURN**

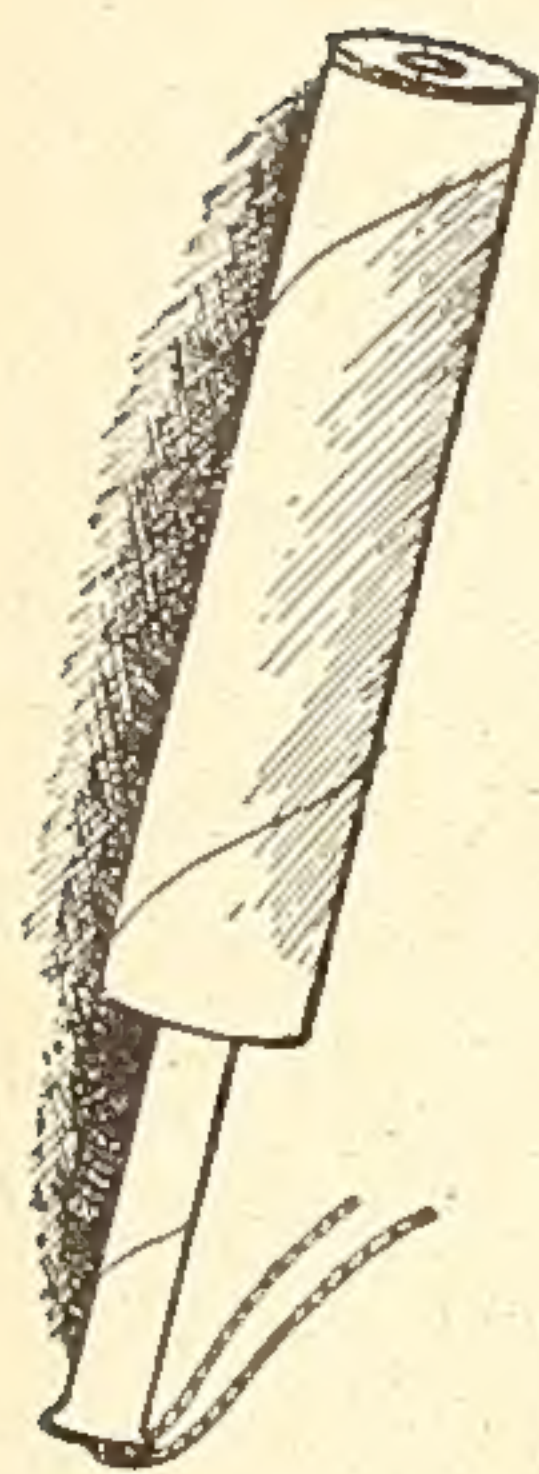
**PERCY KILBRIDE • HATTIE McDANIEL • WILLIAM TRACY**

Directed by **WILLIAM KEIGHLEY**

Screen play by Everett Freeman • From the stage play by  
Moss Hart and Geo. S. Kaufman • Produced by Sam Harris

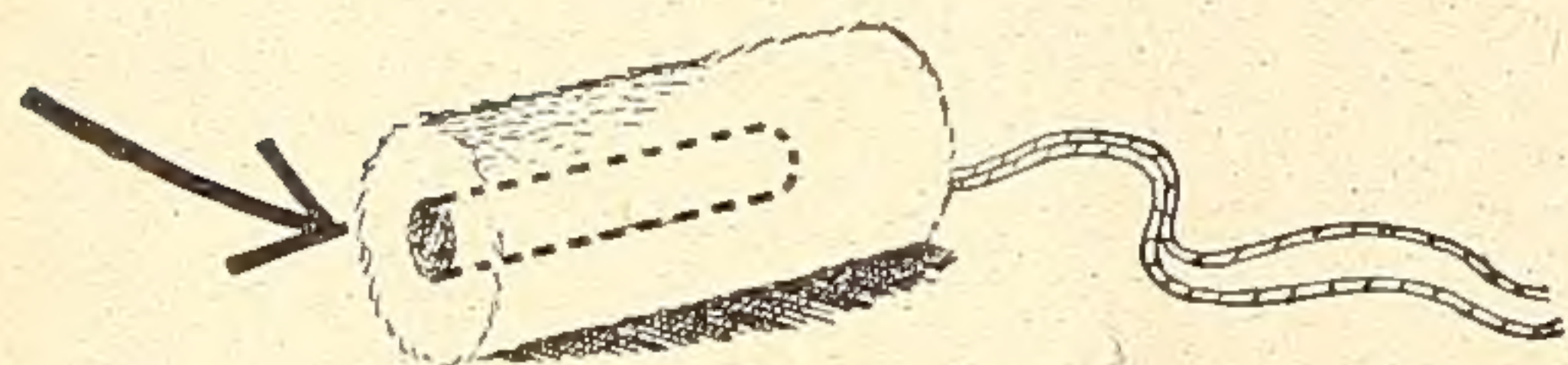


Have you ever used  
*Tampons?*



Tampons are no mystery these days. Every month more and more women discover the wonderful freedom of *internal* sanitary protection. But in choosing a tampon, make sure it's truly modern, scientifically correct. Only Meds—the new and improved Modess tampons—have the "safety center."

"Safety Center"?  
What's that?



The "safety center" is an exclusive Meds' feature that nearly doubles the area of absorption... makes Meds absorb faster. Meds are made of the finest, pure cotton—they hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

*A woman's doctor did it?*



Yes, a leading gynecologist—a woman's doctor—designed Meds. They are scientifically shaped to fit. As for comfort, you feel as free as any other day! Nothing to pin! Nothing to bulge or show! No odor worries! Easier to use, too—each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator that ends old difficulties.

*But don't these special features make Meds cost more?*

Not at all! Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators. No more than leading napkins. Try Meds and compare! You'll be glad you did.

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

**Meds**



*The Modess Tampons*

# INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

**Christmas at Ann Miller's, with co-hostess Linda Darnell to help serve and spread holiday cheer, is a joyous occasion. Come join them!**



Miss Miller, above, with her new and novel American glass egg-salad plate which Ann has rimmed with deviled eggs and piled in center with tasty potato salad. Top, right, Ann and Linda Darnell in the jungle playroom with guests, Sergt. Gail Deremer and Pvt. Bob Nash, making records on Ann's recorder.

**H**OSPITALITY is the birth-gift of every Texan, they say, so no wonder Linda Darnell and Ann Miller make excellent hostesses. Both are from deep in the heart of Texas, they are "best friends," and they'd make the shyest strangers feel welcome and at ease.

These holidays the girls alternate at keeping open house, first at Ann's then at Linda's. The honored guests being, as in most American homes, men in uniform.

Today the party was at Ann's, with Linda as co-hostess. Sergeant Gail Deremer of Kansas and Private Bob Nash of New York City were among the guests.

When I arrived at the Spanish castle, high on a Hollywood hill, where Ann and her mother live, I found the two young



**By Betty Boone**

stars and the two young soldiers finishing a game of gin-rummy in the jungle playroom.

The jungle playroom was Ann's idea. The winding stairway descending to it from the entrance hall is banked with palm leaves and lit with globes that have jungle faces. The walls are decorated with murals depicting jungle depths, the lamps have palm-leaf shades, the drapes are zebra-striped, couches and chairs are done in leopard skin, and presently (when the decorator gets to it) the fireplace will be covered with bamboo.

"Grandest place for a dance!" laughed Ann. "We take up the rug, push back the furniture, switch on the records and begin!"

Linda added that it's a marvelous place for buffet suppers and snacks. The girls serve informal meals down here, formal ones in the big dining room upstairs. Ann  
(Please turn to page 69)



Mrs. Miller, Ann's charming young mother, extreme right in picture above, is always on hand to help the girls with the serving.





*"... SO ENDED MY PAST  
SO BEGAN MY FUTURE."*

I WAS A HITCH-HIKER on the highway of love. I was the woman men were glad to forget... I was the lonely heart with a capital L.

Then I got a straight-from-the-shoulder tip from my best girl friend that literally changed my entire life. Now I'm back from my vacation engaged to an adorable man whom every girl in the place was after. Life seems beautiful now. And the lonely heart is lonely no longer.

Here's the hint I got... and took:

"Don't neglect your breath\*, darling,"

my girl friend told me. "When it's off-color people are off you. And you may never know when it is that way. From now on better let Listerine look after it."

If you seem to be out of things perhaps you, too, will do well to take the hint that helped me.

✓ ✓ ✓

\*While occasionally of systemic origin, most cases of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic

quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Better not guess about your breath... better not take chances. Use Listerine Antiseptic before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

---

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**  
*for oral hygiene*

---

**P.S.** A little loving care is what your teeth need, and this delightful new dentifrice gives it. **LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE**



# "Soaping"

## ROBS YOUR HAIR OF LUSTER!



### Try amazing Halo Shampoo that reveals natural brilliance of hair

For glorious hair that shimmers with dancing highlights...for richer, unclouded natural color...try the exciting new discovery, Halo Shampoo! Halo is your lucky way to new hair beauty.

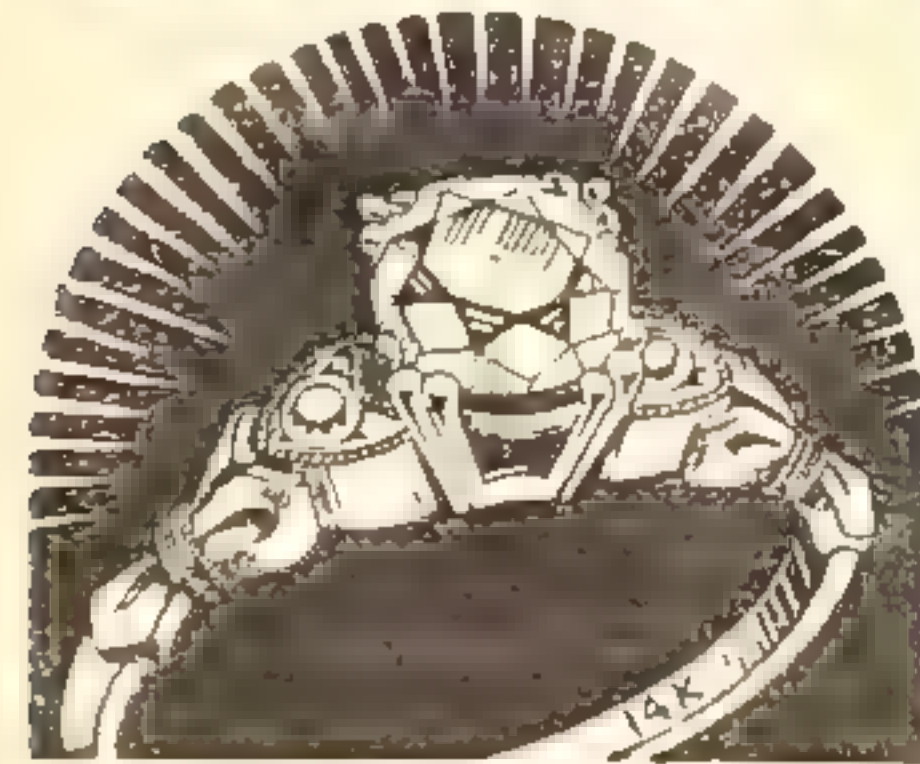
All soaps, even the finest, leave dulling soap-film on hair. But Halo—made with a patented new-type lathering ingredient—contains no soap, cannot leave soap-film. Rinse away Halo's luxurious, fragrant lather—no bothering with lemon or vinegar after-rinses. Your hair dries so silky-soft, so shimmering with highlights, so easy to manage—your whole personality is glorified! Don't wait to try Halo Shampoo—10¢ and larger sizes.

A Product of  
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.



**REVEALS THE HIDDEN  
BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR**

### MINED AND CUT LIKE A DIAMOND!



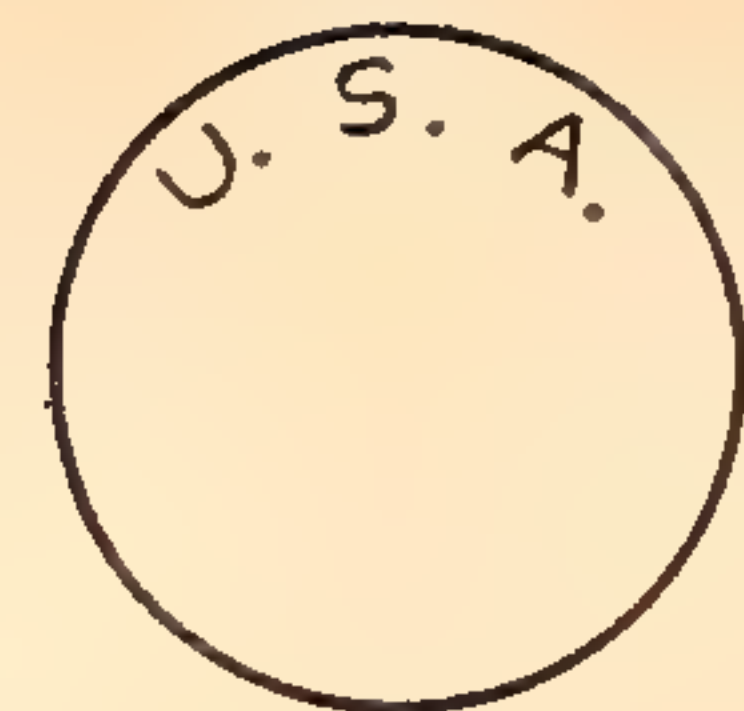
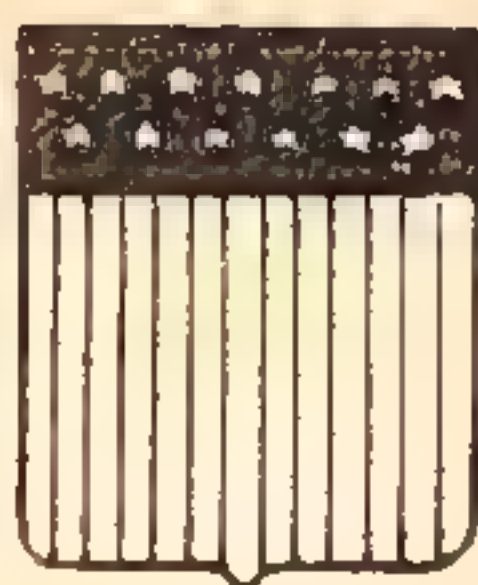
Famous WHITE Zircon gem. Sparkles like a diamond, costs 98% less! Withstands acid! FREE catalog of amazing values in genuine Zircons set in men's and women's gold or silver rings. Write for your copy today! When in N. Y. visit our showrooms  
**KIMBERLY GEM CO., Inc.**  
Dept. S-1 503 5th Ave. N.Y.C.

### POEMS WANTED

FOR MUSICAL SETTING Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. Don't delay—send us your original poem at once for immediate consideration and FREE RHYMING DICTIONARY.  
**RICHARD BROTHERS, 28 Woods Building, Chicago, Ill.**

### ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.  
**47¢**  
3 for \$1.00  
**SEND NO MONEY** Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and receive promptly your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47¢ plus postage—or send 49¢ with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20-inch enlargement sent C. O. D. 78¢ plus postage or send 80¢ and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.  
**STANDARD ART STUDIOS**  
100 East Ohio Street Dept. 452-W CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



# Fans' Forum



### FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

Hollywood is the epitome of glamor, beauty, and appeal! Hollywood is always looking for beautiful new faces and Hollywood always seems to find them.

I'm not saying that this isn't as it should be, but why can't the motion picture industry place more stress on interesting, different personalities? Joan Fontaine, Greer Garson, and Ida Lupino, to mention a few, are not only pleasing to look at, but are interesting, intelligent girls whose radiance and dynamic personalities set them apart from other actresses. They haven't doll faces; they aren't all makeup and clothes; they are *real*!

Movies influence the world. There's no doubt about it. That's why I feel that if more stress were placed on individuality, characters, and personality instead of an overdose of sex and beauty the whole country would benefit. I'm not saying that actresses should run around looking like lags. Heaven forbid! When the world is in such a turmoil femininity and loveliness should be especially important, but not so important that other values are overlooked. Beauty, allure, and appeal are not everything, and people everywhere should be made to feel that there are many more essential values in the world which are lasting. Hollywood—producers, stars, and everyone in the motion picture industry—can greatly help in creating this impression.

MISS JANE KUNKEL, Elsah, Ill.

### SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

I am tired of seeing the pages of the magazines filled with news and pictures of guys like Dennis Morgan, Henry Fonda, etc. So they are glamor boys, but who cares? What I would like to read about is news of a big he-man who has arms and shoulders that give you heart palpitation just to look at them. Who am I referring to? Can't you guess? The Dynamic Donlevy, better known as Brian Donlevy. He certainly has the gift of gab, too, with that blarneying tongue of his. And now I know what the composer of that song meant when he wrote *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*. Just one look at Brian and you will know too.

One thing about him is that he is never typed. Take Fred Astaire or Bing Crosby and what do they do—sing and dance, of course, and they always do just that. But



### Come, Speak Up!

Don't mumble and grumble to yourself—no one will like you and there's no fun suffering in silence. Anyway, why not let other fans know what you think of the movies? It's all right to hand out a bouquet to some star or film, or if you're in the mood to give out with a "bird"—go to it! Besides, if your letter is picked as a prize-winner, you'll be able to buy more Bonds because SCREENLAND's monthly awards are paid in War Savings Stamps. Prizes: \$10.00; \$5.00; and five prizes of \$1.00 each. Closing date, 25th of month.

Address letters to SCREENLAND'S FANS' FORUM, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Brian can take any rôle that is handed him and play it with expertness. Toughy, comedian, sympathetic parts are all in his line. So I say, watch this burly guy, he's going places!

PEGGY FOGEL, Des Moines, Iowa

### FIVE PRIZE LETTERS \$1.00 EACH

I have just seen "Mrs. Miniver," and I agree that it is one of the ten best pictures of all time, as advertised.

I had thought I wouldn't care for Greer Garson, but she is superb as *Mrs. Miniver*. She was easily the outstanding personality of the picture, and her eyes were the most contributing factor. Every feeling she had: joy, happiness, fear, horror, and calmness, transmitted itself to the souls of the audience, who lived every good and bad moment with her.

Walter Pidgeon was excellent support, and together, they have the merry, gay little twinkle in their eyes that all fathers and mothers need to make happy homes.

(Please turn to page 74)



# He Kissed Her All Over The Map

ON ANOTHER FELLOW'S  
HONEYMOON!



THAT EVENING IN PARIS

SOUL KISSES IN PRAGUE

LOVE UNDER FIRE IN WARSAW!

VIENNA WAS HEAVEN

Whirlwind romance that races headlong through the tumbling capitals of Europe! ... A truly great picture that catches the courage, the drama, and the flaming spirit of a blitz-torn world, in the most exciting story of this war!

HER Finest Since 'Kitty Foyle'... THEIR First Time Together... THE YEAR'S Greatest Love Affair!

## *Ginger and Cary* **ROGERS GRANT** *are coming soon* in *"Once Upon A Honeymoon"*

Produced & Directed  
by Academy  
Award - Winner

**LEO  
MCCAREY**  
His Greatest Hit Yet!



With  
**WALTER SLEZAK • ALBERT DEKKER**  
**ALBERT BASSERMAN**  
Screen Play by Sheridan Gibney

See it at  
**RADIO CITY  
MUSIC HALL**  
Or At Leading Theatres  
Everywhere. Watch For Date!

SCREENLAND





**WHENEVER I NEEDED** a laxative, I'd take down the bottle, pour out a spoonful and hold my nose while I swallowed the nasty-tasting stuff. And how it upset me! It was just *too strong!*

**THEN I WENT** to the other extreme. I tried another laxative which I thought would be easier on me. But the medicine only stirred me up and left me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*



**ONE DAY, I GOT** a bright idea! I decided to give Ex-Lax a trial. It tasted swell—just like fine chocolate! And it was so pleasant to find that it works *easily and effectively* at the same time. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild—it's *just right!*

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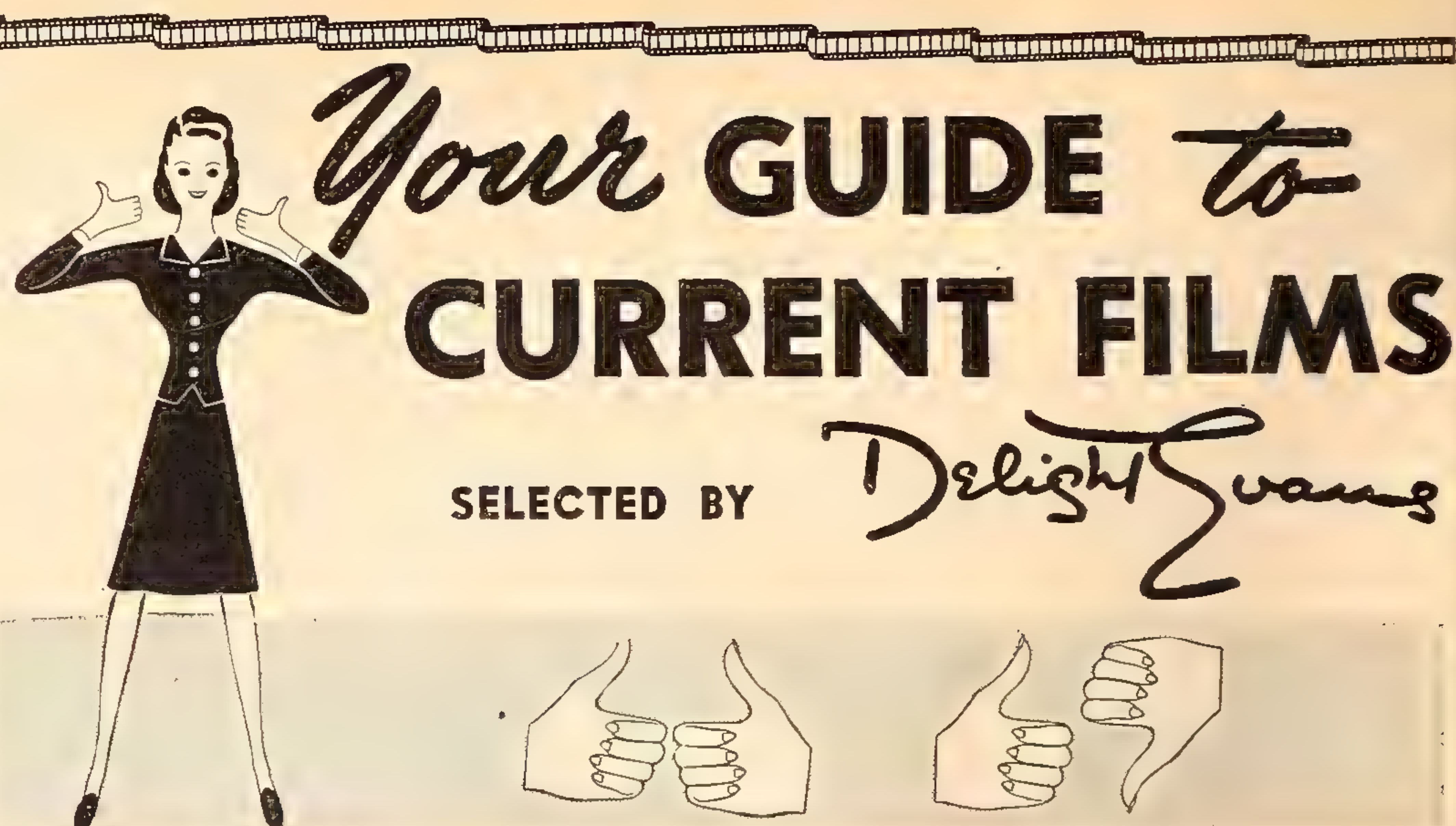
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### MY SISTER EILEEN—Columbia

Don't miss this, for any reason! Screen version of the long-running Broadway play adapted from Ruth McKenney's original sketches is one long laugh, as it pictures the adventures of two stunning sisters from Columbus, Ohio, in the Big City, their struggles to succeed as writer and actress, and their encounters with the quaint "types" who wander through their Greenwich Village "studio apartment." Rosalind Russell gives her gayest performance as big sister *Ruth*, with Janet Blair a bewitching *Eileen*. Brian Aherne, fine.



### THE MOON AND SIXPENCE—United Artists

W. Somerset Maugham's famous novel of the great artist who lived and loved so ruthlessly, has been made into an absorbing motion picture, with George Sanders in the character supposedly inspired by the late Paul Gauguin. Sanders fans will find their idol in seedy makeup, including whiskers, but giving a convincing performance as *Charles Strickland*, the middle-aged painter and heart-breaker who finds fulfillment at last in Tahiti with a native girl. Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley, Elena Verdugo give outstanding performances.



### FLYING TIGERS—Republic

Exciting melodrama based upon the exploits of the American Volunteer Group, those intrepid airmen who, before Pearl Harbor, patrolled the skies over China and by their daring won the respect of the Chinese people, from generalissimo to peasant. A good, straightforward story centers on the courage of *Squadron Leader Gordon*, his resourcefulness in keeping his outnumbered planes in the air, and his romance with a pretty nurse. Excellent cast is headed by John Wayne, John Carroll, and Anna Lee, with Wayne at his robust best.



### THE HARD WAY—Warners

Ida Lupino dominates this adult drama of theatrical life in the rôle of a coldly ambitious girl who craves fame not for herself, but for her younger sister. She succeeds in making the youngster a big star on Broadway by means of a clever, unscrupulous campaign, but pays a terrible price when baby sister walks out with the man they both love. Joan Leslie lends freshness, though little dramatic fervor, to the ingénue rôle. Dennis Morgan as the man in the case is sufficiently suave and handsome to carry off an unbelievable rôle.



### GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—Warners

Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan prove a piquant team as Mister and Missus in this amusing picturization of the Kaufman-Hart stage play. A typical apartment-dwelling city couple, Ann and Jack run into comic complications when she buys and remodels an old farmhouse, where the Father of Our Country reputedly once slept. Jack's conversion into a country gentleman is finally accomplished, but not before you're handed some really hearty laughs—chiefly by Percy Kilbride as the handy hired man and Charles Coburn as a crusty uncle.

Turn to page 16 for More Reviews



Claudette Colbert STARRING IN "THE PALM BEACH STORY"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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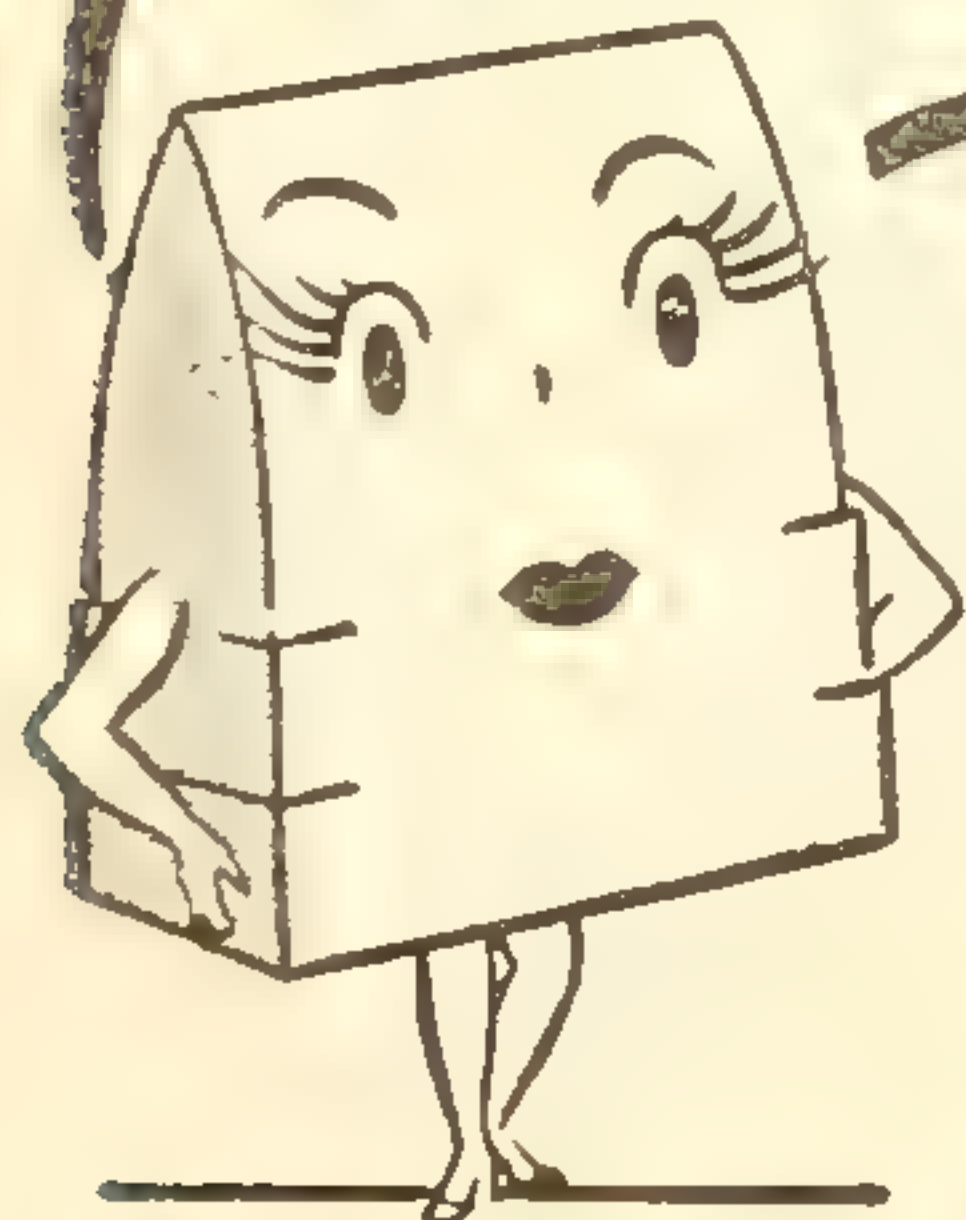
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### ROAD TO MOROCCO—Paramount

Bing and Bob have hit the road again. This time it leads to Morocco where they meet Dorothy Lamour, a princess, and very seductive in Oriental raiment, who throws over her sheik for Crosby and Hope. If you liked the other "Road" films, don't miss this—it's funnier than the first two. It's tuneful; gay; has good gags, with Bob and Bing stopping to kid themselves and the film. You'll like Bing's songs and Bob will have you in stitches when he plays *Aunt Lucy's* ghost. It's the picture that will put you in a cheery mood.



### PANAMA HATTIE—M-G-M

The film version of the Broadway hit musical has Ann Sothern as *Hattie*, Canal Zone entertainer, which is not unlike Ann's *Maisie* and you know how well she plays that character. It's a lot of fun, but the story, about Ann's romance with Dan Daily, Jr., doesn't hold together because it's presented as a revue of separate vaudeville-type acts and specialty skits. Red Skelton, Rags Raglund and Ben Blue are funny as *Hattie's* sailor pals, but more of Red's own brand of nonsense would have snapped it up. Marsha Hunt is in cast.



### FOR ME AND MY GAL—M-G-M

A sentimental film musical about the old vaudeville days. Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy are seen as troupers touring the sticks with an eye on the Palace. Song-and-dance acts are well done. The old favorite tunes will bring back memories to oldtimers and thrill youngsters. Judy gives a knockout performance as the girl who gives up boy friend Gene (who's also a hit in his rôle) because he's unpatriotic during World War I. Murphy is good as the suitor who steps aside for real love. Don't miss this lively, tuneful, entertaining film.



### BETWEEN US GIRLS—Universal

Diana Barrymore, daughter of the late John Barrymore, proves she has acting ability in this hilarious farce which gives her a chance to play a 21-year-old actress who enacts *Queen Victoria*, *Sadie Thompson* and *Joan of Arc* (yes, all of them) and, at home, poses as a child with pigtails to aid her ma's (Kay Francis) romance with handsome John Boles. The tempo is uneven because of so many character changes, but Diana's scenes as the little girl, with Robert Cummings, who, by the way, is excellent, are very funny.



### MANILLA CALLING—20th Century-Fox

A thrilling, action-filled movie about a handful of American radio men who, caught in the Philippines by the Jap invasion, form a guerrilla band, fight the enemy at every turn, capture a short-wave station and broadcast anti-Jap propaganda until they are wiped out by the enemy. It's plenty exciting, even though the tale doesn't always ring true. Lloyd Nolan, who always turns in good performances, is the leader of the guerrilla group; Carole Landis (film's only female), James Gleason and Cornel Wilde appear in the cast.



### BELLS OF CAPISTRANO—Republic

This is Gene Autry's farewell film for the duration. He's in the Army Air Corps now. It's about the rivalry of traveling rodeos—one owned by Virginia Grey, the other by an unscrupulous competitor who woos Virginia to gain possession of her rodeo and get the contract for the Capistrano festival, but Gene exposes him. It doesn't have as much action as most Autry films, but that won't matter to Gene's fans—not when he sings five songs. It has a thrilling and rousing patriotic finale, and Smiley Burnette sings and clowns, as usual.



### THE PIED PIPER—20th Century-Fox

This war story concerns itself chiefly with the experiences of an old man (Monty Woolley), who is asked to get some children out of the war zone, from France to England. He admits he dislikes kids, one in particular, *Ronnie*, and rants and raves when the boy invites other stray youngsters to tag along, but with Anne Baxter's help, he gets them to safety despite the Nazis. Woolley is excellent as the grumpy old Englishman, *Howard*; Anne Baxter is good as *Nicole*; and Roddy McDowall, splendid as *Ronnie*. You really should see it.





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"WHITE CARGO" starring Hedy Lamarr and Walter Pidgeon.  
"CRASH DIVE" starring Tyrone Power.  
And many more movie-stories-in-pictures.
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Newsstand copies are being snapped up so fast that we cannot be sure of keeping up with the demand for the next few issues. To be sure to get your copy of the December issue, go to your newsstand **TODAY!** You'll agree that this entirely different kind of screen magazine is packed with thrills and you will want to reserve future issues of exciting **MOVIE SHOW** from your news dealer in advance.

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**20<sup>th</sup>**  
CENTURY-FOX  
PICTURE

**WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!**





On the "White Cargo" set the men are too busy to pay much attention to Hedy Lamarr. When she works on a picture she's just one of the gang to her director (Richard Thorpe, at far left), her cameraman, and the crew.

DEAR HEDY:

Who would ever think of you as the forgotten woman? Yet, on a studio set (see photo above) that's what you are. Just one of the workers and, even in your revealing *Tondeleyo* lurong, such a familiar sight that the men pay no more special attention to you than busy executives pay to their secretaries (all those office-glamor movies notwithstanding). Looking at the photograph on this page, in fact, is going to make a lot of girls feel much better about everything—and especially about the Hedy Lamarr problem. We're not going to hate you, Hedy, for being the world's most beautiful woman when we stop to think that you, with your

Helen of Troy face and figure, not only toil like the rest of us but sometimes even sit around and wait.

We had the impression, you know, that Hedy Lamarr was the original femme fatale, who had only to enter a room to make strong men swoon. Well, it turns out you're more human than that, as you proved on your recent tour for Uncle Sam. Instead of making men swoon you made them step up and buy bonds, a lot of bonds, and you worked hard to do it. You're working hard at your acting, too—the Lamarr of "Algiers" was beautiful but the Lamarr of "Tortilla Flat" and "White Cargo" is more than that; she's a fine actress. The men in our photograph are really paying you their highest tribute when they treat you as just one of the gang.

Delight Evans



# SHOULD GIRLS LET DOWN THE BARS IN TIME OF WAR?

**If you want to be popular with the boys in uniform, try Marjorie Woodworth's recipe. It isn't promiscuous petting!**

**By May Mann**

**E**MBUED with the spirit of patriotism, the surging urge to inspire the boys in the armed forces, who are prepared to face death to secure this country of ours, are girls laying aside feminine reserve and womanly ideals?

It has happened before, in the chaotic upheaval and duress of war. Feminine hysteria venting emotional strain—to give all the love a girl's heart can give to the boy going away. It is true that when a boy dons the uniform of which we are all so proud, it seems such a little thing to do—to give him a few goodbye kisses.

In the film colony where so many of the younger stars are dating and entertaining men in the service, at the canteens and Army camp dances, there is a wide discussion both pro and con: "Should girls let down the bars in time of war?"

"If a girl takes the viewpoint that it is such a little thing to do—to promiscuously kiss and pet with the boys because they are in uniform, she is not only sacrificing her own individual good name and respect, but she is dangerously close to placing herself on the common level of the Nazi regime! The Nazi

theory which glorifies the girls who disdain all convention and ideals of womanhood. Who consider it a woman's duty to sacrifice herself for the pleasure of the Nazi soldiers. Who deem it an honor to raise the child of a Nazi trooper born out of wedlock!" So says Marjorie Woodworth, the pretty Hal Roach star, who is one of





the most popular girls with the armed forces on the Pacific war front. Girls are giving the subject serious thought—and Marjorie is no exception.

Starring in the series of Roach streamlined Army featurettes like "Yanks Ahoy," in which the cast breezily depicts life in the service, Marjorie also devotes her dating time to service men. She has used her blonde head—so much like Jean Harlow's—to study the situation of girl and soldier from first-hand observation and experience, and by asking the opinions of her closest boy friends themselves.

"Certainly we American girls feel nothing but deep disgust for the Nazi system and its followers, who have let culture, refinement, and the finer points of civilization slip through their fingers in letting down all barriers.

"I don't want (*Please turn to page 62*)



When Marjorie invites some of the service lads to her home, they find their fun playing gin rummy, singing their favorite songs, and sampling Mrs. Woodworth's apple pie.

Facing page, Marjorie Woodworth in the Red Cross nurse's uniform which she wears in "Yanks Ahoy," one of the gay Hal Roach streamlined film featurettes of Army life.







Look out, Dottie  
Lamour! Your "Road  
to Morocco" pals are  
plotting something

# What BING and BOB Did to Me!

By Dorothy Lamour

**W**ELL, of course, they could have broken me, you know—body, heart, spirit and career.

The things they do to me! The teasing! The horse-play! The chase sequences! The 'pet' names they have for me. The 'Old Hag' Bing calls me. 'Miss Fat' and 'Blobber' are a couple of Bob's more poetic terms of endearment. Such pretty things they think up for me! I used to get hurt at them, and feel embarrassed because they let me have it on all occasions, and under all circumstances. A couple of producers or a visiting Governor on the sets and that's just when they give out with the labels. But now if I walked on a set and they *didn't* tease me, I'd think they were mad at me (except that they never get mad at anyone) or that their health was failing.

Nor are they respecters of place any more than of persons. I mean, their sculduggery goes on right *on* the sets, under the lights, while the cameras are rolling, as well as off. Say I have a song to sing with Bob. A sentimental number, perhaps, tremulous and tender. We get up there, before the mike, all ready to go, and Bob kind of gives me the fishy eye. It breaks me up. We start again. The same thing happens. This goes on and on. When the director finally loses his patience and his mind and bellows, 'Say, what is this?' and in self-defense I start to tattle on Bob, 'Why, I didn't do anything,' that fiend

on wheels will say, 'That Lamour girl makes up things!'

Or I have a scene to play with both of them. I know all my lines. Letter-perfect. The camera starts to roll. They get in there and start to out-gag each other and, naturally, all my cues are changed. There's nothing to be done about it, either, because, painful though it is to admit it, their ad libbing is always better than anything written in the script. But even when nothing is written their tongues wag at both ends. Why, when we were making "The Road to Zanzibar," we did a safari sequence for which not one word of dialogue had been written. Not a syllable. It was to be done in pantomime—that's what the scenarist thought! By the time the scenes were shot, there were *five pages* of dialogue—and every word of it ad libbed by Bing 'n' Bob.

Another pet trick of theirs is to talk to me during a scene. They keep their profiles to the camera so that neither the director nor the audience can see what they are doing, even if you could detect them at it, which I doubt. For they out-Bergen Edgar and scarcely move their lips while saying things that would curl your hair! They break me up, I say, of course they do. You know how they say that some men look at you, and you melt. Hope looks at me, and I laugh. They both look at me and I need first aid for hysterics. (Please turn to page 60)





N. H. H. H. H.





"Think Henry'll play ball after election?" Ed asked. "I know he will," Paul replied. "He's practically given me the key to his house." "Yeah!" Ed gave him a long look and then added: "A glass key! Look out it don't break off in your hand."



"You don't like me, do you, Mr. Beaumont?" Janet smiled disturbingly. "I like you, and I've been hoping you'll help me find Taylor's murderer. You want to help me. I can tell." "No," said Ed. "Don't get any such romantic ideas."

# THE GLASS KEY

Complete cast and credits on Page 79

came to women. His feeling for his young sister Opal proved that. Paul was like putty in her small hands, except where her infatuation for Taylor Henry was concerned.

That was what made it more cockeyed than ever. Paul going all out for Ralph Henry, despising that no-good son of his as he did. And all because of Janet Henry. Ed could see what she had, all right. Blue eyes, that long yellow hair that was all the more striking because she didn't go in for permanents, which would have left her looking like a million other dolls, that streamlined chassis that showed class in a woman just as it did in a car and that small secret smile which left no one knowing what she was thinking or what she was smiling at and that air of hers which came from the best schools and the best ancestors and all the other things Paul had never had. But Janet had something else, too. She had ambition. Ambition to see her father governor of the state. That was what worried Ed as he saw Paul sitting there, smiling so fatuously.

"Are you really going through with this crazy idea?" he demanded. "Throwing in with old man Henry and the reform ticket?"

"Yeah." Paul grinned. "We're making the deal at dinner tonight at his house. You don't like it?"

"No more than I like those socks." Ed scowled at Paul's feet propped up on his desk. (Please turn to page 78 )

**Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen**

**E**D BEAUMONT didn't like the set-up at all. For the first time he wasn't seeing eye to eye with Paul Madvig. For the first time he saw the boss slipping. Crazy idea this, Paul backing Ralph Henry, the reform candidate for governor, Paul who had built up his whole political machine playing ball with the underworld and all the grafters and gamblers in town. The craziest part of it all was that Paul wouldn't get a thing out of it—except maybe a girl. And that maybe meant exactly that. *Maybe!*

He might have known it would come like that to Paul, Ed thought wryly. Men like him who took women in their stride always fell the harder once they were really hit. And for all that there wasn't anything Paul would stop at politically, for all that he was ruthless and dominating and unrelenting dealing with men, he was soft when it



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"If I wanted you, it wouldn't make any difference whose friend I was," Paul told her. "But you do like me, don't you?" Janet asked. "Sure," said Paul. "I think you're built well. Got a pretty face. But I wouldn't trust you out of this room."



Paul acted the way he had from the beginning, as if the murder was of no consequence to him at all. "I've had the newspapers after me before and I'm still sitting pretty." "Have you ever tried sitting pretty in the electric chair?" Ed asked.



Ed looked down at the paper. "That's the McCoy, all right." His voice was very casual. "Where's Sloss now?" "In New York," Nick said. "But he'll be back tomorrow. First I'm going to have him talk—" Nick stopped short as Ed tore up the paper.



Ed started toward the door but he never got there. At a command from Nick, a dog sprang at him and seized his wrist. He was helpless when Nick's henchmen broke in from the next room. "If you want it this way, you can have it," he said.



"No wonder people beat him up!" the nurse grinned. "That's what comes of having brains," Paul chuckled. "Use your brains instead of your fists," he's always telling me. Then look what happens. I go about my business and he ends in the hospital."



"What are you waiting for?" Paul asked. Suddenly he took a quick step toward Janet—not to hurt her, just to take the ring off her finger. "I'm giving you my dame, brother, but you're nuts if you think I am going to throw in that rock!"



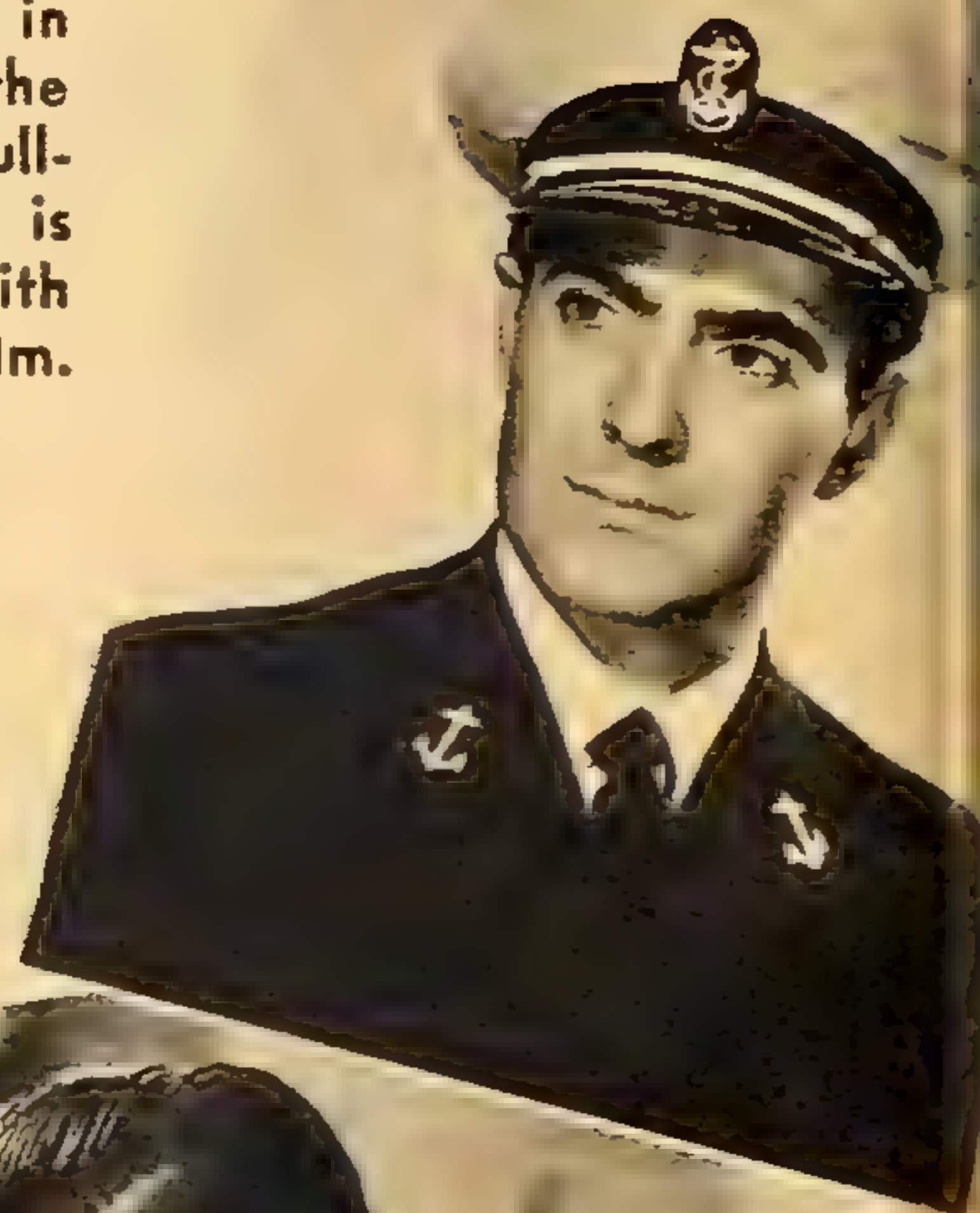
# I AM PROUD TO BE A WAR WIFE

By

*Annabella*

MRS. TYRONE POWER

Ty and Annabella, left, at home, just before he enlisted in the Marines. At right, in uniform for his final rôle for the duration, in "Crash Dive." Full-color photo on facing page is also in character. Below, with Anne Baxter in scene from film.



## As told to Elizabeth Wilson

(Don't miss her Writer's Note on Page 64).

THINK Tyrone must have fallen for the Marines one day last July when we visited Camp Elliott. I don't think he realized it at the time. You know how those things happen. It's like going to a party one day, and meeting a girl and falling in love with her, but not realizing it until later.

We visited Camp Elliott about a week before we left for the Connecticut location. Tyrone has a 16-mm camera and he and Laird Cregar thought it might amuse the boys at Camp Elliott if we drove down on Sunday and ran pictures for them. (Camp Elliott is a Marine Corps training camp, about ten miles from San Diego, and it is here that the Marines are put through "boot" camp.) A nice young Marine took us on a tour of the camp, and we finally ended up in the tank division. "Would you

like a ride in a tank?" he asked us, and we accepted with enthusiasm. Poor Laird Cregar. First he couldn't get in the tank outfit, and then he couldn't even get in the tank. Tyrone wasn't missing anything. Which is so typical of him. And I could see that it was making a deep impression. I had a horror of being shut up inside the tank, so I insisted upon riding with my head sticking out of the turret, and that was a mistake. We were having dinner with the general that evening, and I was trying out a new hair-do which I thought rather smart. When I climbed out of the tank I looked like Harpo Marx in a fright wig. Tyrone was very silent driving home that night. But I think I knew before we turned in our gates that it would only be a matter of weeks before I became a Marine wife. Tyrone, however, didn't (To page 63)



*Spencer Cover*







# YOUTH WAS HER MORTAL ENEMY

**For years movie producers kept on discovering Anne Baxter and then tossing her back into obscurity as if she were a four-inch minnow and the game warden were standing right behind them! But now, she's eighteen and ready for stardom**

**By John R. Franchey**

Anne was ten when she decided to be an actress. She made her first stage hit at thirteen. Hollywood wanted her—until it found out how young she was. There's a California law that says an actress must go to school until she is eighteen, and having your star go to school is a headache to a producer. Now Miss Baxter, the fabulous juvenile, has finally grown up.



**T**HERE are any number of maidens who have had to buck poverty, prejudice, and providence (not to mention the predatory male) en route to stardom, but with Anne Baxter it was a little different. The only thing that stood in the way of her becoming a little darling of the studios was her mortal enemy—YOUTH. For five years movie scouts and producers have been discovering her right and left and winding up by tossing her back into obscurity, as if she were a four-inch minnow and the game warden were standing right behind them.

The fact is, gentle reader, that although Anne Baxter (who moved so memorably through "Swamp Water" and even more memorably through "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "The Pied Piper") has just turned eighteen she has to her credit not only a respectable screen career but a much more remarkable stage history in the bargain.

But all in good time! Anne, as has been hinted at, was certainly born under the right star. Back in her pigtail

days, when she first decided to become a great actress, she never had to haunt producers' offices, curry favor with the "right people," toss around sex appeal, or even write cute letters. All she had to do was sit tight and wait until she grew up. This last, true enough, was a bit trying, as is understandable. But the rest—it was pretty much in the bag.

How come? Well, T. C.-Fox's little Bernhardt, if you must know, comes from the right side of the tracks. Her father is a wealthy executive of a concern that manufactures—ahem—spirits. In fact, Anne is a débutante although you probably haven't read about it anywhere. The studio department, on definite orders from Anne, has been laying off the society girl build-up. With Anne it is drama, drama, drama—twenty-four hours a day. You can see for yourself that under the circumstances society takes quite a beating from Anne. So does romance. At this writing, Anne doesn't even have a boy friend. As for going



ady—there's not a ghost of a chance. Getting back to Anne and her art, she was ten when she decided to become an actress, after having dumped herboard her first passion—a career as a concert pianist. Anne communicated her wishes to her father and another who, for obvious reasons, merely patted her on the head and said: "Now run along and do your homework. You must try and do better than a C-minus in arithmetic this month."

Well, that was that—at least for the time being. Being a very proper little girl, Anne plugged away on her arithmetic and actually managed to bring it up to a C-plus a year or two later. But mostly, in her own fashion, she was concentrating on her career. The first step was to talk the different teachers at her flossy little private school into putting on a string of plays. The second, was to convince them that Baxter was the girl for the part—preferably the lead. How eloquent she was you can guess from the fact that although she was a little on the chubby side, she was always playing such ethereal creatures as fairies, angels, and princesses.

She was such a good little actress that she startled her father out of his wits one day. He had slipped into the school auditorium—late—to watch his offspring perpetrate the lead in Sir W. M. Barrie's "Dear Brutus" just in time to hear her shriek, with convincing excitement: "Daddy! Daddy! I have won. Here is the place. Crack-in-the-eye Tommy."

Shortly after she turned twelve the Baxters made a deal with their little genius. If she would be presented in a piano recital with the rest of the pupils of Cecile Bellaire Van de Carr, she could take dramatic lessons from the great Theo- (Please turn to page 71)



Anne Baxter is Tyrone Power's leading lady in his final film for the duration, "Crash Dive"—an assignment envied by every young actress in Hollywood. Exclusive photos on facing page show the starlet at home going over a script.

# SAYS VERONICA LAKE

## (CAMEO SKIN TYPE)



VERONICA LAKE, CO-STARRING IN "THE GLASS KEY". A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

## "I've met my Match!"

"I'VE BEEN SEEKING a powder shade that would 'do things' for my very fair, hard-to-match coloring.

"And now comes Woodbury's luscious new Color Controlled Natural shade. It's so clear and alive, I know—at last, I've met my match."

Of course, Veronica! So have thousands of girls when they've smoothed on Woodbury's new powder. You see, Hollywood directors have collaborated

with Woodbury to classify skin types and create glamour shades for each.

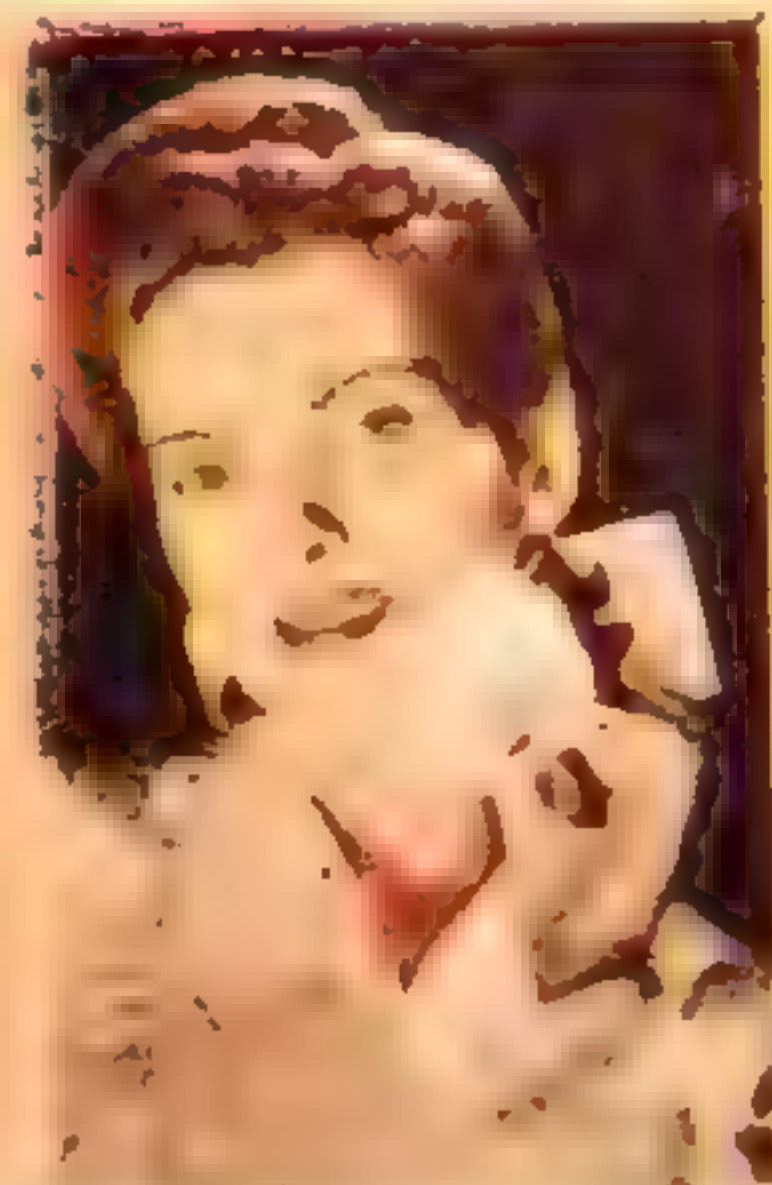
And a new Woodbury process, Color Control, blends color into powder with new clearness, finer texture that clings. So buy Woodbury Powder. A chart in every box shows you your type, your shade. Large boxes are \$1.00, 50¢. Introductory sizes, 25¢, 10¢.

You'll love the look this new powder gives you—so will he.



### Beauty Bonus!

Now with your \$1.00 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get Rouge and Lipstick, a complete Matched Make-up—all three for \$1.00.



## WOODBURY

### Color Controlled powder

### FREE... 7 NEW GLAMOUR SHADES

Paste this on penny postcard. We'll send you, fast, all 7 shades of Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. And a helpful little color chart so you can find your type. Address, John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9127 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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# ROY ROGERS' WIFE TALKS!

## To Ida Zeitlin

**A**RLENE, Roy Rogers' wife, is one in a thousand. She likes to have women running after her husband. The more, the merrier. "What a fool I'd be not to," observes the placid Arlene. Let them scratch their names and their ardent sentiments all over his brand-new trailer. Let them smear him with lipstick—if they can get close enough. Let them cram the Republic Studio mailbags with lovelorn letters.

If they didn't, would Roy have skyrocketed past every other cowboy star save Autry and Bill Boyd? (Right now he seems to be crowding Bill Boyd.) Would she and Roy have their lovely house on a hilltop in the valley? Heavens, they might not even have been able to adopt their precious baby, a thought they both shudder from. Of course she does think it's a little unsporting of the gals to pull fistfuls of hair out of poor Trigger's tail. If they've got to pull hair, why don't they pull Roy's? He can protect himself.

Roy was once asked if he appreciated her attitude. "Look," he grinned, "we've been married six years, and I can't remember that we ever had words. But if Arlene

Mrs. Roy Rogers is one  
likes to have women run-



Exclusive pictures show the Rogers family—Roy, Arlene, and Cheryl Darlene—at their Encino home. Above, Republic's number one cowboy star and some of his famous flock of homing pigeons.



got sore at my fans, that would cause an argument. In this business, you've got to be at least *that* broad-minded."

"The funny part of it," chuckles Arlene, "is that I was one of those very fans myself. Only I was lucky enough to get in ahead of the mob."

Roy and two other guys, self-organized as the *Rocky Mountaineers*, were touring the southwest. They had fifty cents apiece in their pockets when they hit Roswell, New Mexico, Arlene's home town, and the show for which they'd been booked at the local theater was a week off. They talked the radio station into giving them a daily spot on the air to advertise their show, but failed to talk it out of any cash. So they shot cotton-tails for food, and slept at a motor court—on the cuff.

Meantime a pretty girl named Arlene Wilkins, unconscious of destiny, spun a radio dial and heard three hillbillies do a little number called the *Swiss Yodel*. She loved it, listened in every day, but they never sang that number again.

"Say," said her brother, "those radio hicks are show-in' at the theater tomorrow night. Wanna go?"

"Mhm, if you are sure

life in a thousand. She  
ng after her husband!



they will do the *Swiss Yodel*."

He picked up the phone, put Sis's request through to the radio station, who conveyed it to the principals, who said they'd be pleased to oblige the lady.

Arlene is on the reserved side. Which lends piquancy to her demure admission that the minute she saw Roy on the stage, she "made up her mind." Her campaign was based on the old chestnut that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. "Those boys looked hungry," she told her mother dreamily next day, knowing exactly how her mother would react.

"Well, the poor lambs. You ring up (Please turn to page 88)





Gene Tierney





# PHOTO SCOOP!

## GENE'S NEW HOME

EXCLUSIVE

STORY

By Liza

EXCLUSIVE

PICTURES

By Kornman

20th Century-Fox



Gene and her husband at breakfast. Oleg Cassini received his American citizenship on a Tuesday, enlisted in the Coast Guard the following Saturday, was inducted on Monday. He was on a brief leave when these pictures were taken. At left, Gene's Victorian bed, seven feet square, with its magnificent eggshell quilted bedspread.



IF IT'S privacy the Cassinis want, they've certainly got it. Their new house, built high on a hill (it would be called a mountain in the state I come from) is one of the most inaccessible places I have ever tried to reach with the aid of eight throbbing cylinders. There is a sheer drop of several hundred feet on three sides, and the house can be approached only by a small winding road which

ends at the garage door. The road is dirt. When the rains come, what then, Cassinis? Their nearest neighbor is Elizabeth Bergner who lives miles away on another hilltop, and who isn't exactly the back-fence chatty sort anyway. If the Cassinis were of a mind to, they could hole into their home for months at a time without having to bother with the idiosyncrasies of the human race.

But knowing Gene and Olie as I do I know it wasn't the privacy that attracted them. They do not want to be alone. They have nothing in common with Miss Garbo—not even carrot juice, being strictly meat and potato people themselves. They're friendly and sympathetic and laughter-loving and full of fun. No, it wasn't the privacy, it was the beauty that attracted them to this almost inaccessible spot. From their terrace, which they have enclosed with a quaint white picket fence, they have a magnificent view of Hidden Valley, Beverly Hills, and the far-off sea. They're a pushover for beauty, those two. And beauty I must say they've got plenty of.

Back in the spring of 1941, when the attractive young





Gene with Olie, at left above, in informal pose on old-fashioned pine table back of the divan, which is done in gay chintz with cherry and apple-green accents. Above, with 16-year-old sister Patricia Tierney, "Pat" for short, in fireplace corner. Entire house is Early American except for Gene's bedroom.



Count Cassini was romancing Twentieth Century's budding star, he used to take her on Sunday picnics in the hills back of Hollywood. It was on one of those Sunday picnics that Gene and Olie discovered this property, with its seventy-five-year-old ranch house, and completely fell in love with it.

"We learned later," Gene told me, "that it was part of a famous old ranch, once owned by Bobby Stack's grandfather, and called the No Chance Ranch. We didn't exactly care for the name, but we refused to let it dampen our enthusiasm. It looked like Connecticut to me, and I was homesick in those days, and I loved it all the more. Olie showed me how we could easily change the California ranch house into a Connecticut farm house—and we got so excited we bought as many acres as we could afford to pay for, which wasn't many. While we were rebuilding the 'big house,' which really isn't big, on top of the hill, we lived in the 'little house,' which is *really* little, at the foot of the hill."

Gene's mother and her little sister Pat, who is very pretty and has so many boy friends you get dizzy counting them, are visiting the Cassinis now and live in the "little house," which makes an excellent guest house. But they're returning East soon. Sixteen-year-old Pat has definitely decided to have a fling at the New York stage. She has had a number of picture offers while visiting her celebrated sister this past summer, but Gene started her acting career on the stage in New York, and that's the way Pat wants to start hers. Take a good look at Patricia Anne Tierney—and that's the easiest thing I ever asked you to do—because one of these days you'll be seeing her on the screen.

Gene is rather dreading the day her mother and sister return to New York. With Olie in the service it's pretty lonely in her hilltop home. As soon as Oleg Cassini became a United States citizen a few weeks ago (thereby renouncing the title of "Count" which he inherited both from his mother and father) he enlisted in the United States Coast Guard. So now, it's Fireman First Class Cassini, if you please. At present he is assigned to duty on the Pacific Coast, near enough to come home



Center above, Gene and Pat looking off into the distance from a corner of the terrace, which is enclosed with a quaint white picket fence. At left, Gene's bathroom, with wall-paper splashed with vivid red roses. She is wearing a luxurious matching quilted robe, which was a gift from her best friend, Cobina Wright, Jr.





The kitchen is pretty as well as practical, with everything in blue and white. Victorian elegance in Gene's bedroom, center above: formal mantel of carved marble, faille drapes splashed with roses, plum-colored carpet, throw-rug in soft eggshell, mahogany fireside chairs with seats upholstered in mulberry rose.

when he has a 48-hour leave. But Gene, like other Navy wives, will tell you that those 48-hour leaves are few and far between.

"Olie received his citizenship papers on Tuesday," Gene told me proudly on the "China Girl" set a few days after her husband had been inducted. "He enlisted the following Saturday, and on Monday he was inducted. And I've never seen anyone as happy. He has been awfully morose these last few months. All his friends were enlisting in the Army or the Navy and he was eager to enlist too, and do his part towards winning this war. But he isn't glum now. Last night he was all smiles from ear to ear. And so pleased with his uniform."

The night before was the first time Gene had seen Olie since his induction into Uncle Sam's Coast Guard. He couldn't get leave to come in town, so Gene begged off early from the studio and drove down to San Pedro to have dinner with him in a waterfront beanery.

She eyed him critically. She admitted that the uniform was a good fit, but the cap—it was terrible! "It's too big for you, Olie," she moaned. "It's at least two sizes too big for you."

"I know," Olie agreed. "I did my best to shrink it. It won't shrink."

"Well," said Gene grandly, in the manner of a movie star, "just tell the Navy to give you another cap."

"The Navy doesn't seem to give a hoot about my cap," said Olie cheerfully. "Strangely enough, you won't believe it, Gene, but they claim they have more important things on their minds right now."

Gene laughed in her coffee and had to be slapped on the back. Soon they were joined at the counter by Victor Mature, coxswain Mature now, girls, and a bunch of the boys from the Coast Guard boat.

"Olie was cook last night," Victor told Gene. "You should have seen your husband. He opened a couple of cans of soup and threw some potatoes in the pot. He hoped we wouldn't like the mess so he wouldn't have to cook again. But do you know, it turned out delicious! We want Olie to cook every night."

"They must have liked it," (Continued on page 68 )

Gene poses, center right, on the lovely mahogany sofa in her bedroom. Godey prints above are framed with background of silk matching upholstery of sofa and chairs. At right, the Cassinis are joined at breakfast by "Butch," their police dog. "Butch" is photogenic, loves to have his picture taken with Gene and Olie.





Idem Zenda

# SO LONG, HANK!

We're giving your fans this swell farewell portrait to save for the duration. After completing "The Immortal Sergeant" you'll be working for Uncle Sam, and we'll be cheering.





*Ginger Rogers*

HI,  
GINGER!

...scene shot for  
...Upon A Honey-  
...in which you  
...with Cary Grant,  
...went to work for  
...government on a  
...and stamp-selling  
...That's the spirit!



# DOIN' THE SHORTY- GEORGE!

Fred Astaire and  
Rita Hayworth  
in the best danc-  
ing number from  
their new picture

There's no rhyme or reason, just wonderful rhythm in this new dance devised by Astaire. Too intricate for the amateur, Fred's steps are the result of equal parts of concentration, inspiration—and perspiration.





After slaving over a hot step all day, Rita proves there are no hard feelings by giving her co-star a great, big hug, at right. It's hard work, being Fred's partner, but a lot of girls in Hollywood would like to get it.



"You Were Never Lovelier" re-unites Rita and Fred as dancing romancers, to tunes by Jerome Kern and Johnny Mercer. Most original of all the Astaire-Hayworth dance numbers is shown here. If the Hayworth figure looks slimmer than ever, it's because she loses ten pounds for every dancing number! Astaire rehearses eight hours at a stretch, and his partner must always keep up with him

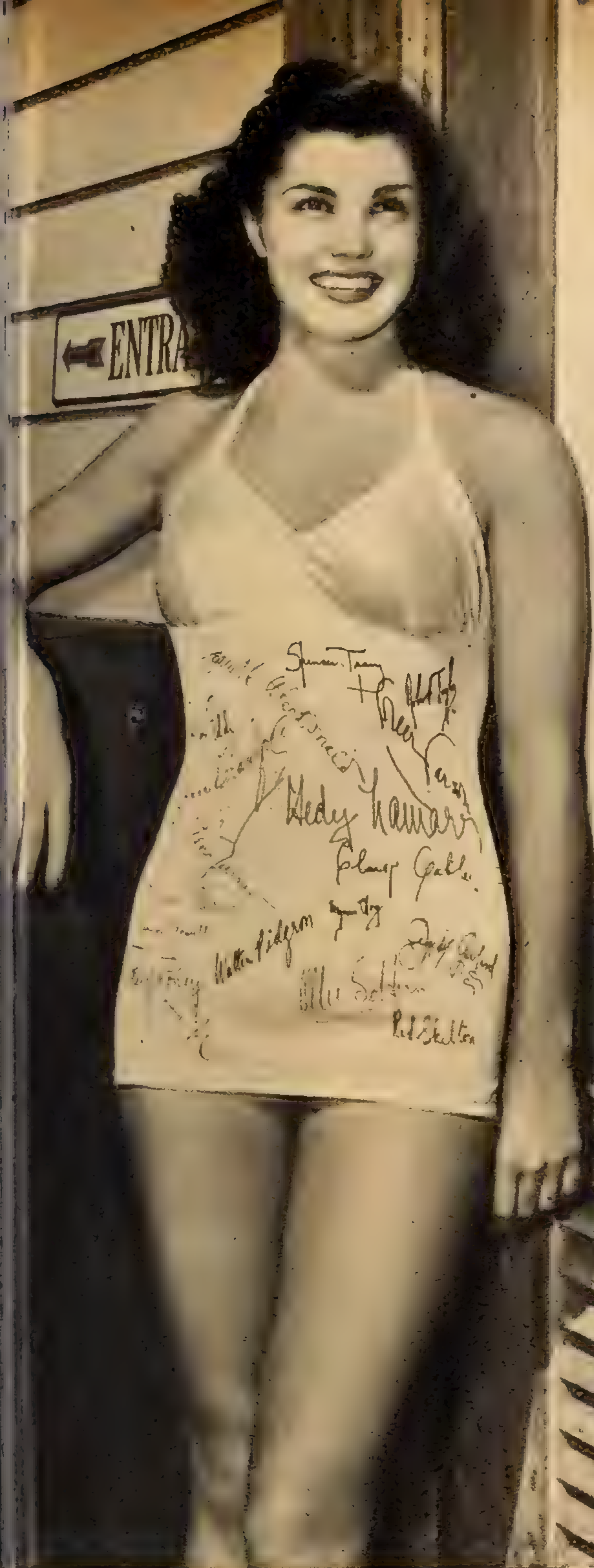


# MICKEY'S BACK IN CIRCULATION!



"Andy" Rooney isn't nursing any broken heart because his wife left him, not so you can notice it. Instead, he's having the time of his life making "Andy Hardy Steps Out," with Esther Williams, former swimming champ, making her first screen appearance as his new girl friend, and Ann Rutherford, still playing his "steady," Polly Benedict.





Sign here! Esther Williams asked all the Metro stars to autograph her suit—and now she can't wear it when she goes for a swim.

predict Esther Williams will get along swimmingly in her new career. Formerly starred in the vaudeville in San Francisco, Esther was seen by a talent scout and signed to a Metro contract. First it is opposite Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy Goes to the Sun," which may be Mickey's final motion picture for the duration, as he wants to follow his idol, Clark Gable, into the Army Air Corps.







Lynn Bari, the stunning actress who has an important rôle in "China Girl," 20th Century-Fox's forthcoming drama, wears with distinction this suit of muted green wool. Beautiful details of cut, and subtle color combinations show how fabric conservation has stimulated the creative powers of American designers. From the Sophie Gimbel collection, Saks Fifth Avenue in New York, and Beverly Hills, California, this suit is teamed with a blouse of mustard-colored wool jersey, and worn with hand-sewn gloves in green and mustard, and a dramatically big hat of mustard felt with its wide brim turned back a bit at side front.



# TODAY'S FASHIONS!

Lynn Bari is our lovely model for these smart new clothes, all designed within the WPB regulations



A chanticleer with yellow feathers is perched on a brown velvet cap, and, worn with her brown corduroy suit, Lynn believes she has something really to crow about! A blouse of cream and gold brocade taffeta lends a touch of elegance to the costume.



Heavy gold earrings repeat the gold buttons on the suit, and Miss Bari adds a gold clip to the smart brown corduroy handbag. The ensemble is an outstanding costume from the Sophie Gimbel collection.



Corduroy is one of the season's most important fabrics, and is plentiful. Lynn Bari chose this suit of brown corduroy as her pet day in, day out costume. The square-shouldered silhouette tapers to a slim, trimly short skirt.





The short formal frock holds its own. This one of light-weight wool, worn by Lynn Bari, above, has delicate black lace top with paillettes outlining the design. Her pompadour cap is draped in silk net veiling.



Full skirts have the approval of the government's conservation program when made from sheer materials not needed for war purposes. Miss Bari's is of violet lace with deep of nude soufflé, and side pocket of lace rosettes to add charm.



Fuchsia velvet strips on a black velvet scarf and the gauntlet tops of black antelope gloves are the only color note for the black wool suit-dress which Lynn Bari wears for important luncheons and the cocktail hour. Distinctive trimming is jet sequin circle design embroidered about scalloped edge of the brief jacket, with the same sequins encircling the top of the black velvet pillbox, draped with a waist-length veil.





Uneven lengths of white silk fringe applied on a sheath of white satin make the skirt of this lovely evening gown. Miss Bari, who wears it with great distinction, believes the white and gold belt and the high draped surplice bodice of this gown, which was designed for important occasions, are notes worth jotting down. This, and all the other costumes worn by Miss Bari, are from Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, and Beverly Hills.

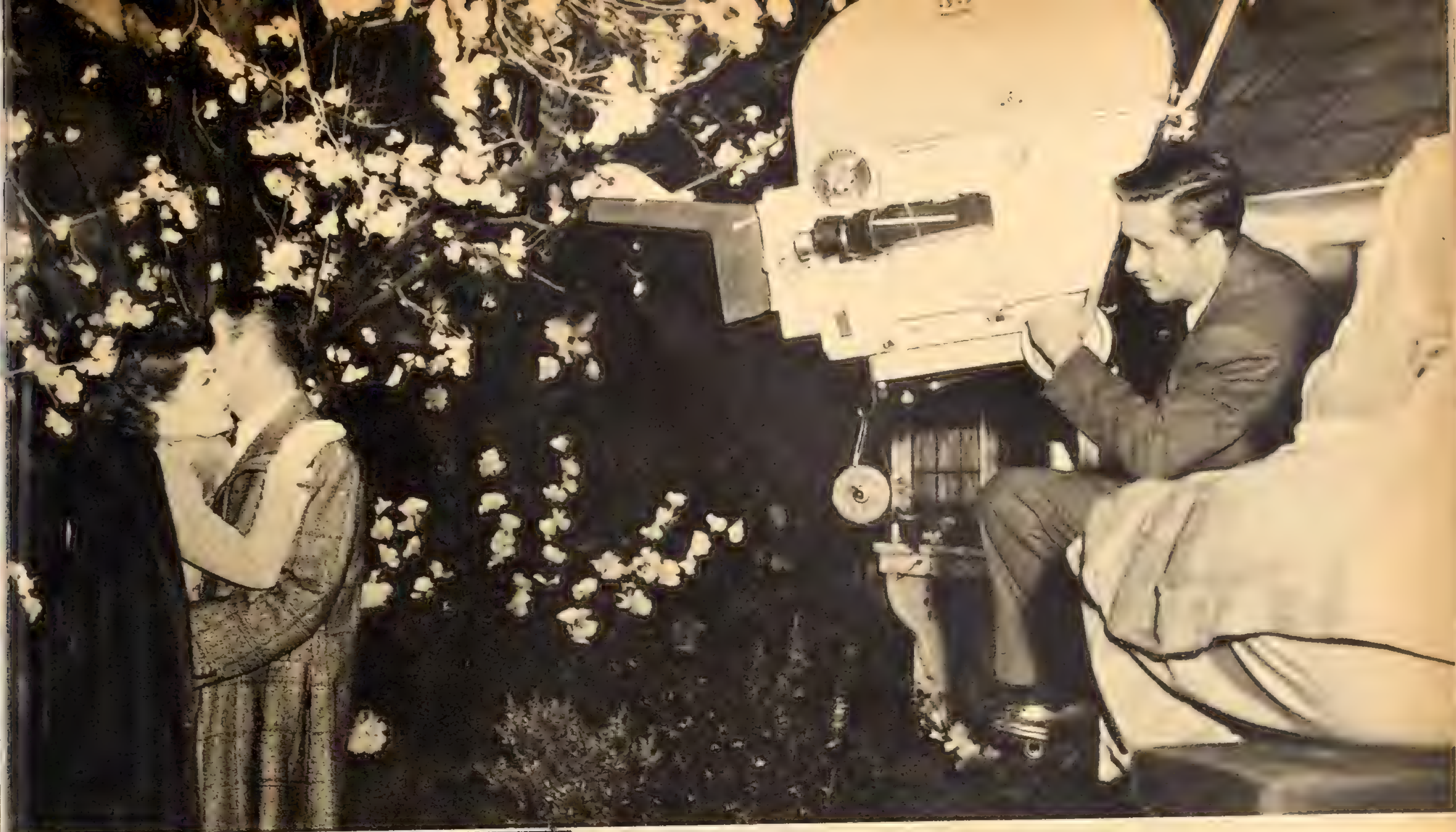




**GREER  
GARSON  
PROVES  
SHE  
WASN'T  
BORN  
WITH A  
BUSTLE!**

"Mrs. Miniver" steps out in a gay Scotch song and dance number in "Random Harvest," based on James Hilton's book. Greer plays show girl in opening scenes of the film, singing Harry Lauder's famous *She's My Daisy*, and reveals a shapely chassis which, unfortunately, has hitherto been covered in costume pictures.





Filming the touching love scene at the end of the picture, Mervyn LeRoy, above, directs Ronald Colman and Greer Garson in "Random Harvest." This is the way the scene looked from off-stage, with LeRoy taking a final squint through the camera. The few lines of dialogue are spoken with heartfelt emotion.

**Paula (Greer Garson):** Smithy!

**Charles (Ronald Colman):** Paula, Paula!  
I've found you, I've found you!







Close-up of Vera Hruba reveals why she may be assigned to other than ice-skating pictures in the future

Sirens on skates will thrill you with their graceful gyrations in big new ice revue

Foremost skating star of Republic's "Ice-Capades Revue" is Vera Hruba, caught by the camera, above, in one of her whirlwind numbers. Blonde and photogenic, Vera may "graduate" from ice opera to dramatic rôles one of these days.



Baby starlet Donna Atwood, above, slips on her skating shoes herself though there must be a long line of gallant guys waiting to help her.







# SEE 'EM ALL IN ICE-CAPADES

Two views of Vera Hrubá in action, above; and a group of beauties, far left, with Joe Jackson, Jr., revue's top comic.



No matter how shapely the stars, there's always a comely chorus in every revue. Like the line-up at left? Lois Dworshak, at right, is the jitter-bug queen of "Ice-Capades Revue," and the delight of the younger ice fans.





# JEANETTE

JUST as soon as she had finished "Cairo" at L. B. Mayer's workshop, Jeanette MacDonald enthusiastically announced that she was ready to start on a concert tour, strictly for the boys in service. Several of the men on the committee to arrange camp tours for Hollywood screen stars were a bit dubious. They had read about those fragile, lace-trimmed prima donnas, compared with whom the delicate Little Princess in the fairy-tale who couldn't sleep because there was a pea under the mattress was a number one rough-neck.

"Miss MacDonald," they said warily, "perhaps you'd better wait until Fall. It's blistering in the South and Middle West now. Why, at some of those camps it's even 110° at night. You won't be able to stand the heat."

"If the Army can stand it," said Jeanette firmly, "I am sure I can stand it."

I have great admiration for Jeanette. Not only did she choose the hottest time of the year, and the hottest camps in the country, but, except for her pianist, she went out alone. Usually when they go on these camp tours the Hollywood stars join up with other acts, arranged by the U.S.O. Camp Shows, Inc. In this way they only give part of the show. Jeanette gave the whole show. Some nights she sang as many as 32 songs—and believe me, the long-neglected customers who pay \$5.50 a red plush seat to hear Jeanette rip off those high C's never got that many songs in a night. Margaret Hart, her pianist, (who, incidentally, collapsed in the heat at Fort Leonard Wood) told me that at almost every concert the Commanding Officer would grow a little worried after the 25th song, and would send up a note saying how much they appreciated Miss MacDonald's generosity, but maybe she had better stop before she strained her voice. "Well, boys," Jeanette would say, "I guess I'll have to stop now. I have to catch a train." Then would follow loud groans of protest, and urgent requests for *The Rosary*, *Liebestraum*, and *Ave Maria*. "All right," Jeanette would say, completely forgetting that she was a person of firm determination, "just three or four more. And then I *must* go." (Margaret Hart really gave me these tour details which is more than I can





# Sings <sup>for</sup> the Soldiers

"You won't be able to stand it," they warned prima donna MacDonald before she left for a concert tour of Army camps. "If the boys can stand it, I can!" said Jeanette. Here is the exclusive story of her experiences

**By Elizabeth Wilson**

Jeanette graciously loaned us her only photos of her tour. Facing page, she sings at Soldiers' Arena, Camp Robinson, Arkansas. At right, at William Beaumont Hospital, El Paso, Texas. Top, left, at Fort Sill. Top, right, her most poignant moment of all: meeting Private Gene Raymond at Reilly General Hospital, Springfield, Mo. Jeanette's husband, Lieut. Gene Raymond, is now overseas.



say for Jeanette. *That* one "gives" only when she tells how much she enjoys being able to entertain the boys in the service.

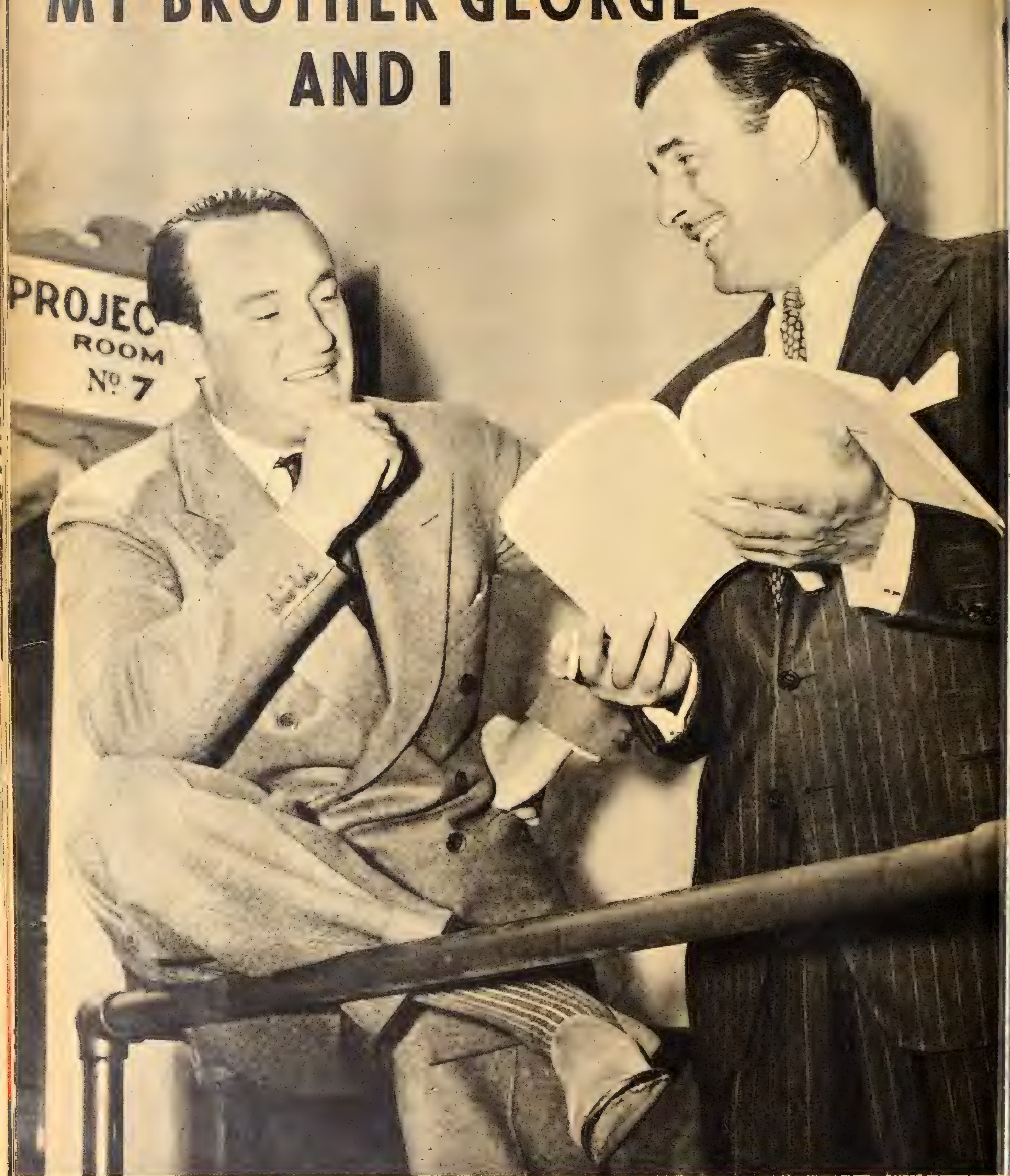
The tour got off to a bad start at Fort Bliss, El Paso, Texas. At four o'clock Monday afternoon there was a cloudburst. It rained the proverbial cats and dogs, and kept it up until nine o'clock that night. The outdoor concert had to be canceled. Jeanette felt pretty grim about it (California wouldn't have done that to her) but she brightened considerably when they told her that there would be time for two full concerts at the two hospital bases there. At the William Beaumont General Hospital one of the photographers from Fort Bliss asked her if she would have her picture taken with the boys singing a popular number, but every time the photographer's bulb failed to go off. "I'm beginning to suspect," said

Jeanette with a laugh, "that we are singing the wrong song. Let's try our luck with *God Bless America*. That time the bulb worked beautifully.

The concert at Sheppard's Field, Texas, on Wednesday night was a great success—despite the fact that Jeanette didn't get off the train until five that afternoon, and had to be up on the rostrum at eight. (And I can remember when Jeanette insisted upon a day's peace and quiet before giving a concert.) A young private I know, who boasts that he polishes everything at Sheppard's Field from buttons to bathrooms, wrote me an account of the concert: "Miss MacDonald was really lovely. She sang under a new moon for two hours. As a matter of fact when her time was supposed to be up, she insisted upon singing all the requests the boys wanted. There were thousands of boys. (Please turn to page 86)



# MY BROTHER GEORGE AND I



For a fresh slant on Sanders, read this closeup of him by the one who knows him best—brother Tom, who incidentally reveals a lot about himself

By  
*Tom Conway*

As told to Jack Holland





THE "LATE" FALCON

THE NEW FALCON

## EDITOR'S NOTE:

(Over RKO way, they were making a picture called "The Falcon's Brother." In it, George Sanders does a fade-out as the Falcon and hands over the rôle to Tom Conway, who is supposed to be his brother. The funny part of it all is—Tom is George's brother in real life. You may have seen Tom in such pictures as "The Bad Man," "People Vs. Kildare," "Trial of Mary Dugan," "Lady Be Good," "Rio Rita," and others. He's a distinguished looking person with plenty of charm. Yet, to most people, he is as unlike George as possible. Where George seems cold and indifferent, Tom is friendly and gay. Where George seems perpetually blasé, disinterested, Tom is enthusiastic, vital. So what about these two brothers? What are they like—really? What kind of lives have they led? This is Tom's story—and his own answers to these questions.)

THE story of George and me must necessarily begin from the very beginning. As children we had to share everything. If I had a pony, George had to have one. If I had a boat, he had to have a boat. Our parents played no favorites and they brought us up the best way they knew.

In spite of their teachings of discipline, honesty, and loyalty, there were probably never two more fiendish brats than George and myself. When we weren't actually in trouble, we were always thinking up ways to get into trouble—or to cause others to get into difficulty. Such was our way of having fun.

George and I hardly ever fought between ourselves. We got along royally since we both had the same disinterest in anything constructive or respectable. Besides, since we were continually trying to get other young chaps in trouble, we never had time to get into much of a row ourselves.

When our parents decided that we should be educated, they probably made the gravest mistake of their lives. Certainly no money was ever so wasted as the money spent on our education. We had never planned to do any serious work in school. And we never did. Which probably explains why our educational enlightenment was little more than a series of escapades which delighted us but distinctly annoyed those people who were told to turn us into brilliant examples of English youth.

Our parents sent us to a rather famous school in England. The institution thrived on the idea that discipline isn't as necessary as honor. You know, put the student on his honor and he will do no wrong. That was probably a pleasant idea for most children, but not for George and me. We simply felt that no boy of our ages—he was thirteen and I was fourteen—had any ideas of honor, and we didn't bother trying to cultivate any such ideas.

We began our career at the school by deciding that time spent in the physical training classes was time wasted. George was the first to decide to cut classes for the whole term. He was forever trying to do things and he was forever being caught, while I got into more trouble than he could think of and was never caught.

That certain term proved a disillusionment to me. George didn't attend a single physical training class and for some reason or another he was never found out. So I said to myself, "Well, if he got away with cutting classes, then I'm a cinch. They'll never get on to me."

The procedure was simple (Please turn to page 65)



Tom Conway takes over brother George Sanders' rôle in "The Falcon's Brother" in RKO's series. Above, the brothers lunch leading lady Jane Randolph.



Remarkable picture above reverses usual impression of the brothers. Both happy-go-lucky, George generally hides it, while Tom is vital, enthusiastic.



# "Beauty WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE"

**You're an asset when you are cheerful,  
poised, confident, full of vitality with  
smiling red lips, a clear bright skin.  
—Who wants to be a liability, today!**

**By Josephine Felts**



A cheer for Olivia de Havilland! One for Hedy Lamarr! Two lovely ladies who have the wit and the wisdom to look their freshest, prettiest selves at all times. Beauty and fashion today are as you like them. Olivia wears her hair close. Hedy lets hers fly. Take your choice! Olivia wears a Spanish mantilla which adds witchery and distinction to her soft dark eyes. Hedy wraps a string of evenly matched pearls four times around her throat.



"**B**EAUTY without extravagance" was first advised some thousands of years ago in Athens, a town again in the news, by someone whose name was Pericles. He went on to add, "Wisdom without weakness." He was talking about daily living in difficult times. I think he meant not only beauty as expressed in things, but beauty as expressed in people.

Had he been as fortunate as you and I, he might have illustrated his point by someone as lovely as Olivia de Havilland. Or someone as glamorous, and cheering to look upon as Hedy Lamarr. Someone with the wisdom to know how important it is right now to be not only yourself, but your loveliest self always, no matter how busy from early in the morning to late at night your job may keep you.

Today is the time for all things that lift the heart. Beauty is one of them!

Today is the time for things that cheer, encourage and strengthen us. Beauty is one of them!

Beauty is always gay, and never forget that gaiety, too, is a form of courage, sometimes one of its finest forms. One of the things that real beauty cannot exist without is the sparkle of vitality. It sounds pretty silly to say, "Are you sure you're keeping up your pep by getting plenty of exercise?" if you have been complaining about that tired feeling. But it may be a very good question, an especially good question, if you are working at something which involves any nervous



rain without any great amount of physical activity.

The story of Miss K. N. is a good example of what I mean. She was working long hours at a desk. She happened to be doing war work but it might just as well have been work in a law office or a movie studio. At night she felt so weary all she wanted to do was to drag home and go early to bed. She felt in all conscientiousness she should avoid playing in the evening, as she should keep herself fresh for each day's work.

I met her about this time and got her to try an experiment. She was to go three nights a week to a good beauty salon where classes were held in exercise for just her kind of girl—the one who is working hard but is not physically active during the day. The class spent three-quarters of an hour three evenings a week in supervised exercise.

K. N. attended faithfully. At the end of the second week I saw her again and asked how she was getting on. Her eyes shone. "It is the strangest thing," she said. "I go up to the class sometimes so tired I can hardly put one foot ahead of the other. I'm too tired to eat. All I want to do is tumble into bed! But I go. I exercise and you know, I come away feeling I could start the day over. I could walk five miles!"

You see, K. N. was tired from lack of exercise. She was getting a little let down, if the truth were told, about both herself and her work. Once she started streamlining her muscles and treating herself as if she had a normal healthy body, which she had, she looked better, slept better, worked better. She was an asset to herself and her friends instead of a liability. Think it over.

Since this department is concerned with the way you look as well as your all-round smartness and vitality, and since this winter you should play hard, now and then, so that you may work all the harder, here is a "beauty preparation" suggestion that will help you look your best at important moments. Don't neglect the good old "beauty mask" habit at least once each week, when you want your skin to look its most glowing and glorious.

There are a number of good ones to be had, called by various names, all including the word "mask" on their labels. Wrap your fingers around one of them and take it home. Allow yourself half an hour to use it. Since you should spend twenty minutes of the time with the mask on your skin and since it is best that you relax completely during that time, here is a fine moment (twenty, fine moments, in fact) to lie down, close your eyes and do nothing, blissfully. But first spread on the mask carefully, economically. Just cover your throat and face. Keep it away from your eyes and your lips. Relax for twenty minutes, then take the mask off. Since different masks should be removed in different ways, look at the directions. Some of them rinse off gently in warm water. Others should be taken off with cream.

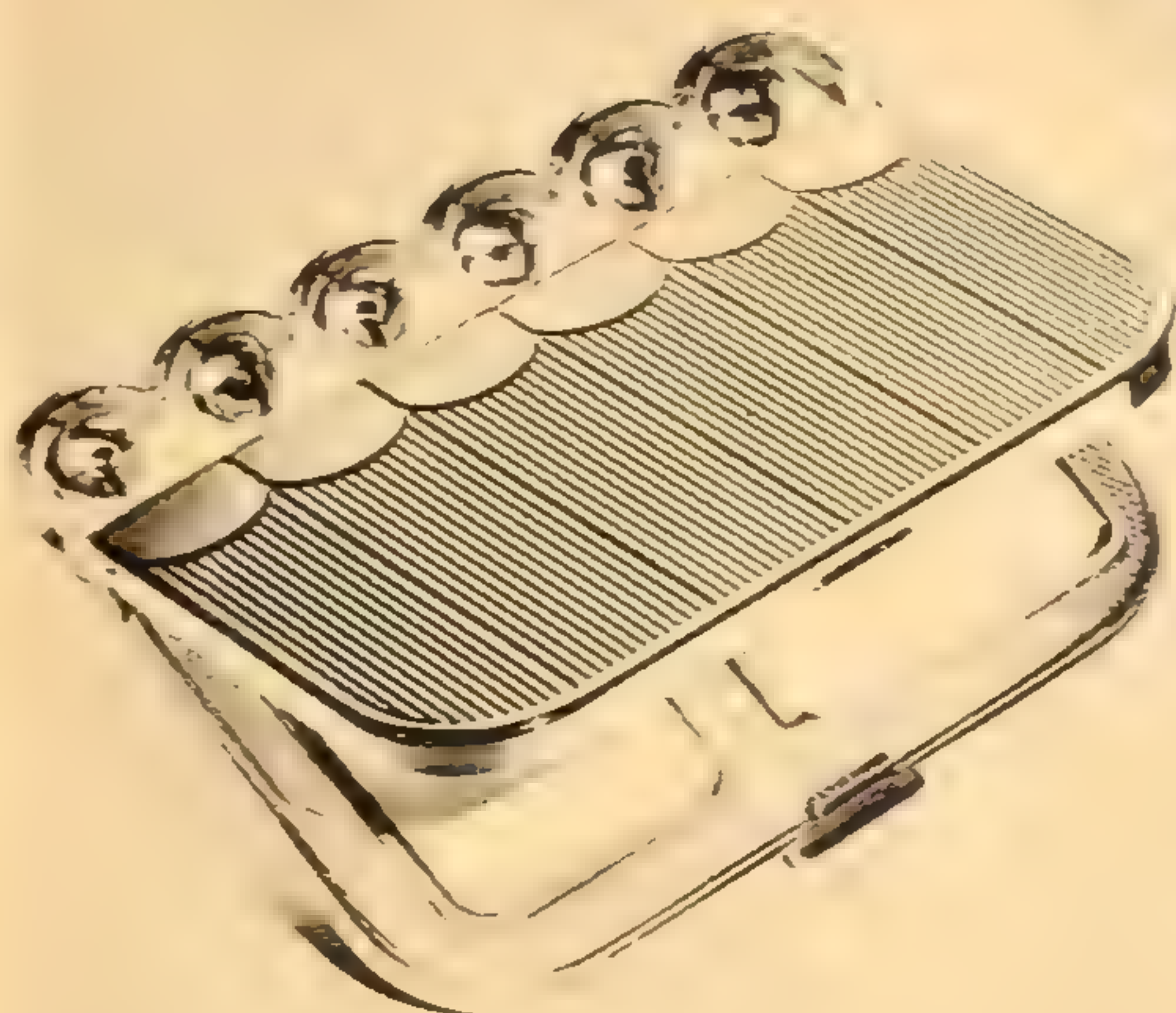
If this is the first time you have used a mask, you'll be startled at the improvement in the appearance of your skin. It will actually glow and look refreshed, dewy, lovable. If you are an old hand at it you will just nod with approval at your reflection in the glass and murmur: "Just as I expected!" In either case, you will go off to your evening looking quite charming.

"Beauty without extravagance!" Yes, because there is so much important work for money to do, you will want to practice all the known beauty economies as well as thinking up some original ones all for yourself. Buy large sizes of the preparations you use every day. Large jars give you more for your money in general. They also save you extra shopping time. Keep your creams and lotions in the ice-box or at

(Please turn to page 90.)

# GUIDE TO GLAMOR

**With Christmas in the offing and Hard Work Ahead  
Here are tips and trinkets from your Beauty Scout**



Preview of Christmas! Coty "Sleigh Bells" double compact with real bells that jingle-jangle-jingle! Also for the top of your list we nominate "Sabots" those wonderful wooden shoes filled with the famous perfumes, Emeraude and L'Aimant.

**H**AVE you ever heard of a foundation cream containing lanolin? There is one, a brand new idea that will appeal to you especially, if you are one of those millions and millions of girls with dry skins. Lanolin, of course, is one of the most important ingredients used in making the kind of cream that smoothes and softens skin. You know, the kind of cream you'd usually put on at night to help freshen your complexion while you sleep. This means that your skin can have a beauty treatment all day long! Miner's Foundation Cream with Lanolin helps protect your skin from weather and temperature changes, to preserve its freshness and pliancy, and all the time, it is doing much to give your skin "glamor" as well. For it is an excellent foundation, light textured, really smooth, an excellent make-up base. As you'd expect, it hides blemishes (if any); holds your make-up hours and hours. Which of these skin tones is most nearly yours? Peach, Rachelle, Brunette, or Sun Tan?

**J**UST what type of girl are you—a leader, one of the girls who loves to be first? Then here we are with your very own personality perfume. Follow Me! It is a gay exciting fragrance, a natural leader, and with it you will set the example for the rest of the gang who you'll find, will "follow you."

You'll like this perfume too because it sets the fragrance pace for a whole new lovely line of Varva beauty aids: Powder, Bubble Foam, Bath Powder, Eau de Toilette. Notice the powder box especially. It has a cunning strap across the top and deftly concealed in its sides are small powder puffs. A word about "Follow Me" to the shy girl too. Try it and see if it doesn't make you one of the girls they love to copy! You'll be surprised! Extravagant? Certainly not. That is one of the things we like best about it. For these days, you want to make every penny count—and a good perfume that saves you money—is a good perfume indeed.

**Y**OU know that wool has become precious, so here is a word of warning to you who would prolong the fresh wearability of your woollens. Be sure to use an under-arm deodorant. Just recently this department has been experimenting with Nix, an under-arm deodorant which stops odor but not perspiration. You can apply it in a jiffy. It will not harm your clothing and is gentle to your skin, even after shaving. It has a mild, refreshing odor, and is well worth knowing about.

**W**HAT could any girl find more welcome than a "gift from Hollywood," this Christmas? See Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-up Box with face powder, pancake make-up, cleansing cream, rouge and lipstick. It's all in a gorgeous red and gold box that will make her smile with pleasure the moment she unwraps it. Pancake make-up, you know, is famous for that smooth, mat finish it gives the skin. Give pleasure this Christmas!

Pinafores are in style again! See Tussy's Pinafore wild-rose series: Eau de Cologne, Dusting Powder, Bubble Essence, pink soap.







The lovely ladies Major Tom Lewis is seen escorting to the preview of "Wake Island" are Irene Dunne, left, and his wife, Loretta Young.

# Here's Hollywood

**Gossip by Weston East**  
**Candid by Jean Duval**



Above, Rosemary Lane and hubby Buddy Westmore. Boys in uniform and girls in silver fox have become style note for film openings.

Ann Sothorn and Bob Sterling, whose romance has reached the serious stage, attending a premiere with Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray.



Lieut. Commander Joel Pressman, his wife, Claudette Colbert, and the Gary Coopers made up this foursome at a recent premiere.

**H**OLLYWOOD is wondering if Priscilla Lane is planning to retire from the screen. Her indifference to the community points in that direction. Pat didn't want to do "The Powers Girl." She wanted to rest. By the time she had her first fittings, she was too sick to go on. Adrian, who is doing a bang-up clothes job in this picture, had to refit all of Pat's things to Anne Shirley. As usual, Pat returned to Victorville and her bombardier. She's content to be his missus.

**K**INDA cute sense of humor that de Havilland girl has. When Robert Cummings was borrowed to co-star in "Princess O'Rourke," a certain story reached Livvy's ears. It seems that Diana Barrymore's unhumorous pranks had made everyone miserable, when they filmed "Between Us Girls." Bob Cummings stood it as long as he could. Then he administered a good sound spanking, where it would do Diana the most good. The first day he worked with Olivia, director Norman Krasna asked her to come out of her dressing room and meet Bob. Olivia did—wearing a baseball catcher's mask and chest protector. Bob fell right on his face!

**J**UST look who wins the honors in the exhibitors' poll of the current favorites. Van Heflin, a newcomer, and Jane Wyman, a veteran (and *what* a veteran), are favored contenders for stardom. The seven others of the first ten are John Carroll, Alan Ladd, Lynn Bari, Nancy Kelly, Donna Reed, Betty Hutton, and Teresa Wright. Warners are already making plans to give Jane Wyman the star buildup she has long deserved. M-G-M has great plans for Van Heflin. They're also hoping he'll become more tolerant and less antagonistic, as the Hollywood scene becomes more familiar. Especially toward fellow players less important than himself.

**F**RANCHOT TONE is a young man who believes in profiting by his mistakes. Recently his bride was called to the bedside of her sick mother in Chicago. Knowing how rumors start and how exaggerated they become, Franchot sent a wire to every Hollywood columnist and commentator. He told them when and why she was leaving. He told them when she'd be back again. It worked like a charm. Not a single derogatory line appeared in print. The Tones are back together again and couldn't be happier. There may even be three Tones to keep in harmony before too long.





Jane Withers and Pat Brook know how the boys like to "join in" and always select the songs they know when entertaining service men.

**G**UESS who Victor Mature thinks is the most stunning woman in Hollywood? No, it's *not* Rita Hayworth. It's Mal Milland, Ray's prematurely-grey fashion plate wife. Vic doesn't even know her, but he thinks Ray Milland is a pretty lucky guy. Recently Mal found out about her unknown admirer. And the way she found out makes it twice as charming. Her informant, of all people, was—Hedy Lamarr.

**C**LARK GABLE would be very happy working for Uncle Sam if curiosity seekers would only give him a break. Clark tries his best to be just one of the men. But hysterical women carry on like mad things the minute he gets one foot out of bounds. Clark's ranch is still being kept up back in Hollywood. A caretaker remains on the place day and night. Clark also still retains Carole Lombard's loyal secretary. They say Hollywood's favorite actor has never looked better or handsomer.

**I**T'S Jack Benny's favorite story. He visited Ann Sheridan on the "Edge of Darkness" set and broke up the company. There was a little man who spent most of his time wishing. One day a genie appeared and decided to put a stop to the foolishness. He granted the man three wishes and guaranteed they'd come true. The man wished for all the money in the world, to look as handsome as the combined Robert Taylor and Gary Cooper and then, not wishing to be selfish, wished that he might kill Hitler. Sure enough, when the man got home, the floor in every room was covered with gold. He looked in the mirror and he looked like Cooper and Taylor. Just then the phone rang. "Is this the man who wanted to kill Hitler?" a voice asked. "Well, this is your draft board. You've just been made 1-A—so get down here and get going!"

**T**WO tragedies in her life have just about convinced Virginia Bruce that she is destined not to find happiness in love. The John Gilbert death occurred while she was still quite young and inexperienced. It grieved her but Virginia eventually got over it. But her love for producer Jack Ruben was deep and lasting. His death was a great shock to Virginia. The writers of Hollywood took up a collection. With the money they are donating one bungalow to the actors' home for the sick and the aged. It will be known as the Jack Walter Ruben bungalow, a tribute to his memory.



The Alan Ladd (she's Sue Carol, former silent star, now her husband's agent) arriving for one of movietown's important social events.

Jane Withers at "Bit of Sweden" restaurant with Pat Brook, who has his first big rôle opposite Jane in Republic's "Johnny Doughboy."

The hand-holding blonde and gent, above, at one of the special screenings, are Betty Hutton and Perc Westmore, make-up expert.

**W**HEN Henry Fonda joined the Navy, most surprised person of all was his wife, Frances Fonda. She was right in the middle of furnishing a big home they bought recently. At the time of purchase, "Hank" hadn't faintly hinted he had future plans with Uncle Sam. Plans for completion of the home are now at a standstill. Frances is going to live in a half-empty place until her man comes marching home again.

**M**ICHELE MORGAN'S dream house is for sale. And Franchot Tone may buy it. When Michele married Bill Marshall, he put his foot down. They were going to fix up their own place and he was going to pay for the furnishing. And that was that. Michele, being much wiser than some Hollywood stars, listed the house with a real estate agent, the very next day.

**W**ONDER if Mary Dodson, beautiful model, will be the lucky girl to occupy Cesar Romero's unfinished bridal suite? He met Mary at the Fred MacMurrays and they've been seeing a lot of each other ever since. In taking Mary to theaters and previews, Cesar no longer has to insist on seats in the last row of the house. Previously, when Carmen Miranda was his lady for the evening, those vegetable plates she wore on top of her turbans blocked out the view of the paying customers. They loved Carmen—but not enough to look at the back of her head all evening.







Starlet Frances Robinson stepped out with Jimmy Walker, ex-New York Mayor, on his recent visit to the film city. Our cameraman caught up with them at one of the Hollywood night haunts and, above, you see the result.



Love-birds Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford, above, whose romance is the real thing, reared at Cocoanut Grove while waiting to dance.

**L**EW AYRES' favorite eating place was "The Tropics" in Beverly Hills. With little time for letter writing, Lew has to send a round-robin letter to all his friends. This he sends to "The Tropics" where they post it on the bulletin board. It would do his heart good if Lew could see how his friends enjoy these letters. They rush right to the bulletin board before they'd dream of consulting a menu. Hollywood does not forget.

**U**SUALLY Hollywood can meet any emergency. But the gas rationing situation strikes a very serious note. Stars like Joel McCrea and Martha Scott have valley homes, fifty miles away from their studios. The stars work in Culver City, Burbank, Fox Hills, Hollywood and Universal City. But the majority live in Beverly Hills. They'll have to live in their dressing rooms during the making of a picture. Bette Davis, who has a bungalow on the Warner lot, is already filling up the frigidaire. Soon there'll be sweet essence of finnan-haddie wafted away from Garbo's dressing room window by the evening breeze!

Lou Costello introduces Patty, his cute little daughter, to Errol Flynn, below. Now Flynn knows why Lou has been boasting so much.

**T**HE official announcement of their engagement is due any moment now. A happier couple than Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell we defy you to find. They'd like to be married in the little church in Canada where Glenn was baptised. "Elly" is really serious about staying home and raising babies. Glenn goes into service soon and if he's called suddenly, there'll be no postponing for these two. They'll get married on the spot.

**T**HE girl who eventually plays the spiritually inspired heroine in "The Song of Bernadette" will have to lead a nun-like existence. 20th is already keeping Anne Baxter out of night clubs and eliminating all cheese cake art. Jeanne Cagney, Jimmy's lovely sister, is getting a test and should be perfect in the part. But you know Hollywood. Don't be surprised if *Betty Hutton* is the winner!!!

**B**Y THE time you read this, Bill Holden may be transferred from the Army to the Air Corps. Which means he may be stationed closer to Hollywood. Which also means that Brenda Marshall can fly to see him occasionally, over a week-end. She's so excited at the possibility, she's already put back five of those pounds she lost when her Bill went away again.

**A**FTER three years on the same lot, Ida Lupino and Bette Davis finally were introduced. Monty Woolley invited them both to the same dinner party and that's how it came about. Now, unless Bette gets some acting plum Ida has been dreaming about, the two girls should become good friends. And they'll owe it all to Mr. Wool-Puss!

**F**OR the first time since the war, the George Murphys entertained. The occasion was Roger Pryor's birthday, which happened on his leave from Blythe, California, where he is a flying instructor. Jimmy Cagney was out on a bond tour, but his wife, Billie Cagney, was a charming substitute guest. She told of the great success of "Yankee Doodle." "When I think back!" sighed Billie. "Jimmy and I were in vaudeville. Once we tried desperately to get passes for a George Cohan show. We wanted to see it so much—but we didn't have enough money to buy tickets. Another time Jimmy tried to get a job in a Cohan show and was turned down flat!"

(Please turn to page 76)

That must have been a pip of a story someone told John Carroll. He's pictured at a well-known dining place with Vivian Blaine.





# Hollywood Canteen Opening

Exclusive Photos

By Jean Duval



The dedication opening of Hollywood's canteen for service men was a big success. Film folk paid \$50 each for seats to watch 5000 uniformed men enter the canteen, where they were served and entertained by big-name movie stars. From top, reading down, and to right: Bette Davis, Chairman, with hubby Arthur Farnsworth, who served as dishwasher; Eleanor Powell and Marlene Dietrich passed the cake; Eddie Cantor, with Coast Guardsman Rudy Vallee and Ginny Simms, Laird Cregar, with Irene Dunne, acted as busboy; Miss Dunne autographed ties and trinkets; Bette gave out cigarettes and autographs. Irene Dunne and Loretta Young danced with sailors.





# What Bing and Bob Did To Me!

Continued from page 22

Those shoe-button eyes of Hope's! I have a teddy bear at home, one I've had since I was six. Its eyes came out and my mother took two black buttons out of a pair of my baby shoes and stuck them in. I swear it looks just like Hope!

Or Bing will come on the set and announce, 'I'm on Dottie's side today! Thereafter, and for the rest of the day, Bing and I gang up on Hope. The next day, Bob and I are allied against Bing. Comes the third day, and Bing and Bob are in cahoots against me. And if you don't think *that* combine makes a little Spartan Girl out of Mrs. Lamour's Dottie you don't know Hope and Crosby as I know them!

Then there's the horse-play. I'd like to make some screaming little crack about Bob having to have some horse-play on the sets, he certainly doesn't at the tracks. But we'll skip it. What I mean, for one of the sequences in "The Road To Singapore," the property man kept a tin can of soapy water handy in which I washed dishes. One prankish day, just after the lunch call sounded, Bing picked up a handful of the soap suds and threw it at Hope. Hope picked up a handful and threw it at me. I picked up the whole pail and chased the pair of them all over the lot, and through the commissary where out-of-town guests came to the reasonable conclusion that we were crazy.

We *have* driven two directors crazy. Dave Butler, who is guiding Hope and me through "They've Got Me Covered," and poor, dear Victor Shertsinger. Dave has reached the point where he just sits down, before the day's work begins, and tells the crew, 'Let them get it over with before we start!' One day I told Dave that Bing was coming to visit us on the set and he said, 'Don't tell me that. I can't take it!'

The 'takes' we have ruined! But now, with the war, that is a thing of the past. Now I've got B. Hope and B. Crosby just where I want them. They are forced to ration their shenanigans—for the duration, at least.

Then, if they wanted to go to a football game in the middle of a picture—and they *always* want to go to a football game—they'd take off. We stopped work at noon and, simply, they went. But—they did more work in that half day than six other actors would do in a week.

And it is that little but very significant 'but' that is the point and punch, the moral and the merit, of my story. For Bing and Bob could, as I said, have made a nervous wreck of me. They could have given me a reputation in the business for being a scene-spoiler and a lines-goer-upper, a Grade A noodle-pate, what with the tricks they pull and the bland expression of them, leaving me holding the bag.

But seriously, if I am any kind of a trouper, I have them to thank for it. (And I am writing this very seriously. In fact, I may as well tell you now that it's going to be a sentimental story, a tear-in-the-eye piece, and heaven help me when they read it!) Anyway, and at the risk of seeming immodest, I do believe that I could step into an animal act, toss off Shakespearean repertoire or walk the wire without the ruffle of an eyelash—thanks to my training with them.

Furthermore, if I know anything about the business, I give them seventy-five per cent of the credit. That I have not 'gone Hollywood,' squandered my money, made the several kinds of fool of myself that wiser girls than I have done, is thanks to their precepts and example. If I have

weeded out of me any latent desire to hog the camera, any of the little jealousies or lack of generosity to others to which we are all prone at times, they are the gardeners. If I take my work seriously, and I do, yet manage to maintain a sense of humor about myself, and I believe I do, it is thanks to those two clowns who are the wisest and soundest men I know.

I worked with Bing on the air while I was making my first picture, the better-forgotten "Jungle Princess." I remember how he was, how steadying he was, and reassuring, so that I wouldn't be nervous. That's the principal paradox of Bing 'n' Bob. They should make you nervous, heaven knows, the antics they pull. But they never do.

They are too sure of what they are doing, and where they are going, so they take you along with them. And they are essentially kind people. I remember that first broadcast with Bing so well. How he let me do the songs I wanted to do. He hasn't changed. He determined, long ago, that he wouldn't let this town get him, and he never has. He always gives the other fellow a break. So does Bob. They believe that if everybody in a picture is good, the picture is that much better. They make it clear to you, by their example, that this is a highly co-operative business; that you are a link in the chain and had better be a good workmanlike link, but that you are by no means the whole chain. Very tonic, this realization. They are good business men and ace showmen and they also want to help people. They use their heads as well as their hearts. So that their equilibrium as human beings is well nigh as perfect as their equilibrium as performers.

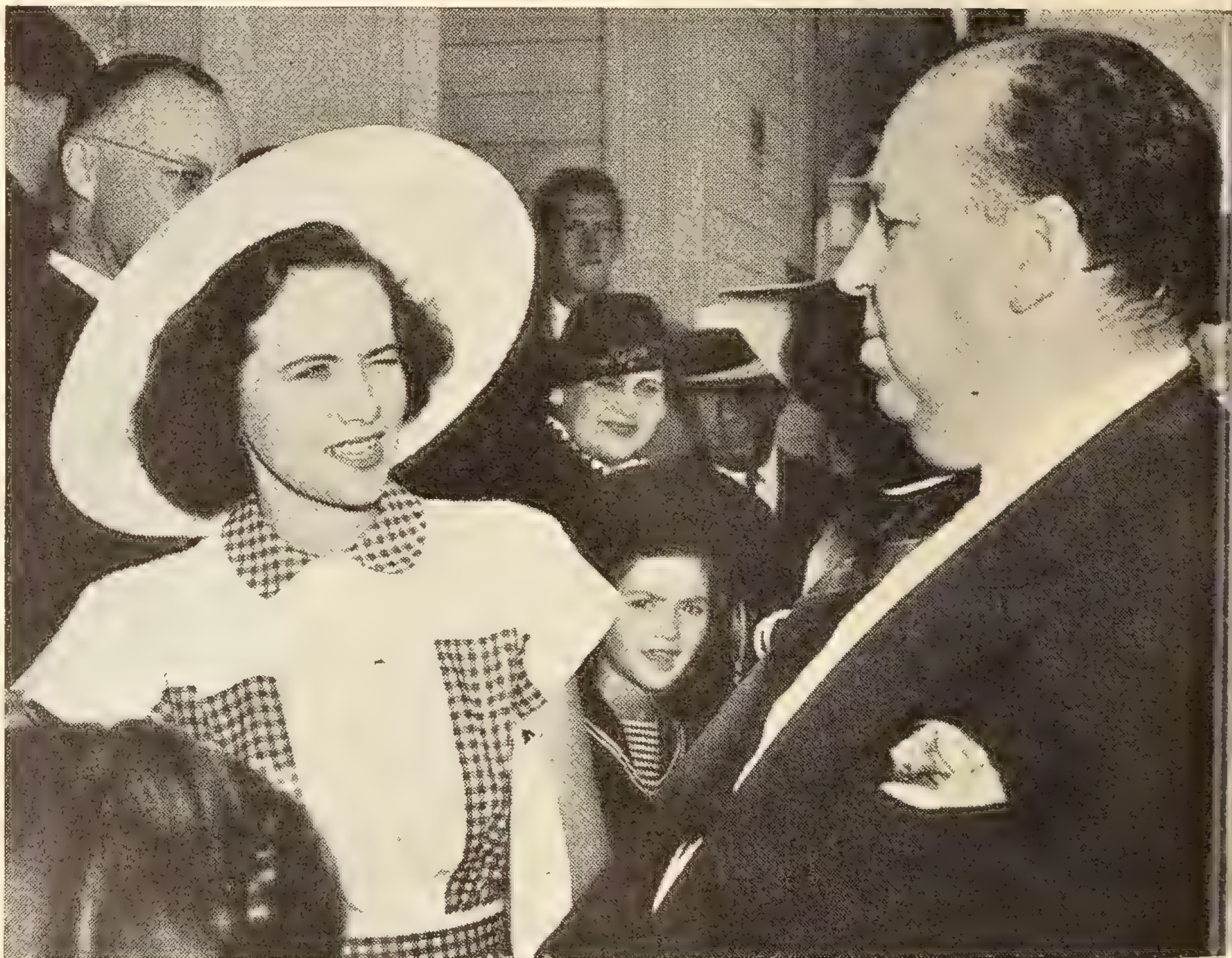
Oh, they have taught me a lot, those two zanies! A thing called timing, for instance. I used to be so doggone slow they'd have to drag it out of me. You can't be slow with Bob catching the fast express. You can't be slow with Bing, either. Because *he's* so slow the picture would turn into a serial!



Alfred Hitchcock, Hollywood's master of suspense, picked Teresa Wright, above, to play the lead in his new picture, "Shadow of a Doubt," after seeing her performances in "Mrs. Miniver" and "Pride of the Yankees."

They've helped me with lines. They've taken endless time giving me different readings of a line with which I was having trouble. (That is, of course, when I get a chance to *get* a line in with them!) Or they'll think up whole new lines for me, as they do for themselves, when they see a chance for improvement.

And the thing called trouping! There is no question but what they are seriously trying to steal scenes from each other. Each forces the other to be at his top and each has a foe worthy of the other's steel. Bing in his way, is just as clever as Bob. Bing is droll. The difference between the two is a difference in pace. Bing is slow and Bob is fast. The slower Bing goes, the faster Bob goes, and the other way around. But often, Bing comes up with one that tops Bob. As when, in our latest film, "Road To Morocco," there was a shot of Bob being sold into slavery for \$200. There was Hope, on the slave block, flexing his biceps, flashing his teeth, giving with the torso in order to demonstrate his soundness of limb and wind, and his manly beauty



Young Screen Star Teresa Wright Chosen By



ing was off-stage, making with the gestures so that Bob would react accordingly. Just as Bob finished exhibiting his best points, the eyes, the hair, the molars, Bing got in there and gave it this—the *curve of the nose!* That time it was Hope who broke up!

Do I need to add that, between these two parrying blades I am kept on the alert? To actress could play with them without earning to hold her own and keep time to the music.

They both like an audience when they're working on the sets, too. Like all good showmen, they are a pair of sweethearts when it comes to exhibitionism. They play to the set audience as, later, they play to the picture audience. But that's good training for a more timorous soul, very. Especially good training for the stage.

Nor could you work with them and fail to develop a sense of humor. About yourself, I mean. For if they ever found out that you didn't have one, they'd murder you. Or if they thought they could embarrass you, they'd smoke you out!

During the making of "Morocco," they discovered that one of the actors on the set couldn't stand lemons. Lemons, he made the mistake of moaning one day, made him physically ill. I could have told him what would happen. Sure as shooting, those two brought a crate of lemons to the set the next day. And went on a lemonade binge as if they craved the fruit. The actor and his allergy were removed forthwith. Another hapless soul remarked that he couldn't endure the sound of shoe leather crunching on gritty sand. The dear boys spent the rest of the day scrunching the soles of their shoes over the Moroccan sand. In his frenzied haste to get away, the unfortunate victim knocked Dave Butler down. Dave forgave the victim. You have to be able to take it when they are around!

But they are essentially kind, as I said. When we were working on "Road To Singapore," and were on location for the last shots, Bob was hours late. An almost unheard of occurrence with him. For both of them are habitually on time, eight day clocks in the flesh. Come to find out, he'd been told about a ranch for sale in the San Fernando Valley. One of the studio chauffeurs

was driving him that day and they'd got lost. Bob insisted that he find the place. He found it. He also found that night and our arches had fallen when, at long last, he arrived on the set, announcing that he had discovered his Shangri-La. It was so late that we had to take the last shots with booster lights. The next day, the studio driver was fired. Because he had lost the way, it seemed that Bob's delay was his fault. Bob found out about this and, within the hour, the man was reinstated.

They never miss the important things, either one of them. They may pull your hair, tweak your ear or step on your toes or your dignity. They never step on your heart. That gives you something to think about, too.

Moreover, there are times when they leave off the cap and bells and are as dignified as deacons, as solemn as Rotarians. As I found out, to my consternation.

A few months ago, when I was in Washington, D. C., on a bond-selling tour, I heard that Hope was checking in at my hotel that night. Eager to see him, my pal from the home town, I watched for him to arrive and when I saw him walk down the lobby, dressed to the nines, hat, flower in the button-hole, the works, I let out a welcoming squeal, did a nifty slide down the corridor, and hung myself upon him like a lapel clip. *He gave me the icy stare and behaved as though he really didn't know me, really he didn't!* Then he hissed in my ear, 'This is not Hollywood. This is Washington, D.C.' he added, reproachfully. I dropped to the floor and scuttled meekly away.

They are substantial citizens, that's what they are, and don't let them kid you. And it reflects in their work. More than that, it accounts, I believe, for their substantial success. They are tops in show business. You can't beat them. And such being so, their way of work and of life should be an example to anyone who believes he has to behave like a Sunday Supplement Casanova in order to "rate."

For their fun is clean fun, all of it. Some of the things they say and do would curl your hair, but there is never any "sex" angle to it, never anything suggestive. On the set of "Road To Morocco," there were



Edna Mae Wonacott, seen with Miss Wright, above, is the 10-year-old grocer's daughter discovered by Hitchcock to play the star's sister in "Shadow of a Doubt." Lower photo shows Teresa with Ruby Henderson, age 15, and Estelle Jewell, 14, who were also lucky to be chosen by the director for rôles in the film.

eight cuties, with as little on them as Mr. Hays would allow, and they swarmed over the boys in scene after scene, for days. There was never so much as a pat and none of the "eye." You can't say that about many actors. But you can, and I do, say it about them.

They are both good business men. Everyone knows about Bing's varied and various business enterprises (He's Bing Crosby, Ltd., yet!) all of them money-making. And Bob has an interest in two or three businesses, too. A metal works, for instance. He knows, they both know, what they are doing. They both take care of their money. They make it seem pretty silly not to.

They are good family men as well as good business men. (Substantial citizens, that's what I said about you, sweethearts, and that's what I mean.) I have been with Bob and Dolores, and with Bing and Dixie a lot and I know whereof I speak. One of the sweet things about Bing is his habit, an old Crosby custom by now, of bringing one of his four boys to the set every week. He starts with Gary, works down through one twin, then the other, then the baby, then starts all over again. And to hear Bob refer to his small son and daughter as "those characters" is to hear something swell.

To top it all, the thing you feel when you work with them, more than you feel it on any other set, or with any other actors, is *FUN!* They are superb craftsmen, they take their jobs seriously; you bet they do, their success proves that, but they make their work their pleasure. And pleasure for those who work with them, too. We are completely enjoying ourselves, Bing and Bob and I, when we make a picture together. All the time we are together. And I think that comes through.

To me, a picture with those two is a vacation, a good laugh fifty times a day—but an *educational* vacation, too. They're guys, those two. They're scholars and they're gents.

And now, of course, they *will* break me. When they read this, they'll break me all right—body, heart, spirit and career.



Alfred Hitchcock for "Shadow Of A Doubt"



# Should Girls Let Down Bars In Time of War?

Continued from page 21

to sound like a prude—for I would certainly kiss a boy if I cared for him. But at the same time a girl's romantic attitude toward a boy shouldn't be any different in war time than in peace time. For after all it's the boy you're concerned with personally—not the uniform!"

Marjorie was a high-stepping drum majorette on the University of Southern California campus. To hold such an enviable spot midst plenty of cold competition, Marjorie had to use her head. And she declares a girl's popularity then as now need not be based on the "easy petting proposition."

"It's up to the girl," says Marjorie, "whether she has to pet to be popular. And because it's war time doesn't make it any different in the boy-girl situation. If a girl has nothing else to offer," Marjorie shrugged her pretty shoulders enclosed in the Red Cross nurse's uniform she wears in "Yanks Ahoy," "it's sometimes her own fault that she seems to provide the opportunity for a 'necking session.' But if she has a personality that sparkles with enthusiasm, a good hearty laugh, if she's a ready good fellow and enters into every activity with vim and vigor, if she can play a swell game of tennis, swim without being afraid of getting her hair wet, if she dances well, knows the latest steps, or plays and sings to entertain at a party—she's 'Stuff.' She rates attention and gets plenty of dates. She doesn't have to excel or be a specialist in any one thing—but she should have one or two activities that she does well. Boys will seek her for a partner for tennis, golf, swimming or dancing—just because she is a good partner. That's logical, isn't it?"

"But if petting is her specialty and her chief asset, she is marked 'heavy sugar,' 'lame brain,' 'easy petting'—and she is known for that, just as much as the girl

who is known for her accomplishments with a tennis racquet.

"At school I took up tennis, ice-skating, dancing and horseback riding. And there were plenty of boys who liked to indulge in these sports, boys who'd date me for the pleasure we'd mutually derive from them together. But there was a girl in our sorority who was popular with boys in a different way. She was never asked to the inter-frat dances and the big parties of the year. But the same boys who'd invite me would always ask her to the 'beach brawls,' as they were called, and the 'beer busts.' She cried her eyes out with disappointment when the big formal parties came along and no one invited her. I asked one of the fellows why and he stammered something about, 'Well, she's a good Josephine, you know. But a fellow wants to be proud of the girl he takes to a prom. He wants a girl he can show off—one that'll make the other fellow envious.'

"It's really up to the girl to be level-headed. Boys in uniform become more sentimental. They seem to want to crowd a lifetime of living into a few short months. As the war has quickened the action of the world it has doubly reacted emotionally.

"Aw, C'mon, let's have a little kiss! What you got to lose?" some boys will ask. 'Here I am going away to the end of the world where I won't get a chance to kiss a girl again for months. How about it?'

"When a soldier signifies that spirit a girl instinctively knows that out of the uniform he'd be making the same passes—under a different pretense.

"'I'd lose my self-respect,' I'd answer. Boys under hilarious strain suggest things at funny times. It's up to the girl again to curb suggestions that might lead to improper ones. She can't let down the bars

of refinement and sweetness and hope to hold to her good breeding and her femininity on which she has always prided herself. At the same time it isn't always fair to blame the boys. The war time excitement may carry him away.

"Girls should remember that the boys still talk in their locker rooms, whether they're in the barracks or a men's room in a night club. A girl's reputation is easily established—or wrecked.

"One boy I know who is stationed with the Coast Guard related an incident that concerned his bunk-mate, which resulted in personal tragedy to a girl. The boys had gone to San Diego to a big dance to which 300 high school coeds had been invited. One little girl from San Francisco, who was visiting her cousin in San Diego, attended the party. Lonesome for her own boy friend, whose engagement ring she was wearing, she was momentarily swept away by soft music and moonlight in the garden. She kissed her dance partner profusely, quite sure it was their secret. The boy returned to his ship and in boy fashion raved about the 'hot stuff I had at the party last night.' His bunk-mate, who had been on duty and therefore hadn't attended the dance, was interested. Until the boy named the girl—and named his own sweetheart! Which resulted in a broken engagement. The girl really loved her fiance. She explained she had been swept away emotionally by the uniform, moonlight, and loneliness. But it was too late. That may sound like a movie plot—but it is true and actually did happen. And can happen again.

"I think if a boy really loves a girl, I mean a boy who has been going with one girl for some length of time before he received his call to the service, he values her happiness over his own. He wants to protect her. I think he would not rush her into a hasty marriage, just before he leaves for camp. There is always that possibility of the girl having a baby after he is gone. The boy would constantly worry about her—and wouldn't be able to concentrate on being a first class soldier. His heart would only be half in his job. And if he is lost in action the girl has full responsibility of a fatherless child to raise.

"Of course there is the theory many boys express. They might as well have a little happiness as gamble on a chance of waiting for a lot in the future—or none. A girl of easy virtue probably agrees with them. After all, again it's pretty much up to the girl involved and how she personally feels about things.

"But it is an established fact that a girl who lets down the bars becomes common and stays common—not only for the duration, but her reputation sticks afterwards. For a time she may enjoy a short spurt of popularity like some of the girls I knew of on the campus—getting rushed by the boys. But after they've been dated by all of the boys, they are forgotten. Boys of that type are seeking other new conquests.

"I remember one boy in school. He was known as a wolf. In fact, he was rather the leader of a fast young set of men on the campus. At a party he tried to kiss me. I didn't care for him. Naturally I refused. Which seemed only to make him the more determined. During vacation I was learning to paddle a canoe up at Lake Arrowhead—when to my surprise he came paddling along. 'If you don't kiss me now I'll tip your canoe over,' he said. I told him I couldn't swim well enough for that but I wouldn't kiss him. He threatened, and I became so frightened that I turned very pale. He swam away and left me alone. But he was impressed. For a couple of years later he told one of my friends, 'Marjorie is really a nice girl. She is the only girl I'll never forget, because she was one girl I never succeeded in kissing. She never let

## "Commandos Strike at Dawn" Marks the Return to the Screen of Paul Muni





down the bars.' Think of all of the girls he had petted—and had forgotten!

"There are many aspects on war time dates. Boys, if they are susceptible to you, naturally want to kiss you. But one boy told me, 'None of us get everything we want. And while there are lots of girls who will, there are still lots of decent girls who won't. The push-over's name is bandied about, and while a fellow may date her a couple of times, she has no more real hold on him than a dish of yesterday's soup.'

"Suppose a girl does encourage a boy, kisses him, and because she feels it will give him happiness, lets him believe she is sincere—in love with him. If she does, she's deceitful and in some instances has sent a boy off to war dreaming of her and of the day he'll come home to her. When he does come back, to face disillusionment, he'll wonder if the war was worth fighting after all.

"An honest girl, too, will consider if the boy has a girl he's left back in his home town, and should be fair to her. If he has no ties and the girl really cares for him—



Anna Lee, pictured aboard a Canadian war-ship used in "Commandos Strike at Dawn" scenes, drew one of film year's most eagerly sought plums—the lead opposite Paul Muni.

then she should continue their friendship and let love take its course.

"Every boy, who is not in love with one girl, has his favorite girl for tennis, golfing, horseback, dancing and petting dates. It's up to the girl on which list she wishes to be classified."

Marjorie, who has been making movies for two years, has never been out with a Hollywood reigning glamor boy. She sticks with her school boy friends and those she meets at the studio. It is a matter of movie history that Harvard's famed *Lampoon* broke a 65-year precedent to single Marjorie out as the "most promising beauty in Hollywood" and invite her to their ball. She was born in Inglewood, next door to Hollywood, where her father is city attorney. Of Norwegian and Irish descent, she has danced since she was a little girl. She took part in school plays both in high school and college.

Marjorie chose movies at the end of her second year at U.S.C. She's the "Soldier's Sweetheart" because she plays the girl interest in so many Roach movies based on soldier life.

For boy friends, Marjorie is never lacking, even if she doesn't go to Hollywood night clubs. There are the boys left at home,



"Commandos Strike At Dawn" brings Paul Muni back to pictures as Kristian, a Norwegian who leads the English Commandos to victory. Posing with Muni is Ann Carter, who plays his daughter. The timely drama, which we will fictionize in an early issue, has Lieut. Commander John Farrow, on leave from the British Navy, at the directorial helm. Farrow, an experienced director, has first hand knowledge of spectacular Commando raiding tactics by virtue of his experience in serving as routing officer for operations in the North and South Atlantic.

doing defense work, as those in the service who see Marjorie on leave.

"I write to all of my friends, as well as lots of fans who've written in," Marjorie says. "I have corresponded with one boy, whom I've never met, but who writes to me regularly, from the mid-west to his post in Alaska."

"There's a cadet flyer Marjorie has been dating for three years who is stationed at Victorville and has promised Marjorie his wings as soon as he gets them. And another who works in an air factory at North American. Major Jack Graves of the Marines, son of Stax, Hal Roach photographer, who takes all of the glamor pictures of Marjorie, is another friend.

"Instead of going out with the boys on service dates, especially those I don't know, I invite them home and give them home atmosphere," Marjorie says. "I think boys miss home-cooked meals and dancing to the radio and sitting by the fireplace. I have concocted some special dishes that they like, too."

"What? A girl like Marjorie Woodworth, one of the most glamorous starlets

in Hollywood—can cook? Seems incredible. But Marjorie can and does. She invited us to one of her informal evenings for a few soldier lads—and we sampled.

"This dish is an all-time favorite with the boys," Marjorie said, as she slipped a big pan out of the oven. On it was her special dish. "I made this up myself. I take ground sirloin steak and make it into this long loaf. I place bacon and crumbs over the top, put tomatoes and corn, peas and onions around it and bake it for one hour. It's not only plenty yum-yum, but very colorful and attractive to serve.

"A favorite dessert is pieces of mother's apple pie. As for me, I dreamed up something that never fails to please men. Take a whole peach, place sugar in the center, strawberry jello around, and on top of the peach whipped cream and a dab of red jelly.

"Boys love to raid the ice-box, too."

Which is the first time a movie glamor girl has enthused to me on culinary art—instead of beauty makeup and clothes. No wonder Marjorie's popular with the boys in uniform. And her recipe for popularity isn't promiscuous petting!

## I Am Proud To Be a War Wife!

Continued from page 26

discuss it with me until we were in the East. After the day's work he would join me at the hotel, and we would have dinner and talk it over. That is, he talked it over. "What do you think?" he'd ask me. But I refused to advise him. A decision like that is too important to a man. I don't think a wife should interfere in any way at a time like that.

The first day Tyrone had a day off from the location we went to New York, and there we caught a train for Washington.

I remember vividly every minute of that day. Tyrone left me at the hotel while he went over to the Navy Building to enlist. I didn't know whether to hope that he would be accepted, or that he wouldn't be. For his sake I wanted him to be accepted because I knew it meant so much to him. But no woman can but hope that her husband will be spared her. It was awfully lonely in that hotel room. I became so restless that I finally decided to go for a walk. I don't know Washington at all, I've



only been there a few times, but strangely enough my walk that afternoon took me directly to the Navy Building. I can't describe my feelings when I looked up and realized where I was. I walked around the block several times, making a little prayer, and returned to the hotel. Tyrone came in a few minutes later. He kissed me, and said, "I'm in."

Even though I had known for a long time, ever since Camp Elliott, what was going to happen, I was still dazed when it actually did happen. There were so many things I had planned to say to him. Brave, beautiful things. But suddenly I heard myself saying, "Well, Tyrone, you won't have to worry any more about wearing your hair long. Remember how furious you used to get when you were making 'Son of Fury' and 'Blood and Sand' and the studio wouldn't let you have a haircut! In the Marines they'll shave it off except for a few hairs on top of your head. You'll love that." Strange, isn't it, what a woman will say when her heart is full of tears.

It was a thrilling day for Tyrone. And he was especially thrilled that night when he read the newspapers and learned that in Los Angeles that day, at the very same time that he was enlisting as a private in the Marines, his pal, Henry Fonda, was enlisting as an apprentice seaman. Ever since they made "Jesse James" Tyrone and Henry have been close friends, but neither of them had the faintest idea that the other was planning to enlist. And how strange that unknown to each other they should choose not only the same day, but the same hour. Tyrone stumbled over six dowagers and twelve Pekes in his dash to the hotel desk to send Henry a wire. The wire said, "We James boys have done it again."

People are continually asking me, "Aren't you happy about it?" No, I am not happy. That is not the word for it. I am proud of Tyrone, and I am glad that he has done this, and I know that it was the right thing for him to do. But don't ask me if I am happy! No woman can be happy when her man goes to war. She's proud and she's willing and she's resigned, but she

is not happy. Happiness has no place in the war. But what four million women whose loved ones are in service can accept, I hope and believe that I can accept.

In a few days now Tyrone will leave for the Marine training base at San Diego. He will have to go through "boot" camp for six weeks. The training is terrific as you can well imagine as Marines are famous the world over for being tough and hard-boiled. He won't be allowed to leave camp while he is doing his "boot" training, and is not allowed to receive visitors for twenty-one days while he is taking medicinal shots. But I know several officers at the camp there, and they have invited me down to visit them—and if I just happen to see Tyrone I will have to speak to him, won't I? Just because he's a private I can't snub him, can I?

The other evening at the V.A.C.S.'s canteen I received quite a jolt when a husky Marine, of the Victor McLaglen type, said to me, when I told him about Tyrone, "Lady, I'd take on a hundred Japs single-handed before I'd go through boot camp again." When I repeated this unnerving bit to Tyrone, he only grinned.

Tyrone didn't want an easy job in the service. Following Pearl Harbor he wanted to be a combat flyer. He used to pilot his own plane, when the studio wasn't looking. He attempted to enlist in the naval air corps but he did not have the college degree required. I was quite shocked, and I know he was, the day he was informed that he was too *old* to be a combat flyer! Imagine, at twenty-eight being called too old! "Well, Annabella," he said to me with a forced smile, "this is certainly a boy's war." When a friend suggested to him that since he was so eager to enlist he might try for a commission Tyrone said, and I was so proud of him when he said it, "How can I be an officer and tell men what to do when I don't know myself?" Tyrone is convinced, and rightly, that you have to work up from the bottom in the Army and the Navy just as you do in the theater, or any other profession. A doctor does not operate until he has had years of medical school and served as an interne. An actor does not play *Hamlet*, at

least he doesn't in the legitimate theater, until he has first served an apprenticeship as the grave-digger.

Tyrone and I have had wonderful times together, and after the war I know there will be other wonderful times. We especially enjoyed the summer we played "Liliom" together in a stock company in Connecticut. Ever since then we have planned to have our own stock company, as soon as we could afford it, and travel to Europe, South America, and Australia. I suppose I shouldn't make such gay and charming plans when we are in the midst of a dreadful war, but after all what would we war wives do if we couldn't plan beyond the war! I only hope I won't be playing grandmother parts, and Tyrone grandfather parts, by the time we get to Europe, South America, and Australia.

My friends are now asking me what I am going to do while Tyrone is away from home in the Marines. Those are plans I haven't made. I never knew with Tyrone what I was going to do from one week to the next when the world was at peace. We loved the unexpected. We would decide to go to Santa Barbara, but before the day was over we'd find ourselves deep sea fishing off San Diego. Or we'd make reservations for a New York trip, and suddenly find ourselves driving through Arizona with no more luggage than a bag and a backgammon board. As long as Tyrone stays at the training camp in Southern California I will certainly keep our house open, and maybe longer. I have figured it out where I can run this house without much expense. I can do the upstairs housework myself, and have one servant to look after the downstairs. I think a man likes to know he has a home, and he likes to think of it when he is in faraway camps. And, of course, after boot camp there will be leaves, and I know that Tyrone will want to spend them here at his home he loves so much. After that eighteen hour a day training he'll be as hard as nails. He'll probably talk out of the side of his mouth. But won't he look wonderful in his Marine uniform? But, of course, I might be a little prejudiced. I thought he looked wonderful as a rookie in "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and as a flier in "A Yank in the RAF," and as a Navy officer in "Crash Dive." But as a Marine I am sure I will think he looks more wonderful than ever.

(Writer's note: The last time I saw Annabella she was a ghost. And as beautiful and as chic a ghost as ever flitted behind the footlights. She was playing *Elvira* in the Chicago company of Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit," that gay farce about the first wife's ghost who comes back to cook the second wife's goose, and she had the males in the audience doing delighted nips-ups every time she floated on the stage. That was last spring.

Since then many things have happened to Annabella. Good things, like flattering contracts from New York producers. Bad things, like disheartening news from her relatives in France. But the most important thing happened in Washington, D. C., a few weeks ago. Tyrone Power enlisted in the United States Marines, that most dangerous and difficult branch of all services. He enlisted as a Marine private. He did not angle for a "soft" job. No desks, no braid, no parties.

Tyrone feels that he is doing what all other red-blooded Americans are doing, and he wants no fuss about it. He's just another guy doing his duty, and darned glad to do it. But somehow I can't but feel especially proud of Ty. It would be a year or more before he'd be subject to draft. In the meantime he is giving up a brand new seven-year contract at Twentieth Century-Fox which upped his salary to \$5000 a week—and brother, that ain't hay. But most of all, he is young, so very happy,



Just before being assigned to his post in the United States Marines, Tyrone Power posed with his charming wife, Annabella, for this picture, at left, to go with this story in which Mrs. Ty says she is proud to be a war wife.



and so very, very much in love with his Annabella.

The day I saw Annabella at the Power home in Brentwood she and Ty had just returned from New London and Newport where they had been on location for the past six weeks with the "Crash Dive" company. Annabella had been told the day before by the studio that she was to start work the following week in a picture called "Project 47"—an exciting and thrilling Commandos picture, with Annabella playing the French girl, and John Sutton the British Commando. Everything was in turmoil.

Four dogs, all of them girls, added to the general confusion, and were positively ecstatic to find a guest who had on a light suit that had just come from the cleaner's. Annabella grabbed up one of her pets, who was lavishly bestowing kisses on my neck, and said lovingly, "You are so pretty and so dumb. Well, you can't have beauty and brains both." The little mutt wasn't at all insulted.

"Please excuse the looks of things," said Annabella. "Since we came home I have been trying to do housecleaning. Yesterday and today I have tried to concentrate on cleaning out bureau and desk drawers. I start off with a big flourish, so business-like, and then I find an old letter, written by Tyrone before we were married. I stop to re-read it, I start dreaming over the past, and the first thing I know it is three hours later and time for dinner. I hastily push everything back in the drawer, and it's more helter-skelter than it was before." Annabella is an incurable sentimentalist. In Annabella I like it. When she talks about Ty's enlistment she's any one of thousands of other American wives.)

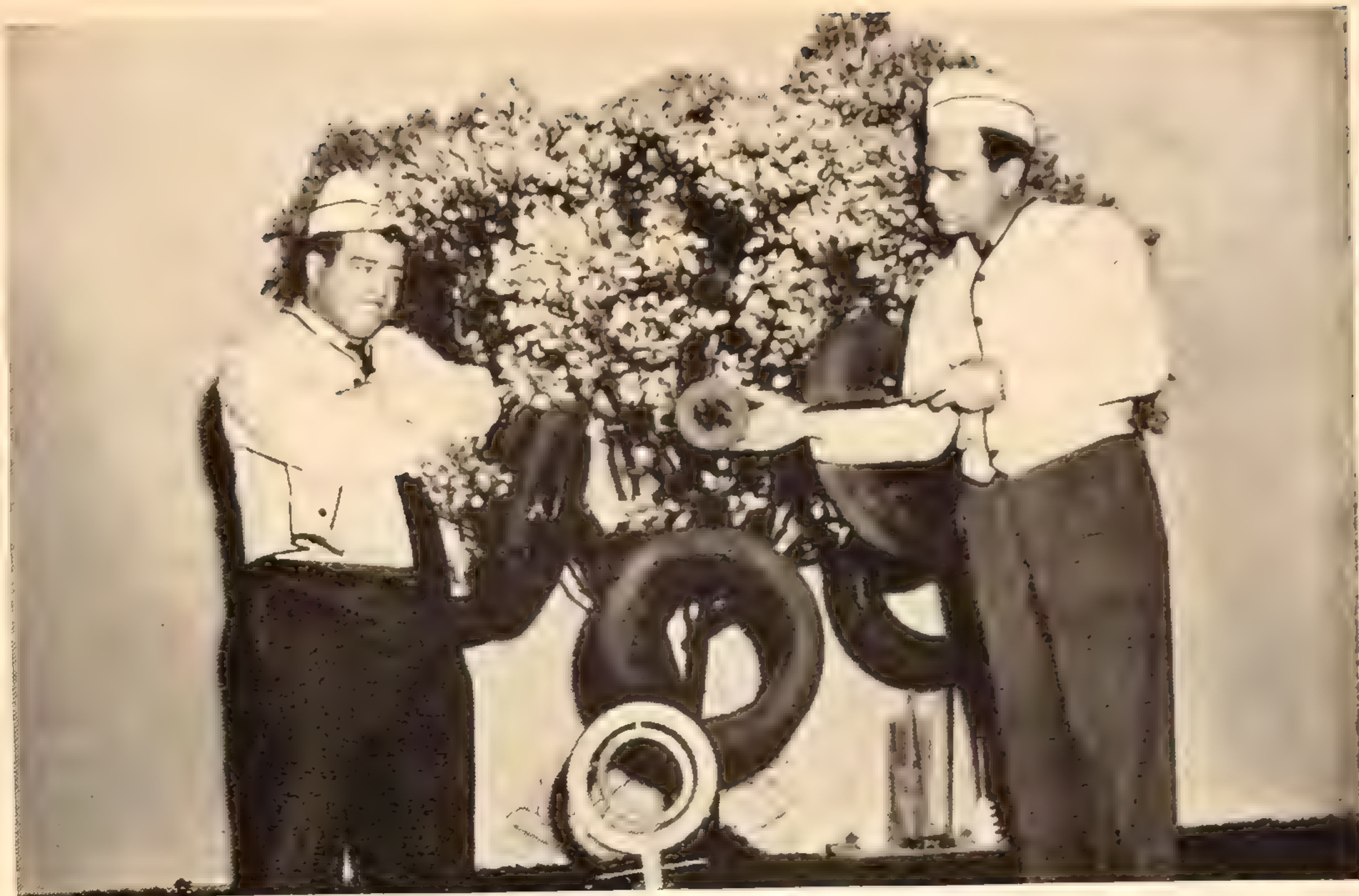
## My Brother George and I

Continued from page 53

enough. Another chap and I found out that all you had to do was to get the list of names for the physical training class, delete yours, and then go about your other business. We got the list, cut off our names, and thought, "How smart are we!" But there was a hitch. I was caught. George seemed to find my problem a definite source of amusement. He kept saying over and over, "At last it's you who gets nabbed instead of me."

I was called in, appropriately enough, to answer the charges. I told the prefect that it wasn't the idea of a lot of unnecessary exercise that had prompted me to cut the classes. Instead, it was the idea that this daily changing from street clothes into football outfits, running about and getting a sweat, and then changing back into street clothes again was a dreadful waste of time and energy and that I didn't believe it could possibly help me. The prefect listened to my story, smiled and said, "Well, we're glad to hear how you feel, Tom, so I'll tell you what we'll do. You will be punished—but only slightly." He smiled again—but in a puzzling way. "You will simply get a caning to begin with. Then you will have to change your clothes twice a day instead of once. You will have a double dose of exercising. And you will attend all physical training classes. Good day!"

This defeat determined us that the only course open to us was to run away—and find more exciting fields than Greek, Latin, and history. We did a lot of talking about it, but we somehow didn't get around to doing anything until we found that Fenton had a pair of roller skates. Fenton was a fellow student at the school. George decided that he had to have those skates, so he bet



Don't worry about the tire shortage! Bud Abbott and Lou Costello have a tree that makes little ones big ones. After they shoot cosmic rays into the tree, the tires get bigger. Above, the boys are disappointed in the tiny tire that was too tired (wow!) to grow up.

the fellow that he could run away from school successfully. If he won the bet, the skates would be the prize. That settled the issue for George and me. It was a matter of honor now for us to run away.

Of course, Fenton had to go along with us to be sure that we wouldn't cheat him. And the first thing we knew there were about six other fellows who decided to join us in our exodus. This seemed to complicate things considerably and I was all for getting the skates by more direct means—and then going off anyhow. George didn't agree. He said, "Why exhaust yourself fighting for them? It's much simpler to run away."

We got out of the school all right. We had everything planned. One of the boys lived on a large estate about sixty miles away, so we decided to go there and stay in the woods until the end of the term. We were to arrange with the butler to smuggle food out to us.

We got about thirty-six miles the first day when we were startled by seeing a bulky matron on a motorcycle heading toward us. She was on us like a herd of elephants and somehow or other she managed to drag us all back to school. As you have probably foreseen, we got a terrific hiding—first from the school officials and then from our parents.

Our schooling didn't improve, though, despite our chastisement. We continually got black marks. Usually, if a student got so many black marks, he would be called into the prefect's office and punished. Well, George and I got tired of being punished so regularly. And I decided that the next time I went in for my "discipline" I'd be prepared.

I had been reading some rather hair-raising adventure stories on the sly, and I became, unfortunately, a little daring as a result. There was one chap at school who had a gun. After coaxing him a bit, I finally got him to agree to sell me the pistol. About a week later, my black marks caught up with me and I was ushered into the prefect's office. When he said, "I'm going to have to punish you again," I said with great bravado, "Oh, you are, are you?" and then I pulled out the gun and said, "Stick up your hands!"

The following day my parents and the school officials got together. I received a polite but firm order to get out and stay out. George went along too. His black marks had also been too numerous.

Our parents, completely fed up with us

by now, sent us to another school noted for its firmness. This institution was strict all right. We were caned regularly. We learned the meaning of law and order. But we still did not learn anything else.

We were what you might call rugged individualists. I remember once when we were living near the Thames in London. George and I were down by the river when a young chap who was our neighbor suddenly fell off his punt. George dove in after him quickly. I looked the situation over and realized that since the rescue was half over, there wasn't much left for me to do but to jump up and down in excitement. Finally, when George climbed out, half exhausted, I began to worry. "What if he catches pneumonia?" I thought. So I ran about trying to find towels so he could dry himself.

Three days later, George was feeling splendid. I had a bad case of pleurisy.

As we grew older, George and I naturally came up against the problem of girls. Let it suffice to say that we were interested in them—rather definitely. George, however, was inclined to pay attention to them as long as it was convenient. When he had something else he thought more important to do and a girl called him up—well, that was where I came in.

We only had one phone in our home and that was in our mother's room. More than once she took a call from a girl who wanted to talk to George. One evening, she came into his room and I was in there talking to him. When she told him that a certain Betty wanted to speak to him, George, who was lying down and feeling rather drowsy—oh yes, he liked to sleep even then—turned to me and said, "You talk to her and pretend you're I." I found it easy to mimic George, so I went back into mother's room and began to carry on a rather spirited conversation with Betty. The girl never did find out that it was I who talked to her several times and not George. I was often a little surprised, I admit, at the things she said to me, but at least I learned a great deal about my brother from such conversations. Always, while I'd be assuming George's voice and diction and making excuses for him, mother would say, like a barrage, "Now, that's not fair!" She never could get over what she called "unfair deception to a nice girl."

George and I got into difficulty only once on this girl business. I heard him make a date over the phone with a girl one eve-





Tom Conway, who replaced his brother, George Sanders, in the "Falcon" series, plays a psychiatrist in "Cat People," RKO's latest chiller-thriller, with Simone Simon opposite him.

ning, pretending he was myself. As it happened, I was interested in her so I thought I'd show George up. I called her and said I was George and that Tom was unable to keep the date—and would I do? She accepted. As I expected, George and I both turned up to see the girl and at the same time. It was only because of our good English control—we had gained a certain measure of control by then, you see—that we didn't fight over the fair heroine. I've never let George make me look foolish in front of a girl, though.

This business of portraying each other did come in handy in other matters besides dates. Often when one of us would get a call from a creditor, we'd sit down and talk over the situation. The one who had the best solution to the problem would go on the phone. If the call was George's concern and I had the best answer to the dilemma, I became George to the creditor. And *vice-versa*. This helped us out of many a tight spot.

When at last we separated, I went to South Africa to work as a rancher and George remained behind at school. At the time, I was taller and huskier than George. For six years I didn't see him. I spent that time in South Africa working as a miner, learning the native languages, making friends with rebellious blacks, going broke, driving a sight-seeing bus for tourists to see Rhodes' tomb, and finally almost dying from malaria. It was the effects of the malaria that induced me to return home.

While I was in South Africa, George had spent four years in South America. There, he worked with a tobacco company. That wasn't his ambition. He didn't know what he wanted for a career. But it was a job and something to do. During those years, I wrote George one letter in which I said, "I have just gotten over the first attack of malaria. And how are you?" George finally got around to answering several months later. All he said was, "Well, well, glad to know you're over malaria. Tobacco business not so good and incredibly dull."

When I finally got back to Liverpool, I called George, who was in London, and told him where I was. I had some difficulty getting transportation home, so I stayed in the hotel until the situation could be straightened out. One night, about twelve-thirty, there was a knock on my door. I asked who it was and a husky voice answered, "George." I opened the door. George had grown until he was two inches

taller than I was and he was much broader than I. I asked him what had happened and he merely said, "I guess I got rather tired being the short brother."

He probably looked bigger than he actually was to me because I was so thin at the time from the effects of malaria that I had to stand twice in the same place to cast a shadow.

George had changed when I came back. I noticed that quickly. He was much more cosmopolitan than when I had left. He spoke fluent Spanish and he even danced a wicked tango. By that time, he was not being caught for anything he might have done. The vulnerability of his school days had completely vanished. And since then, he has always gotten out of any trouble with the most amazing ease.

George and I were both at loose ends, so we thought we'd see what we could find in the way of jobs. My malaria had been cured and I was anxious to get started at something. George suddenly drifted into acting. I soon met the same fate when I tried to sell some stock to a man who was producing little theater plays in London and who thought I'd be a good type.

For a while, George and I both did radio work. But the similarity of our voices and manner of speaking—and of our names—often proved confusing. We were constantly getting each other's calls. So finally we decided to flip a coin to see who would change his name. I lost—and became Tom Conway, for want of a better name.

George met with enough success in England to find Hollywood beckoning to him. He had been in the United States for quite a while when he began to make long distance calls, suggesting that I come to Hollywood and make pictures. I didn't fall for his line of persuasion at first.

One night he called me. I was feeling particularly low. The acting jobs had fallen off and England was in the doldrums. George said, "Tom, I have bought a yacht." The yacht settled it, and I came to Hollywood.

George and I are together most of the time now. We play tennis or swim—or we work on our inventions. Let me say that these inventions are distinctly of the weird type. George will be sitting at home during the evening and will get an idea. Immediately, he will call me up and ask me to come over. He discusses the idea with me and if I can see no loophole in it, we go to work.

Our inventions mainly consist of trying to work out some strange design for an airplane or a ship. None of our products has ever worked, even though we have come close, but we keep right on trying with a sublime confidence in our own rather peculiar ability.

George could have been a fine scientist. He has a keen, analytical mind and he can pick up anything in a short time. Only recently, we both became interested in the *why* of airplanes. George got a lot of text books and did some research on the subject. Inside of six months he was able to talk about all technical aspects of planes with most experts.

This analytical mind of George's and my enthusiasm might easily have steered us both away from acting. But we're not the persevering type. We get all fired up about some new idea and follow it through for a while. And then we get bored and go off on some new tangent. It's still a mystery to me how we've been able to stick to acting as long as we have, for neither of us has any illusions about the business.

Hollywood has changed George quite a bit. I think the main change in him is that he thinks more carefully before he does anything. He is, in short, a man of substance. Oh, I admit many people find him cold and blasé. But the only real difference between George and myself is this: both of

us are happy-go-lucky but George hides this characteristic from strangers while I'm that way on the surface.

George and I are alike in another respect too. We both find women extremely interesting. I know George has said much about his ideas on the fair sex. He has lambasted them several times. But it's my idea that he's made such remarks because he had to say something! I find it difficult to believe that he has meant all he has said because, in my estimation, women are essential, especially beautiful women. After all, when you analyze the reasons for one man trying to make more money than another, you usually find that there's a woman at the bottom of his ambition. Maybe he says he wants to buy a yacht or a car or a new house. But such desires are only to help please a woman. If he wants security, he doesn't want it only for himself. He wants it to share with the lady of his dreams. So—no man can escape the lovely lasses, no matter how determined he may be to remain masculinely independent. And George knows that as well as I.

If I didn't think that way—and if George honestly didn't—neither of us would be married today. George kept his marriage secret for two years because he wanted to keep his private life private and because of his career. As for myself, I've been married just about a year. My wife is the former Lillian Eggers, formerly under contract to 20th Century-Fox. I've told her that if she never owed me anything else, she at least owed me thanks for changing her name. Eggers seems particularly an unromantic name for a girl as lovely as my wife.

George's private life is as calm and placid as mine. The Sanders and the Conways usually get together quite often for a swim, a game of tennis, or a game of bridge. Incidentally, I am the worst bridge player in the world. George often invites my wife and me over to dinner—and that's one invitation we never refuse and always wait longingly for. We do make an effort to have George and his wife to dinner, but I am positive they do not enjoy our repasts with the same enthusiasm.

Recently, I moved to a new house up in the hills of Hollywood. It's only about a mile away from George. You see, rental problems have always been difficult for me since George never allows me to move farther away from him than a mile or two. This new place is small but picturesque. It's sort of a hideaway. It has two bedrooms, two bathrooms, two patios, and is otherwise the usual modest home. Its main attraction is its fine view of the lights of Hollywood. I decided that since I had my RKO contract the time had come for me to get out of an apartment and really live for a change.

Neither George nor I belong to any Hollywood set. We prefer to have a few close friends—and those we do have are very loyal. We have never cared much for night clubs or social life. And yet we are never bored. George and I can always find something to do. Luckily for us, whenever we are immersed in a new invention, our wives find ways to entertain each other. They have long since learned that they have to look out for themselves when George and I go inventive.

We're both perfectly contented. We are getting our best breaks now. And I'm hoping that the *Falcon* pictures will do as much for me as they did for George.



**BUY UNITED STATES  
WAR SAVINGS  
BONDS AND STAMPS**



# She's Engaged!

HOPE BULKELEY of New York—another beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be—is engaged to Arthur Clarke Sutherland of Canada. *Hope's Ring* (below) is set in platinum, a smaller diamond each side of the blue-white solitaire.



HE IS GOING TO SEA—SHE IS MAKING THE SEAS SAFER—Her deft fingers turn out miraculously sensitive aircraft instruments. Hope studied for a stage career—"But, I wanted to do something *specific* in this war," she said, "so I went to the U. S. Employment Service, and the next day started work. I'm thrilled by my job, and every little glass tube I handle, I think, 'this one may help Arthur.'"

HOPE IS TYPICAL of so many plucky, darling girls today who have given up all personal ambition so as to become "production soldiers" behind their fighting men.

"We like to feel we *look* feminine, even if we are doing a man-size job," she says, "so we tuck flowers and ribbons in our hair and try to keep our faces pretty as you please.

"My stage work taught me how awfully important a good cleansing cream is if you want a really lovely complexion. I use and *love* Pond's Cold Cream because it's such a splendid cleanser and softener. It's a grand value, too. A great *big* jar of Pond's costs you less than a *small* jar of many creams."

Every night Hope smooths Pond's

*She's Lovely!  
She uses Ponds!*

Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats in. Then tissues off well. This is to soften and remove dirt and make-up. Then, she "rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues off again—and "my skin feels angelic—so *clean* and so *smooth*," she says.

Do this yourself—at night, for day-time clean-ups, too. You'll soon see why war-busy society women like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Victor du Pont, III, use Pond's, why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.



HOPE AND ARTHUR greet two R. A. F. friends at the Waldorf, before Arthur enlisted. With her adorable smile and flower-fresh look, it's no wonder the boys can't see anyone else.



IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!





Starlet Donna Reed with Friday, canine star, who appears as Edward Arnold's seeing-eye dog in "Eyes in the Night," mystery thriller about a blind detective. When Friday heard his own voice on the sound track, left, he growled.

## Gene's New Home

Continued from page 35

contributed Olie," they didn't leave me even a spoonful. I didn't have any dinner."

"A fine thing," said Gene, glaring at the Coast Guard in wifely indignation. "You make my husband cook, and then you don't save him anything."

"It'll teach him to eat first in the future," said one of the gobs, whose cap, Gene noticed, speculatively, was two sizes too small.

"Tell Gene what you did your first day on duty," Victor urged with a wicked gleam in his eyes.

"I spent all day emptying garbage cans, and I may say I did a thorough job of it," Olie said proudly. "I never realized before there were that many garbage cans in the world. And each one filled with combination salads."

Gene turned quite pale and pushed aside her hamburger.

The morning I arrived at Gene's new home, accompanied by a photographer, I was met at the garage, where I parked my car, by Butch and Minet. Butch is a police dog with a wart on his nose—on Butch it's becoming—and I have long suspected that he is the ham of the family. I have never seen a dog (an actor, yes, but not a dog) so completely camera-conscious. The minute he saw the camera equipment being unloaded from the car his tail started wagging. I couldn't have been greeted more effusively. Minet, a black kitten, (minet is French for kitten, Gene informed me, and inasmuch as she was educated at Brillmont in Lausanne, Switzerland, she should know her French) was entertaining a couple of friends, so left Butch to carry on with the social amenities.

Olie was on the last lap of a 48-hour leave, and Gene was having a day off from the studio, so we caught the Cassinis indulging in a ten o'clock breakfast. I immediately suggested a breakfast picture. Butch knocked over the camera in his rush to get a good upstage position. And the confusion started. By confusion I mean good-natured tumult, and I love it. I always find it at the

Cassinis and I think that is one of the reasons I always enjoy my visits there. Madeleine, a dream of a maid, who speaks with a tricky French accent, and has a sense of humor all her own, wanders in and out with coffee. Gene adoringly shows you a folder of Olie's pictures taken when he was three, four and six—his first sailor suit, his first pony—which she coaxed from her mother-in-law, the Countess Cassini. "Isn't this one sweet," says Gene pointing to a very puny four year old Olie, "look what his mother wrote on it, 'Olie is very thin here because he has been ill.'" A man arrives to repair a leak, a woman arrives with samples of gay chintz. The phone rings constantly. Between conversations with Cobina Wright, Jr., her best friend, and the wardrobe department at the studio, Gene, bursting with pride, shows you the new house. It's the most pleasant kind of confusion, and as good-natured as a country supper.

Gene has nice manners. She has a way of putting you at ease immediately. She also has great poise for so young a person. And this morning I was to see perfect proof of it. Twice in his eagerness to get in all the pictures Butch had upset one of Gene's prized antique lamps. So finally she pushed him outside on the terrace and closed the door in his face. This hurt Butch terribly. He moaned and groaned and carried on so that Gene relented and let him back in the living room. But the morning had been much too exciting for poor Butch. He went behind a yellow chair and quietly threw up. There were no hysterics, no raving and raging and screaming about the new rug. Gene maintained perfect poise throughout the bitter ordeal.

If Gene ever gets tired of acting, and that will be an evil day indeed for Twentieth Century-Fox, she can turn into an interior decorator without so much as dropping a hat. "I love to decorate," says Gene. "I think I get more pleasure out of it than anything else." While at Miss Farmer's School in Farmington, Connecticut, she admits she

spent more time poking around wayside antique shops than she ever did poking around algebra books. To Olie's amusement she counts on her fingers when struggling to add up the grocery bills, but when it comes to Early American furniture she knows it right down to the last splinter. And she was born with a feeling for color. "I like furniture all warm and used and friendly," says Gene. "I like chintzes that are cheering and welcoming."

When time came for her to decorate her new house, Gene didn't have to call in a high-priced decorator to tell her what she liked. She knew what she liked. Her house is her own idea, and she did it all herself. "I'm awfully thrilled with it," she says simply, and then as her proud glance takes in the entire living room she shakes her head sadly and adds—"except for those two yellow chairs. I think I slipped up there. Martha Mature came in one day while I was hanging draperies. She stopped abruptly in the middle of the room, closed her eyes, and said, 'You must have two yellow chairs.' She was so emphatic about it that I rushed out that very afternoon and bought two yellow chairs. Now I don't think I like them there at all."

Gene's Connecticut farmhouse is as friendly and unassuming in size as it is in atmosphere. There are five rooms, two baths and a dressing room. The living room, with a huge fireplace at one end, stretches all across the front of the house and takes in the dining room, which is sort of an alcove off the living room. A door to the right leads to an old-fashioned bar made of barrel sections—one of Gene's clever ideas. Off the dining room is the kitchen, pretty and dainty with blue and white curtains, blue and white containers, and blue linoleum. Gene is especially pleased with the marble top washstand and the very old bowl and pitcher which are features of her guest room (don't be alarmed, prospective guest, there's a modern bathroom adjoining) and a mirror that antique dealers have had an eye on for some time.

But when it comes to her own bedroom Gene has passed up the simple Early American motif and gone Victorian in a big way—except for her 7 by 7 bed, which Gene admits is as far removed from Queen Victoria as saxophones and jitterbugs. It's Hollywood, pure and simple, and she might as well face it. But she likes it. And I don't blame her. It's a magnificent bed, with the most gorgeous eggshell quilted bedspread I have ever gazed upon. She bought this bed when she and Olie were first married and lived in the "little house" (where it completely filled the bedroom), and she became so attached to it that she couldn't give it up when she decided to go in for Victorian elegance. Only in the bed, though, has she digressed; everything else from the prints to the formal marble mantelpiece is in the spirit of Albert's wife. It's a beautiful room.

It was time for Olie to return to Coast Guard duty at the Harbor and Gene had promised to drive him down to San Pedro. She hastily slipped out of the handsome padded robe Cobina Wright, Jr., gave her for her birthday into a little checked dress that made her look at least twelve. Pat received a special delivery letter from the bank informing her that once and for all she must decide on her signature, and stick to it, before they went crazy. Olie took a big cigar out of a box and started smoking it. "This is the nice part about being in the Navy," he said to me with a wink at Gene. "Before I had my uniform my wife wouldn't let me smoke in the morning. Now she lets me smoke any time I want to. She even lights my cigars for me." The humiliated and crestfallen Butch re-appeared to give me a farewell hand-licking. My morning's "work" was over. I only wish it could always be that pleasant.



# SMOKING LESS\_or SMOKING *MORE*?

\*GOV'T. FIGURES SHOW ALL-TIME PEAK IN SMOKING!

*You're SAFER smoking*  
**PHILIP MORRIS!**

**Scientifically proved less irritating  
for the nose and throat**

**WHY** don't you change to PHILIP MORRIS?

Eminent doctors report their findings—that:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

That *proves* PHILIP MORRIS are far less irritating to the nose and throat. By *tests on actual smokers—not laboratory “analysis”!*

Here's a finer cigarette—better-tasting—more enjoyable. Try it!



**NOTE:** We do not claim any curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence proves they're better for your nose and throat!

## CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

*America's  
FINEST  
Cigarette*

### Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 10

is a Columbia star and now that Linda is making "City Without Men" at Columbia Studios there's plenty of time to plan party details.

Open house, it seems, means that friends and U.S.O. sponsored servicemen drop in from noon on for singing, dancing, games and snacks. Usually on the special days, if



Ann and Linda, above, serving tasty snacks in front of fireplace; above, right, playing gin-rummy with their soldier guests.



the girls are free, there's dinner for a few chosenfortunates between afternoon and evening, and a buffet supper finishes the fun. No, Ann and Linda never get tired—they're fresh and gay and blooming when you and I would be ready for the ash-heap.

Linda, in "showboat purple" crepe that did wonderful things to the dusky-rose of her skin, Ann in a brilliant print that set off her new blonde hair, began to fill plates with salad and sandwiches while Ann's mother poured coffee, and the boys put more logs on the fire.

Ann's new American glass egg-salad plate was rimmed with deviled eggs, salad piled in the center. Linda and Ann began their careers too young to have had time to learn about cooking. Mrs. Miller confides that she was "only a good can-opener," but Jane, who presides over the Miller kitchen, can make any dish a holiday success. Here are some of her recipes:

#### DEVILED EGGS

Boil eggs 20 minutes.  
Remove yolks and mix with finely



chopped pickles, Best Foods mayonnaise, salt, pepper, few drops Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Mash through a strainer. Replace in egg and sprinkle with grated cheese. Top with a dash of paprika.

### POTATO SALAD

Peel and slice 2 knobs of celery root into thin slices and cover with boiling salted water for 2 minutes; drain and chill. Peel and slice 3 medium-sized, cold boiled potatoes, and mix them with the chilled celery root. Mix with French dressing, mound on plate and garnish with strips of red and green pepper.

One of Linda's favorite recipes, used at her parties as a buffet supper dish, is Southern Ham Salad Loaf. With this, Linda serves tomato juice cocktails, crisp cheese crackers, coffee and ice-cream. Also Christmas candle cakes, which she thinks you'd like to try.

### SOUTHERN HAM SALAD LOAF

- 1½ tablespoons Knox Sparkling Gelatine (softened in ¼ cup cold water)
- 1 can Campbell's condensed chicken soup
- 1 can Campbell's condensed chicken-gumbo soup
- 2 eggs, separated
- 2 cups baked ham, ground
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons horseradish, freshly grated
- 2 tablespoons pimiento, chopped
- ½ cup whipping cream

Sprinkle the gelatine in cold water and let stand about 5 minutes. Heat both soups in upper part of double-boiler. Pour some of the hot soup on the beaten egg yolks and then add them to the remaining soup, cook the mixture 4 to 6 minutes in the double-boiler. Pour the hot mixture over the gelatine and stir until the gelatine has dissolved. Cool until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in the beaten egg whites, ground ham, freshly grated horseradish, pimiento, salt and whipped cream. Pour the ham mixture into a mold which has been rinsed out with cold water and place in the refrigerator. When firm, turn out on lettuce, watercress or chicory.

### CHRISTMAS CANDLE CAKES

- 1½ cups sifted Swansdown Cake Flour
- 1½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- ⅓ cup Crisco
- 1 teaspoon lemon extract
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup milk

Sift flour, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring. Pour into greased cup-cake pans, filling them ¾ full. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

Frost with lemon frosting and sprinkle thickly with Baker's Coconut, Southern style. Arrange cakes on platter; insert candle holder with candle in each. Light candles before serving.

Because turkey is served at most Thanksgiving Day dinners, and Uncle Sam is certain to see that his nephews in service have their plentiful share in camp, the girls have decided to omit the national bird at least at one of the holiday dinners. They'll serve chicken with olives instead.

The menu, which was planned by Miss Miller and Miss Darnell with the assistance

of their Army friends, runs like this:

They'll begin with Campbell's tomato soup, the new and improved kind, not creamed. There will be salted nuts, especially pecans from Texas. The green salad will have Bavarian dressing. Vegetables will include glazed sweet potatoes, corn on the cob—either canned or frozen, according to which is easier to get, and beets done after one of Jane's exclusive recipes. Coffee and mints will be served with dessert, which will be ice-cream and Holiday Cake, or strawberry custard, according to which girl wins.



Jeff Donnell, Columbia's budding young starlet, rates bigger, better rôles since she won good notices in a small part in "My Sister Eileen." "City Without Men" is her next movie.

### CHICKEN WITH OLIVES

- 2 young chickens
- 6 cups water
- 1 onion
- Salt and pepper
- 3 heaping tablespoons butter
- 2 dozen olives
- 1 tablespoon capers
- 2 tablespoons flour

Prepare the chickens, cut them into joints, then put in casserole with water, salt, pepper and onion. Cook slowly until tender. Lift out pieces of chicken, drain and dry them, then fry in butter till brown. Stir flour into casserole, add a pint of the water in which the chickens were cooked, the olives, capers and seasoning. When quite smooth, add chickens and serve when hot.

### BAVARIAN SALAD DRESSING

Mix ½ teaspoon salt with ¼ teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon French mustard, ½ teaspoon powdered sugar, 2 tablespoons vinegar and 6 tablespoons olive oil; place in small jar, seal and shake 3 minutes.

### BEETS SAUTÉ

Dice boiled and peeled beets. Heat 4 tablespoons butter in saucepan, add beets, sprinkle with salt and pepper, a little sugar and a few drops of lemon juice. Toss or stir lightly until thoroughly heated; pile beets in hot serving dish, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley and a few chopped mint leaves.

### HOLIDAY CAKE

- 1¾ cups sifted Swansdown Cake Flour
- 1 teaspoon Calumet Baking Powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup Crisco
- ¾ cup Baker's Coconut, Premium Shred
- 5 egg whites, unbeaten
- ¼ cup finely cut candied cherries
- ½ cup finely cut citron
- ½ cup seedless raisins
- ½ cup blanched almonds
- ¾ cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon almond extract
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, add baking powder and salt, and sift 3 times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg whites, one at a time, and beat thoroughly. Add fruit, nuts, coconut and flavoring, and mix well. Add flour, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Bake in loaf pan, greased and lined with heavy paper and again greased. Bake 1 hour and 15 minutes in a slow oven.

I left the quartet in the living room, a many-windowed room reached by another stairway from the entrance hall, practicing Christmas carols around the grand piano, and toured the house with Mrs. Miller.

This is the right house for a glamor girl; it would never disappoint the most avid fan. Set high above the film city, a clear day's view includes ships in the harbor to the west and the everlasting snow on Mt. Baldy, some sixty miles south and east. There's a garden on an unexpected level, and the outlook from any one of the uncounted windows is something to dream about.

The curved walls of the Spanish castle make interesting rooms within. The music room is pie-shaped, the "crust" side all windows; there's a half circle of windows in the living room, a whole wall of them in the dining room.

Ann's suite upstairs is that of a fairy-story princess, and includes bedroom, dressing room and bath.

The decorator had completed Ann's suite while she was still a brunette and the girls "adored" the result. The color scheme was fuchsia and ivory, with a great fuchsia satin heart over the ivory bed. When Columbia decided to make Ann a blonde, she felt wrong in the brunette setting.

So back came the decorator. Now the walls are turquoise blue, all traces of fuchsia have vanished, and golden yellow drapes and trim set off the ivory of carpets, bed and furniture. The bathroom is tiled in turquoise, the tower window-seat at one end of the big dressing room is done in yellow plush.

That high tower window is the place to be when sirens sound for a practice black-out. You can sit there and watch lights wink out and the great city disappear into whatever degree of darkness the time of moon permits. The recently ordered "dim-out" has put an end to the nightly display of jewel-colored lights that used to spread a brilliant carpet for miles under the castle window.

When we rejoined them, the girls and guests were in the playroom once more, making records on Ann's recorder from scripts Ann had accumulated.

Bob Nash, it seemed, had admitted that he was once an extra and did bit parts at RKO before he went to New York's Radio City. He was elected master of ceremonies. Ann did a *wow* imitation of Katharine Hepburn; Linda, a delightful one of Baby Snooks; Gail Deremer surprised us all as Charlie McCarthy and W. C. Fields, and Mrs. Miller and I performed as the applauding multitudes. We played the record back. We were all very good. We admit it.



# Youth Was Her Mortal Enemy!

Continued from page 29

dora Irvine among whose alumni are Jeffrey Lynn, Priscilla Lane, and Lord knows who-all else.

"It's a deal," our Annie said.

Mistress Baxter kept her end of the bargain, and, of course, the folks kept theirs, so that on the following Saturday she checked in at the Irvine School and, without being asked, volunteered the information that her specialty was leads.

"Oh!" said Miss Irvine, the way you say "Oh!" to children when you want to humor them.

If only Miss Irvine could have gazed into a crystal ball, she never would have given out with that "Oh!" A month or two and little Annie was doing leads all over the Irvine studio. She had just finished balancing a play on her pretty little head one night when who should saunter up to her but a gentleman named Arthur Sircom. Mr. Sircom said as follows: "Permit me to offer congratulations. You quite flabbergasted me with your perfect performance."

"Me, too," Annie said.

She was eleven times more flabbergasted two months later when her mother answered the telephone and said brightly: "It's for you, Anne."

You guessed it, gentle reader. Mr. Arthur Sircom was on the telephone. You guessed it, again: he turned out to be a director. Why make the suspense? Mr. Sircom offered her one of the three leads in "Seen But Not Heard."

Anne's debut on Broadway was sensational. The opening-night audience cheered, the Manhattan drama critics, notoriously allergic to children, deluged her with verbal bouquets. It was inevitable that interviewers should make a bee-line for her dressing room on the heels of the rave notices.

Listen to what the little maiden, hardly thirteen, told her first interviewer: "There is no stopping ambition. I have always liked to dramatize things in my life as far back as I can remember. Acting for me is not merely fun. I am in dead earnest about it as a career. No, it will not interfere with my studies, for I shall now be able to afford a private tutor. In this way, I shall escape mathematics."

"Ye gods!" the interviewer exclaimed, admiringly, in print. "Who writes her stuff?"

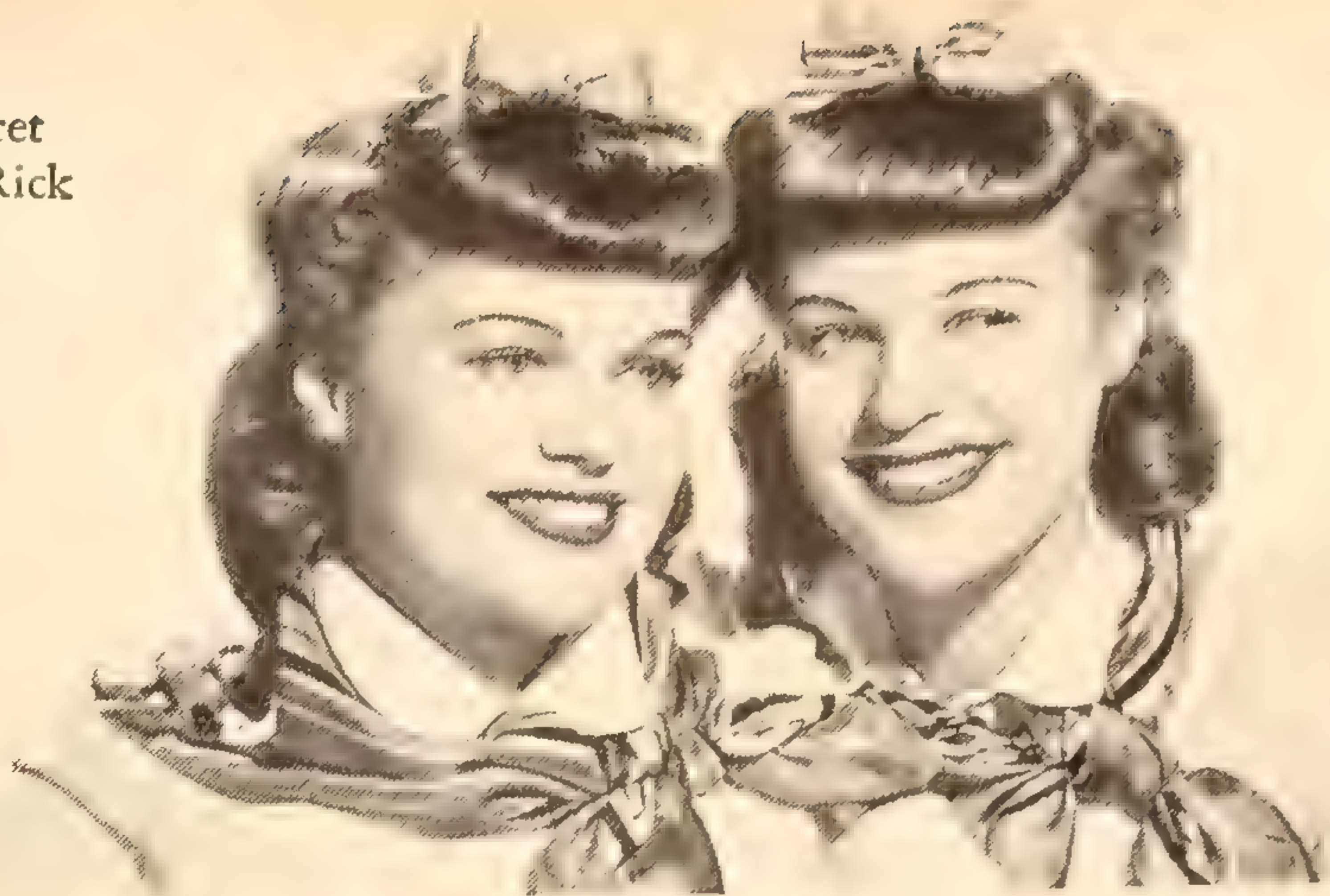
The Baxter pirouettes in "Seen But Not Heard" brought the movie scouts to her dressing room on the double, scouts who hoped against hope that the teen-age creature they had seen on stage was purely an optical illusion. When they learned she was merely thirteen, they exited gloomily into the dark night.

For two years Anne appeared in Broadway plays, wowed the critics, lured the scouts for a quick gander, and promptly disillusioned them by admitting when asked that she was miles away from voting age. It began to get her down, the way time poked along. Just about the time she had decided that getting old was a blessing she was destined never to enjoy, she was given the part of *Blossom* in "Susan and God." She cavorted as *Blossom* some 300 miles from New York, but talent scouts, incorrigible believers in the miracles of nature, came down anyhow. She was so good in "Susan" that Fox and Metro offered her tests, followed through, and, of course, wound up by rejecting her as terrific but too young.

"You're getting warm, honey," the boys at Metro said, encouragingly.

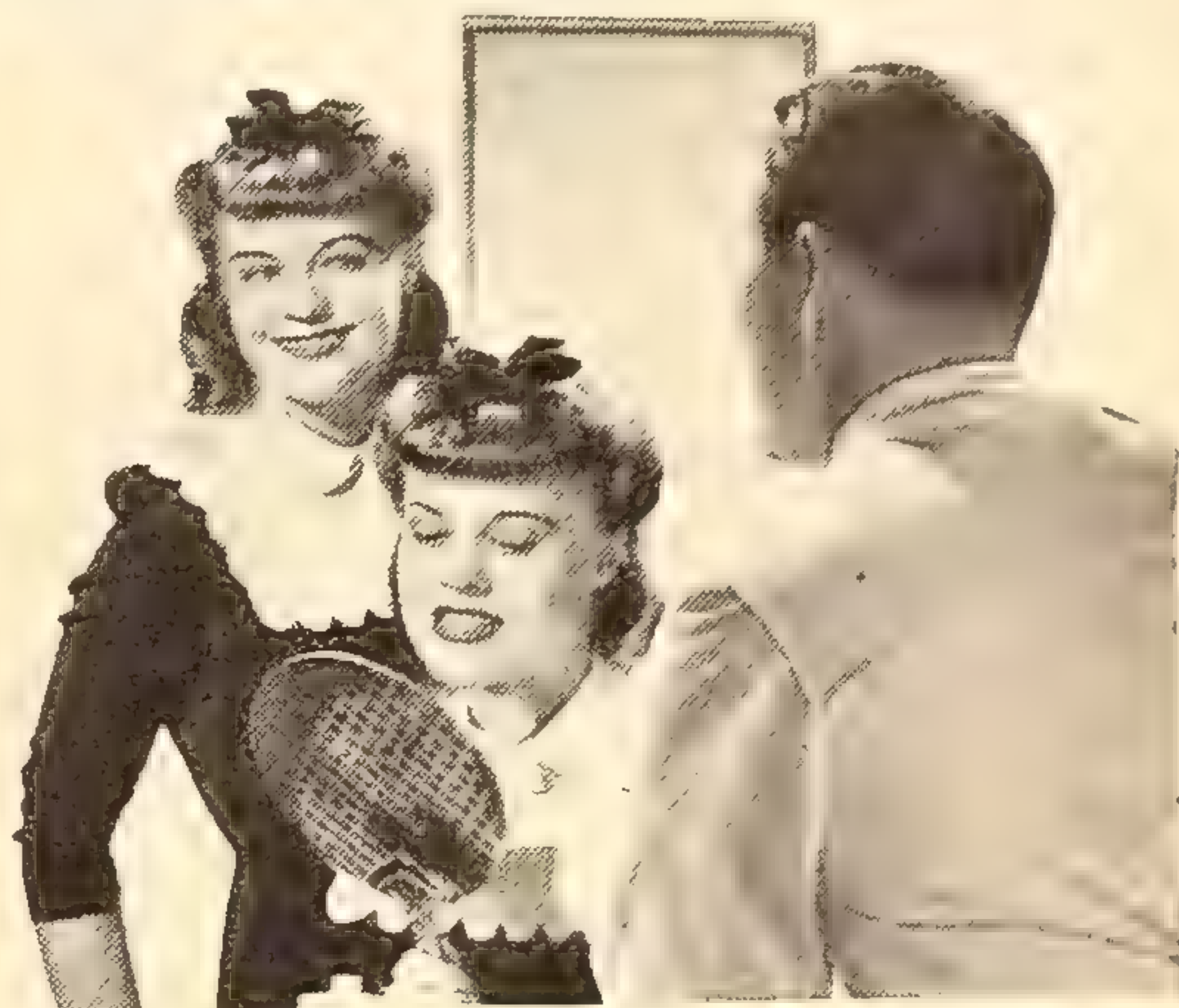
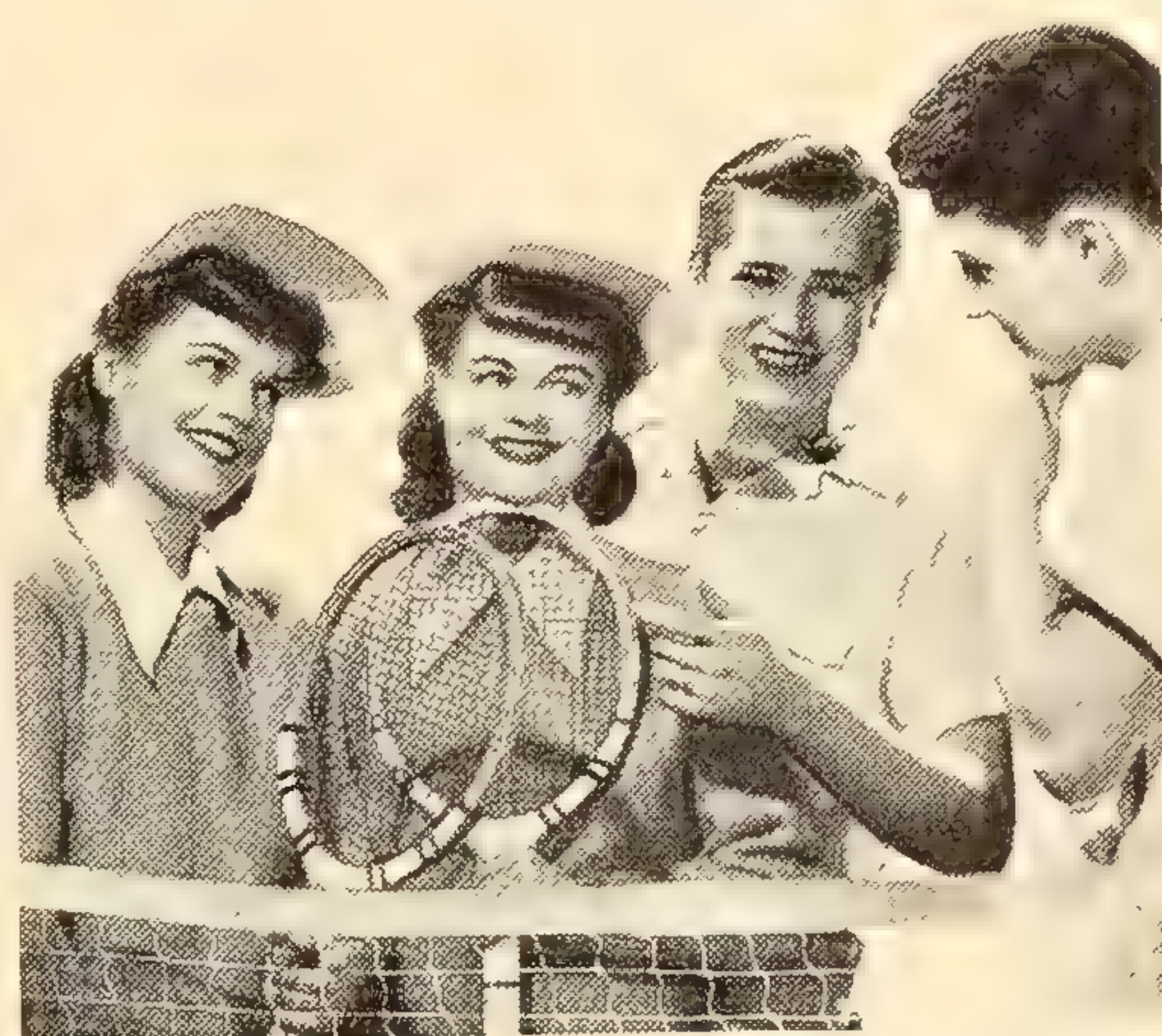
"You're getting a bit monotonous, boys,"

Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Rick of Palatine, Illinois.



## They captured the gleam of an electric eye

Rick Twins discover Pepsodent Powder can make teeth far brighter to the naked eye, too!



Photoelectric eye proof of Pepsodent's superior polishing ability convinced scientists. But not the Rick Twins. They wanted to see just how good Pepsodent was without scientific gadgets—when it was used in the practical way—the way anyone would brush teeth. So they tossed a coin to see who would use Pepsodent, and Margaret won. Marilyn chose to test another leading tooth powder.

People always had a hard time telling them apart . . . they were that alike. But that was before the test started. Then, admitted Marilyn, "Did I learn about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first . . . then amazed that Pepsodent made Peg's teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it. Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!"

. . . and the Rick Twins' dentist says:

"Of course, I was skeptical. Pepsodent's claims sounded just too good to be true. However, this Rick Twins' test convinced me that the statement of The Pepsodent Company is accurate and truthful."



Independent laboratory tests found no other dentifrice that could match the lustre produced by Pepsodent.

By actual test, Pepsodent produces a lustre on teeth Twice as Bright as the average of all other leading brands!

Pepsodent Powder can make your teeth far brighter, too!

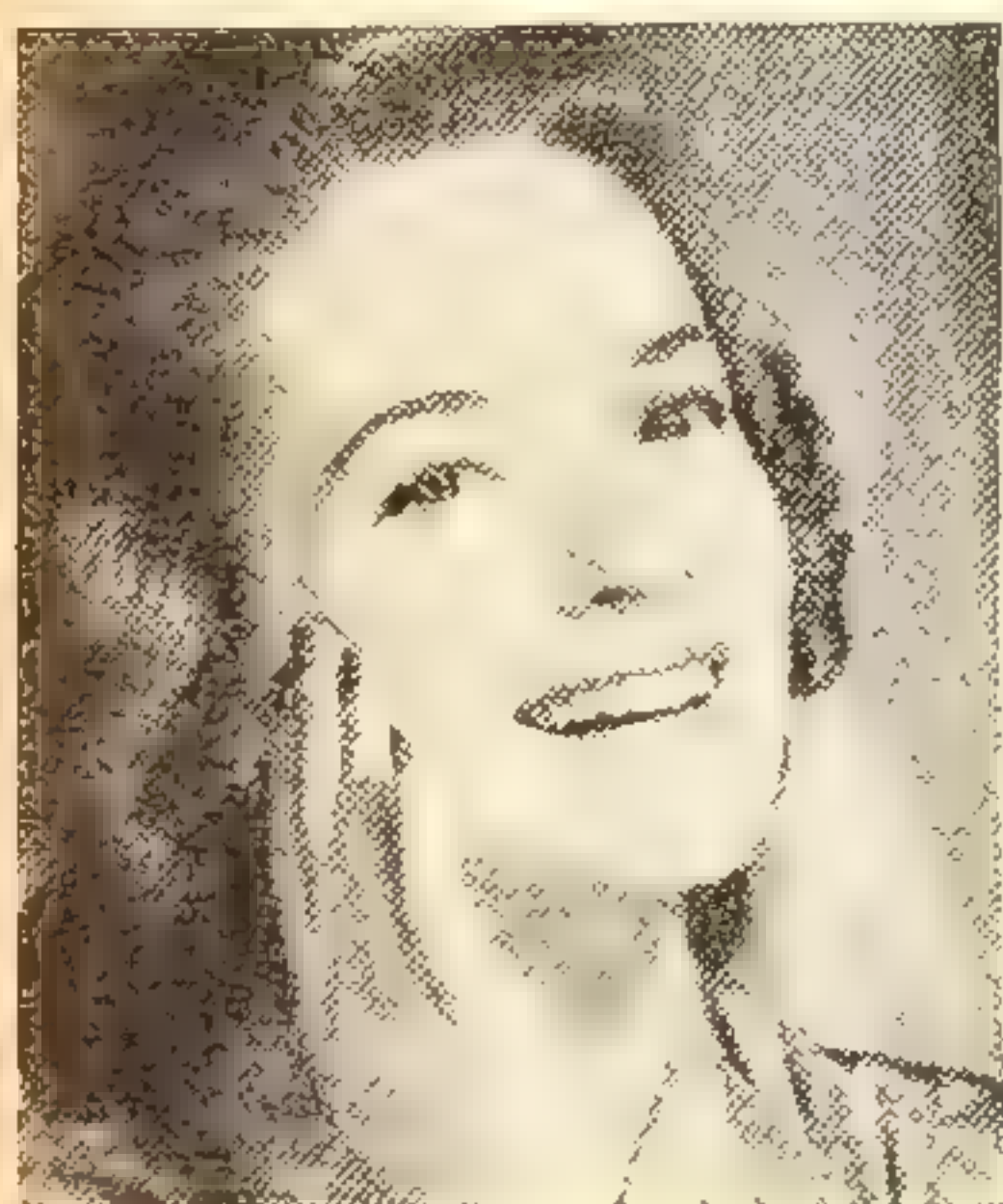




# GIRLS!

## DON'T GIVE UP

### IF YOU'VE GOT A POOR COMPLEXION



**Here's grand way that has helped improve complexions of thousands of women**



• If you're blue and discouraged because of your complexion; if you think you're doomed to go through life with an unsightly looking skin—this may be the most important message you've ever read.

Thousands of women who felt just as you do have been thrilled beyond words to see the noticeable improvement Noxzema has made in their complexions.

#### Why it does so much

One important reason for Noxzema's benefits is this: Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream. It's a soothing, *medicated* cream that not only quickly helps soften and smooth rough, dry skin—but also aids in healing externally-caused skin blemishes! And it has a mildly astringent action, too.

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**SPECIAL OFFER** For a limited time you can get the big 75¢ jar of Noxzema for only 49¢ (plus tax). Take advantage of this Special Anniversary Offer and give Noxzema a chance to help *your* complexion. Get a jar at any drug or department store *today!*

Miss Baxter said, in her real lady-like manner.

Whereupon she grit her teeth and resumed the tedious job of getting old.

Three plays and one year later, hard on the heels of a rousing performance in a piece called "Spring Meeting," she got an honest-to-goodness, no-questions-asked offer to come to Hollywood and be tested, of all things, for the starring rôle in the film, "Rebecca."

Well! Well! The fabulous juvenile had finally grown up. She could hardly believe it herself, as she entrained for Hollywood as Mr. Selznick's newest white hope. It certainly had been a bore getting to be sixteen, but it was worth it, she kept telling herself en route.

In a way, maybe it was and maybe it wasn't. True enough, Anne did get to repose in Laurence Olivier's arms (purely for purposes of the benefit of camera, mind you) but when Mr. Selznick saw the results he shook his head.

"She photographs a bit on the young side," he remarked to Katharine Brown, then his lieutenant. "That will never do."

Annie hung around Hollywood long enough to get a look at Gable, Taylor, and Power, after which she trundled herself back to New York, none too happy about the whole affair.

She wasn't back six weeks before Fox called up to ask how she'd like making another test for them—a very elaborate affair, this time.

"I wouldn't mind at all," Anne said, mostly out of habit.

Well, she made the test which was sent off to Hollywood and promptly forgotten by all hands, apparently. Especially by Anne.

But not for long. Some six weeks later she was awakened out of a sound sleep at the ungodly hour of 3 A.M. to find that Hollywood was on the wire in the person of some excited gentleman from Twentieth Century who told her to leave within 24 hours for the coast. It seems that her test was a wow and they needed her badly, had an immediate assignment for her. So hurry up and get packed, little girl.

Naturally, she didn't get back to bed, Anne didn't. She was much too excited for that. Her mother said maybe it would be a good thing for Anne to throw a good-bye party, champagne and all. Anne snapped up the offer, spent the next few hours planning the party. She began calling up her guests right after breakfast, rousing them from their sleep, in many cases.

It was 6 P.M. and the party was going full tilt (she was leaving on the midnight train) when the telephone rang. Twentieth Century was on the wire again.

"You can come out at your leisure, Miss Baxter," the man said. "We still want you, of course, but not for this particular picture."

Anne was too dazed to speak. Baxter pere took over and asked the Fox man what was coming off. He found out. It seems that the producer of the picture in question had just discovered that Anne was only seventeen and had decided to pass her by. Why? Well, it seems that there is a California law that says an actress must go to school until she's eighteen. And having your star go to school is one terrific headache to a producer, mostly because you can work said star only four hours a day, time starting the very minute she drives through the gate. Furthermore, she must have her lunch no later than 12:30 P.M. and must knock off no later than 6 P.M. Furthermore, the schoolteacher in charge of said starlet is a virtual dictator, must always be present with her protégé on the set, and can drag her by the ear to do homework in the middle of a scene, if need be. You can see how all this cramps a producer's style a bit.

Mr. Baxter said he understood, thank you, and all that.

"We still want the young lady," the studio representative repeated. "She can report at her pleasure."

The news ruined the party. When the guests had gone Anne cried a little. It was an embarrassing situation, indeed.

"Never mind, Anne," said her papa. "You're not leaving on the midnight train but you are leaving in the morning. And nobody will know the difference."

And leave she did on the morrow, wearing the same orchid (which was put on ice) that she would have worn ten hours earlier.

She arrived in Hollywood without event, marched into the talent department of Twentieth Century-Fox, in which a couple of studio publicity department experts were lolling, and made quite a stir. Seventeen or no seventeen she was as geometric a little number as ever swore allegiance to Darryl Zanuck.

"Classy chassis," said one of the exploiters.

"Venus with arms," said his chum.

The talent department, which was vaguely aware of the Baxter girl's acting talents but not of her sensational geography, was



Ginger Rogers is shown presenting the purchaser of a \$1000 bond with an autographed photograph of herself from the stage of a theater in which she conducted a War Bond rally.



equally delighted. A contract was drawn up within forty-eight hours giving Anne the unheard of starting salary of \$350 a week which is more than three and four times the starting salaries of such Fox cuties as the Misses Darnell, Joyce, Hughes, Landis, etc. Anne left the lot singing like a lark. She was in—at long last.

Well, she was and she wasn't. The Fox producers weren't exactly waiting for her with open arms. The word had got around fast: "sensational but seventeen." The upshot of it all was that Anne made her first picture on loan-out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, a Wallace Beery saga called "Twenty Mule Team," in which, according to the critics, she was a ball of fire.

Her home studio gave her a modest little part in "The Great Profile," with John Barrymore. Again the critics cheered.

A lot of good it did. After "The Great Profile" Anne Baxter didn't do a lick of work for eight months. She was too good to stick into unimportant B's. And she was too young to be given starring parts in super supers because of California law, etc.

Those eight months dragged by like eight years, but toward the end of that eight months something wonderful happened to Anne: she turned eighteen. After that, as has already been said, it was in the bag. With her mortal enemy, Youth, vanquished, it was one-two-three. Jean Renoir, the celebrated French director, on the lookout for a romantic lead who was new, dynamic, and talented for his saga, "Swamp Water," happened to catch a glimpse of Anne, was instantly impressed, and gave her the part. Anne countered by turning in the best performance of her career.

Safely ensconced as T.C.-F.'s most promising actress, Annie the adult bears no ill will toward anybody, not even toward her mortal enemy, Youth, which almost ruined her. She plugs merrily away at her career, leaving Hollywood to its own devices.

Hollywood, for its part, thinks it's a shame, this over-emphasis. Especially the buckos around town. Anyone with a figure like Anne's, they say, has no right to be a lady in hiding, even if she is reading plays, improving her mind, and prepping for her next assignment.

The figure in question shapes up as follows:

Height—5' 4"  
Weight—110 pounds  
Bust—35  
Waist—23½  
Hips—33½  
Size—12

Anne is unimpressed by the male ohs and ahs that greet her when she makes an appearance.

"I don't give a whoop about being a glamor girl," Miss Baxter protests. She doesn't.

You ask Anne to tell you a few things about herself as a person and she shrugs.

"I like to act and I like to eat," she says. "And that's about all."

For a change, Anne is a beauty who suits the action to the word. She's never been out with a member of the Hollywood wolf pack (and they can quit trying), she's never been to the fights, she's never done the town up red. She despises night clubs, scorns exhibitionism, and has no truck with splash of any kind. Her publicity chores she executes with more graciousness than relish.

She posed for one bathing suit shot and then swore off.

"Maybe my way is the hardest way because many actresses have got their start by being seen often in swim suits. I think I'll skip it just the same. It's not that I'm prudish, I just want the moviegoers to remember my face."

Annie, you're wonderful!

# "I was a 'single' wife"

HOW A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN  
OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT  
OFTEN WRECKS ROMANCE



1. Ours was the Perfect Marriage . . . at first. But slowly, gradually, a strangeness grew up between us. I couldn't believe Jim's love had cooled so fast!



2. One day, Miss R., a nurse from my home town, found me crying and wormed the whole thing out of me. "Don't be offended, darling," she began, shyly, "I've seen this happen before. Many wives have lost their husbands' love through their neglect of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."



3. Then she told what she'd heard a doctor advise. Lysol disinfectant. "You see," she went on, "Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions. Lysol cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. No wonder this famous germicide is the mainstay of thousands of women for feminine hygiene."



4. Ever since, I've used Lysol. It's so economical, so easy to use, gives me such a wonderful feeling of personal daintiness. And—here's the *most* wonderful thing—Jim and I are once again happy as doves.

## Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

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Disinfectant

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bright "gipsy" tones

#### BALI

luscious, siren shade

#### DAHLIA

lovely, flower-soft

#### TAMALE

ultra-chic "Latin" red

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## Fans' Forum

Continued from page 12

It takes a picture of realities, such as this, to really show us the horrors of war. The wounded German flyer made you despise the teachings and threats of Germany, but with God's help, may every American meet threats and brutality with the straightforward courage, bravery and calmness of the *Minivers*, for these qualities will help make a free world for all *Miniver* families everywhere.

MRS. CHARLES W. JONES, Denison, Tex.

They can't do this to us! I've heard that Jeanette MacDonald and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have come to the parting of the ways. Yes, Jeanette hasn't renewed her contract, thus making more MacDonald-Eddy films impossible. Their pictures are one of the main courses in each average movie-goer's diet. Can we ever forget "Sweethearts," "Naughty Marietta," or "Maytime"? They had fans swarming at the box offices.

Miss MacDonald's and Mr. Eddy's personalities are just as equally matched as their voices and no stars, no matter how great or famous, can take the place of the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy duo.

I protest! No more MacEddy pictures? It just can't be.

VIRGINIA LOCHERER, Atlanta, Ga.

Why can't Hollywood and 20th Century-Fox recognize a real actor's talents? I mean John Payne, who has more talent and acting ability in his little finger than Victor Mature, Jean Gabin, Laird Cregar or any of the other actors possess in their whole bodies.

I can't see why they always let him play second lead, as he did in "To the Shores of Tripoli," with Randolph Scott as the sergeant instead of John Payne, who stole every scene in that brilliant, exciting, triumphant picture. In "Footlight Serenade," they had him playing second fiddle to that conceited, boring Vic Mature. Upon inquiring how my friends and relatives liked "Footlight Serenade," they all responded that John Payne was wonderful, but they couldn't stand Victor Mature, and I'm not exaggerating.

John Payne can do a lone starring rôle as well as, and perhaps better than Errol Flynn and Tyrone Power. Why not let him be the star for a change in a good musical and he'll show you how to sing and play the piano, besides some real acting. He is the most handsome actor in Hollywood. Am I right, girls? And how!

IMOLA P. SAVINI, Schenectady, N. Y.

I've read that Melvyn Douglas may appear in "Gaslight," screen adaptation of the stage play, "Angel Street," which had a record run in London and New York. I saw the latter and it was a terrific tale indeed!

However, it is somewhat of a pleasant surprise to learn that the sophisticated Mr. Douglas will take a rôle of a scoundrel for a change—a murderer who tries to drive his wife insane. That is a far throw from the comedy "clucks" he has been playing in recent films, and will probably be the first time in years that he has actually earned his keep as an actor.

I have enjoyed most of his clowning but have also thought him capable of more "meaty" acting than those continuous boudoir affairs could offer. I don't mean weird makeup and heavy dramatics à la Lon Chaney—but just a bit more versatile selection of rôles.

As the villainous *Mr. Manningham* of this story, I am looking forward to "hissing" him with pleasure!

SYLVIA GRILL, New York, N. Y.

Just yesterday I read in a column that Errol Flynn was tied to a wagon and dragged behind it and subjected to other such drudgery in his new picture. I also read in another column that "Gentleman Jim" was one of the most strenuous pictures Mr. Flynn had ever made and that he took a terrific mauling in the fight scenes of those days when such exhibitions were almost murderous. This on top of the fact that Mr. Flynn has heart trouble! No wonder he collapsed on the set and started people saying they were phony attacks. They don't realize that he really works very hard and conscientiously and that he prefers to take his own risks.

Even if there are times when a double is used, don't you think it would be better not to advertise how gruelling the part is? After all, he is an actor and can prove his worth in less strenuous pictures.

LUCETTE JENNINGS, Springfield, Ill.

### HONORABLE MENTION

Our sides were aching when we left the theater. We had seen the humorous private secretary problem thrown into reverse when intriguing Rosalind Russell as a successful female executive sought an efficient male private secretary. She was so successful in this humorous quest that she found Fred MacMurray for the necessary position, who himself was so efficient that he could handle her most successfully in "Take a Letter, Darling!" Give us many, many more opportunities to lose ourselves for the moment at least in such a wholesome convulsion of laughter! A laughing people will always win!

LESLIE E. DUNKIN, South Bend, Ind.

The picture "Yankee Doodle Dandy" is the story of one man's life, but it should be the story of all of us!

Heart warming, it will stir the pulse beat of America, because it is America, as it was in the Civil War, as it was in the last World War, as it is today in our present war!

The words used some twenty-five years ago, "We look up anxiously to see if the flag is still waving over us!" are words potent with realism today!

In brilliance of mind, in superior acting ability we cannot all be George M. Cohans, but in integrity of spirit, and in loyalty to our country, America, we can, we should, we must, equal his devotion, even surpass it!

JANE RINGLER, Cuyahoga Falls, O.

### AN OPEN LETTER TO GREER GARSON

Dear Miss Garson:

A number of months have elapsed since you left this première city in the Dominion of Canada, but I still remember your visit here, and just to introduce myself, I am the chauffeur who looked after your traveling between the local RKO Capitol Theatre and the Chateau Laurier Hotel. To say it was an honor is to say the very least, Miss Garson.

Do you still remember the way the crowds milled around your car after you had entered it from the stage door? How your publicity agents wanted us to get going and you so graciously said: "These people of Ottawa are so lovely, driver please wait and let me autograph some little things for them!" And gosh, Miss Garson, that little gray-haired old lady who kept pushing a piece of note paper in to me, asking: "Please, chauffeur, won't you ask Miss



Garson to autograph this for me?" Well, you did, and I will always remember the smile of happiness on that dear old lady's face whenever I think of that night.

We were actually "smothered" with human beings, and I dreaded to think that some time real soon I would have to make an effort to "plow through them." You are used to such crowds, but I had never seen so many people around my car before. Although I have driven many famous personages, none have been as gracious and kindly and sweet as you, Miss Garson.

I still remember the way you and your charming mother so graciously talked to me when we had finished the ride back to the hotel. Most movie stars would have rushed out of the car and gone into the hotel with their publicity people, but not you, Greer Garson! No, you remained in your car, outside the door of the hotel, and the words you said to me ran something like this—remember? "Chauffeur, you have done a fine job tonight! Mother and I sincerely thank you for it all. Your people have been really charming and such dears, and I love them all. What pleasant memories I will carry away with me of your beautiful Canada!" Then, after wishing me luck, you and your mother ambled into the hotel, with the Garson fans running excitedly after you. What a hectic life a motion picture star must live!

My wife and I treasure those roses you gave me for her, and the autograph, too! They are neatly pressed in a little book, together with the autograph. And, Miss Garson, if you ever get a chance, will you send a personally signed photograph to us, autographing it to both myself and my wife. Tonight, the two of us are going to see that grand lady, Mrs. Miniver at the local cinema. Like her? Why, we'll love her, because she's Greer Garson!

HAROLD REVINE, Ottawa, Can.

# If LOVE rules You\_



Maureen O'Hara and Tyrone Power starring in "The Black Swan," a 20th Century-Fox picture. Easily cultivate love-worthy hands, yourself—with Jergens Lotion.

*A man's dream  
girl has soft,  
feminine hands—*

*Maureen  
O'Hara  
(Lovely Hollywood Star)*

**R**OMANTIC HOLLYWOOD STARS care for their lovely hands with Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1!

You see, Jergens helps *protect* the youth-like smoothness and adorable softness of a girl's hands; helps *prevent* disillusioning roughness and chapping.

It's like professional care for your hands. Blended in Jergens Lotion are 2 ingredients, so exceptional for helping rough skin regain delicious softness that many doctors use them. So—always use Jergens.



**Maureen O'Hara's Alluring Hands.** Oh, yes, —Maureen O'Hara helps to keep her hands adorable with Jergens Lotion. "It's so easy," she says. "Jergens never feels sticky." The first application helps!



*Jergens Lotion*  
FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS



Greer Garson, above, as she looked when returning from her successful War Bond rally.





On the set with Bob Hope. Left, Dottie Lammour cooperates for a gag picture. Above, Kay Kyser drops in for a visit. Left above, Dave Butler, director of "They Got Me Covered," shows the co-stars how to do a scene.



## SCREEN-TOWN CHATTER

THE title of the picture had nothing to do with Joan Fontaine being on the set so much of the time, when Brian Aherne played opposite Loretta Young in "The Frightened Stiff." Joan is just so in love she doesn't even want to make a picture. Sister Olivia has been urging her to play the other Brontë sister, in the picture by the same name. Joannie says no—which is tough on the box office!

THIS story comes from a soldier boy, who claims he was there when it happened. According to our informant, Jimmy Stewart visited his camp on official business. He spent the night there and was assigned a tent. It was biting cold and from somewhere a stove was produced and given to Jimmy. When he learned that none of the other boys had stoves in their tents, Jimmy sent his back. Just one *more* reason why we love him.

WITH distances so great, the transportation problem really has Hollywood worried. No longer will a taxi haul a single passenger. Lana Turner's car broke down recently. She was due on the set, so frantically called a cab. Before they delivered her to M-G-M, they stopped first and called for a Marine reporting back to his base, a Beverly Hills business man trying to get to work and a maid of all work trying to get to her employer's. Believe it or not—not *one* of them recognized the movie star in that early morning hour.

TWENTIETH Century-Fox is plenty concerned over who will replace Cesar Romero in the "Cisco Kid" series. They're too popular and lucrative to abandon. But it looks like the Coast Guard will be claiming the Romero services any day now. The studio doesn't even dare try to rush one more "Cisco" through. They're afraid they'd never get it finished in time. Personally, we just hope they wait until Cesar finishes the job of fighting for his country.



IT'S a trial separation for the Jack Oakies. Several times they have been on the verge. But somehow they managed to stick. Success has never changed Jack. When they gave up the expensive Brentwood home (once occupied by Garbo) and moved to a simple place in the valley, Jack was really happy. Then they bought the "Marwyck" ranch from Barbara Stanwyck, where Penita raises rare Afghans (dogs to you). To the casual observer, Jack never gave the impression of particularly liking this set-up. There are no divorce plans pending at this writing.

JUDY GARLAND was startled, but none the less appreciative. She has never known Norma Shearer too well. But right after Norma's wedding came a package for Judy. Inside was a gold key to fit Judy's front door. Engraved was the one word "Mrs."—no last name. A note went on to point out that since both were newlyweds (Judy has been married over a year) both had so much in common because both had found great happiness. Norma ended up by telling Judy she hoped the gold key would open up many doors of happiness for her. The note was signed, Norma Shearer Thalberg Arrouge.

ERROL FLYNN heard this story with his own ears. They were on location, working in the heart of the desert with real Indians, who were all decked out in loin cloths and war paint. During a long wait between shots, everyone noticed the Indians began to get very restless. Finally they formed a circle and muttered and grumbled amongst themselves. The circle broke up, their chief walked over to the assistant director and in perfect English, he said, "The boys would like to know where the 'Powder Room' is!"



Rare photo of Hollywood's two top comics, in a serious moment. Crooner Crosby pays a social call on chum Bob Hope. Reason for glum expressions is doubtless that the boys would rather be out at a golf-course than concentrating on their careers.

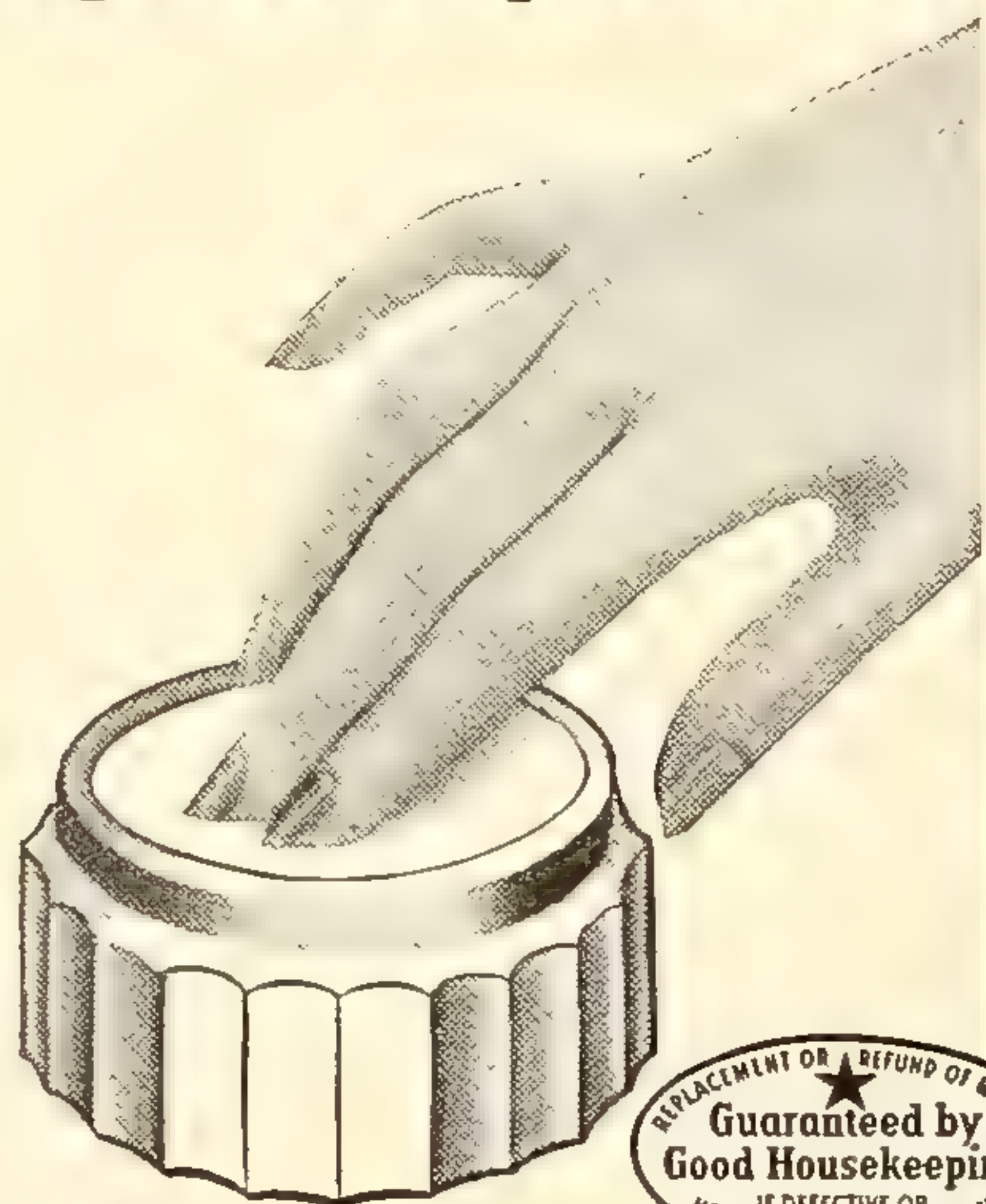
# Beauty and the Best!

ONE good sip deserves another...and another! And remember, there's plenty to enjoy in that big, 12-ounce bottle. Plenty of size, plenty of flavor! Keep Pepsi-Cola on ice and enjoy often.

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SHOW**

The entirely new kind of movie magazine  
Ask for the big  
**DECEMBER Issue**  
at your newsstand today!

**"The Class Key"**

Continued from page 24

"Huh?" Paul looked startled. "What's wrong with 'em?"

"The clocks. They tick too loud."

"Yeah?" Paul swung his legs down. Ed's opinions counted with him. "I thought they was pretty." But his grin had lost most of its confidence. "Say, Ed. Today's his daughter's birthday, too. What do you think I ought to give her?"

"If you want to make a good impression you don't give her anything," Ed said tersely. "You're not supposed to give people things unless you're sure they like to get them from you." He looked straight at him then. "Think Henry'll play ball after election?" he asked.

"I know he will." All the old blustering assurance was back in Paul's voice. "He's practically given me the key to his house."

"Yeah!" Ed gave him a long look. "A glass key! Look out it don't break off in your hand. Listen, how far has that doll got her hooks in you?"

"I'm going to marry her," Paul said. "Of course, nobody knows it yet except you and me."

"You'd better insist on the wedding before election day." Ed's eyes narrowed. "Then you'll be sure of your pound of flesh."

They'd built up a good racket between them, Paul and Ed. Now Paul was chucking it overboard for a girl who wouldn't have wiped her feet on him if she couldn't use him. He'd kicked Sloss, one of his men, out of the organization when he grumbled about switching to Henry and Sloss had been a handy man to have around. But closing down Nick Varna's gambling place because backing a reform candidate meant cleaning up the town, the town boss Madvig had his hand in dirtying, was an even more dangerous bit of business. Varna would make a bad enemy.

"You might have left Nick an out," Ed said. "Now he's got to fight and election's only three weeks off."

"I've run this town for years," Paul looked at him hard. "And I'll keep running it." Then in a more conciliatory tone, "I'm no boxer, Ed. Every time I try some fancy foot work I get licked. All I know is to go in there punching and once in a while give 'em a thumb in the eye. But don't think that I don't know if it weren't for you I'd still be electing councilmen and dogcatchers instead of a governor."

"Forget it," Ed grinned. "If we've come anywhere, we've come together. I guess I can even vote the reform ticket if I have to. But watch out Henry don't foul you in the clinches."

Ed knew he had ticketed Janet right that night. He didn't like the way she was leading Paul on to tell all those stories of his. Paul never knew when people were ribbing him. And this girl was fighting dirty, pretending to be with him and then looking sideways at Ed, as if she felt he was in cahoots with her against Paul and was enjoying the laughs on his friend. Ed could tell her a few things about Paul and the way he felt about him. Paul was the only person in the world he'd ever gone all out for. He couldn't stand it any longer seeing Paul being taken like that.

"Oh, don't go," Janet sounded as if she meant it when Ed got to his feet. "I'm sure you have some interesting stories, too."

Ed looked at her. "If I stayed here five minutes more I'd sock you right in the eye," he said. But he spoke low, so that no one heard but her. He wouldn't hurt his friend,

Paul, even though he was burned with him.

He was still burned as he came up to the door of the Madvig Voters' Club but he grinned as he saw Opal standing there as if she'd been waiting a long time. The kid seemed as much his sister as she did Paul's.

"Ed, I need help," she said. "I've got to have some money."

"Yeah?" Ed looked at her closely. The kid was tense, troubled. "How much?"

"All you've got." She tried to smile but didn't get very far with it. "And Ed, please don't ask any questions and don't tell Paul."

"All right, Snip." He took out the five hundred dollar bill he always carried for emergencies and gave it to her. But he didn't like it and he scowled as he saw her run to her small convertible and almost strip the gears in her haste to be away. Abruptly he changed his mind about going in the club and hailed a taxi.

He was right. Opal had gone to Taylor Henry's apartment. When he opened the door he saw her there on the couch, her lips clinging to Taylor's in that passionate responsive way. She was only a kid and Ed wanted to spring at Taylor's throat but instead he only beckoned to Opal.

"Let's go, Snip," he said, picking up her hat and coat and throwing them to her. "Put 'em on."

"Now, wait a minute." Taylor lurched

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U. S. Treasury Dept.



# CAST

## "THE GLASS KEY"

(A Paramount Picture)

Fred Kohlmar, Associate Producer.  
Stuart Heisler, Director. Screenplay by  
Jonathan Latimer. Based on the novel  
by Dashiell Hammett.

Paul Madvig ..... Brian Donlevy  
Janet Henry ..... Veronica Lake  
Ed Beaumont ..... Alan Ladd  
Opal Madvig ..... Bonita Granville  
Shadow O'Rory ..... Joseph Calleia  
Taylor Henry ..... Richard Denning  
Mr. Henry ..... Moroni Olson  
Jeff ..... William Bendix

to his feet. "Who do you think you are?"  
But Ed paid no attention to him.

"Hurry up, Snip," he said and Opal,  
knowing what that quiet thing in his voice  
meant, hastily obeyed. But as they walked  
up the steps of the Madvig house she  
turned on him furiously. "I hate you!" she  
said.

"You'll outlive it, baby," Ed grinned.  
Then as she tried to slip past him, he barred  
the way. "I'm coming in," he said.

"You can't stop me from seeing Taylor,"  
she raged as the door closed behind them.  
"Neither you nor Paul. I've a right to hap-  
piness, just like anybody else. I'm free,  
white, and—" She stopped suddenly as the  
dining-room door opened and she saw Paul  
standing there.

"Did I hear something about Taylor  
Henry?" he asked. "Have you been seeing  
him again?"

"I just happened to mention his name,"  
Ed said, covering for her, but Opal was  
much too furious to take advantage of his  
protection.

"You don't have to lie for me!" Her de-  
fiance flashed at both of them. "I saw Tay-  
lor tonight. In his apartment. And I don't  
see what business it is of yours. You're my  
brother, not a watch dog."

"No sister of mine is going to be taken  
in by a chiseling, tinfoil playboy like him,"  
Paul shouted. "Is this the first time you've  
been there?"

"I've been there dozens of times," Opal  
cried defiantly.

Ed left then. He didn't have any place  
in this. It was strictly between Paul and  
Opal. But when the phone rang as he  
reached his own apartment and it was Opal  
telling him Paul was on his way to see  
Taylor, Ed knew he did have a place in it  
after all and grabbed his hat. But he was  
too late. When he got there he saw a hud-  
dled figure of a man lying on the curb and  
even before he bent over him he knew it  
was Taylor and that he was dead. Even as  
he stared down at him he couldn't believe  
Paul had murdered him. Paul was too  
smart to become involved in murder.

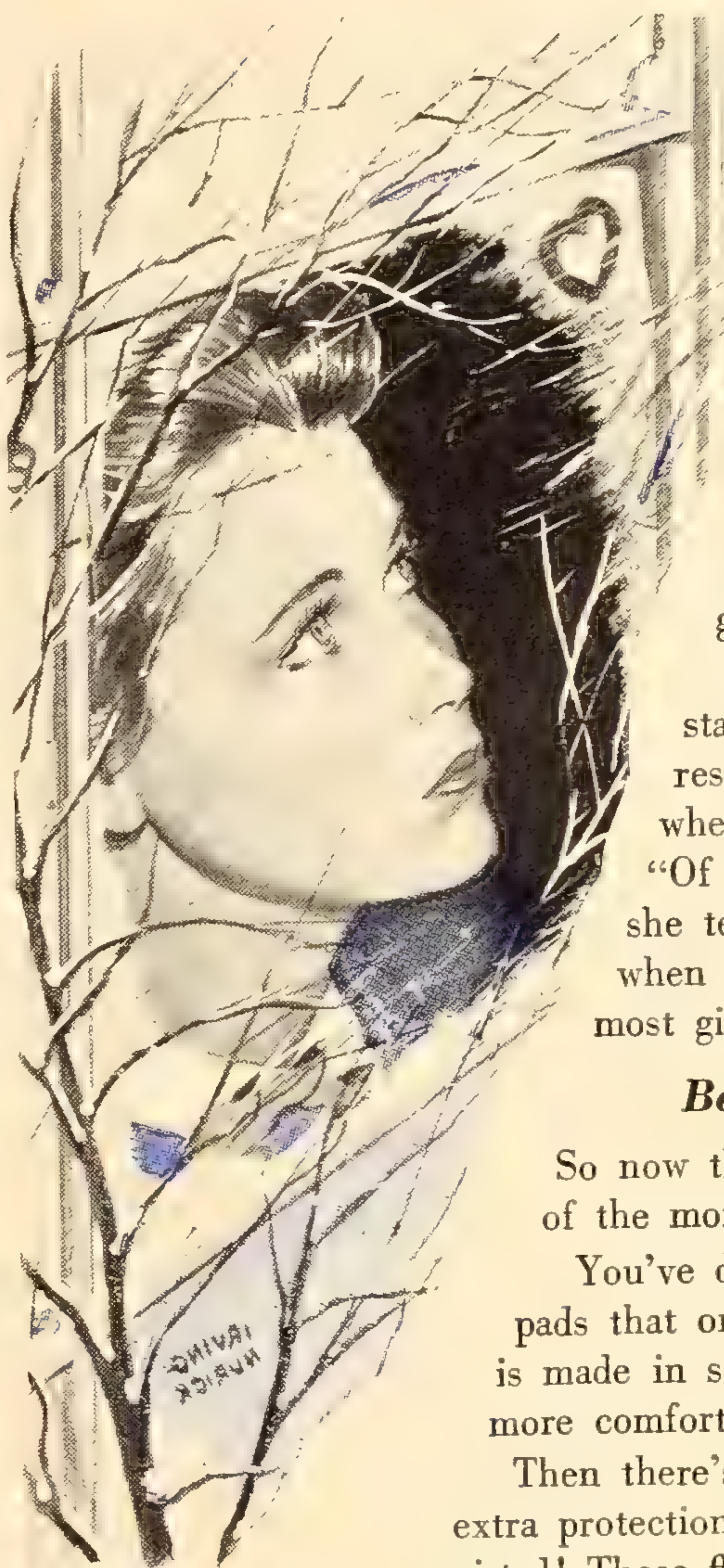
It was at the funeral that suspicion was  
first raised against Paul and it was Janet  
who raised it. Ed's eyes narrowed when he  
saw Nick Varna among the mourners and  
he knew he had to be on guard when he  
saw him go over to Janet as they were  
about to leave the cemetery. So when he  
saw her talking to Opal he was right there  
beside them. "About ready to go, Snip?"  
he asked.

Janet looked at him with hostile eyes.  
"Miss Madvig and I were having a private  
conversation," she said stiffly.

"A funeral's hardly the place to talk



## Feel like the Forgotten Girl?



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fun it was, why weren't you there?  
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everything seems to happen on the  
wrong day!"

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rest are chasing the sleigh. Brew the cocoa  
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(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)





When the cameraman told water sprites Frances Rafferty, Dorothy Morris and Vicki Lane to do something—not just sit there and look pretty—the trio of starlets figured he must want a "splashy" camera shot so the girls obliged, and here is the result. Pretty, isn't it?

about murder," Ed said. "Even privately." But Janet wasn't going to be put off so easily.

"It is if you've just heard Nick Varna say he had evidence that would convict someone for my brother's murder and that someone is Paul Madvig," she said in a bitter tone.

Ed's fists clenched as he heard Opal's stricken cry.

"Why don't you peddle your scandal to someone who wants to hear it?" he demanded. Then as Janet gave him that quick, furious look and left he turned to Opal. "Don't pay any attention to that stuff, Snip." But it didn't help. Ed knew that as he saw Opal recoil as Paul came over to them.

Ed went straight from the cemetery to the District Attorney's office. Farr had always been Paul's friend, but he was being evasive now.

"Giving me the run-around now that Paul's in trouble?" Ed asked evenly.

"No, Ed. Nothing like that. Have a cigar." Farr shifted uneasily. "Of course, some people think we're kinda slow in cleaning up the murder."

"Yeah?" Ed's eyes didn't leave his face. "What have you got?"

"Nothing, except—well, here," Farr was getting more and more uncomfortable under that steady scrutiny as he picked up a letter from his desk. "Look at this. See what you think of it."

Ed stared down at the short typewritten note.

*If Paul Madvig didn't kill Taylor Henry, how did his best friend happen to find the body?*

"For heaven's sake, Ed, don't think I'm taking that seriously," Farr protested nervously as Ed handed the note back without a word. "Nuts always write in anonymous letters on every case."

"What's Nick Varna got?" Ed asked coldly.

"He's coming in tomorrow," Farr said. Then realizing he'd said more than he should, tried to cover up. "I have to listen to him, Ed. There's a lot of pressure on this case. Especially from the *Observer*. And you know how Nick stands there. I just can't sit here and —"

"If Paul tells you to, you'll sit, stand or ride a bicycle!" Ed broke in savagely as he got to his feet. "And tonight if I were you, I'd buy that bicycle!"

It wasn't any use going to Paul. Ed realized he should have known that. Paul acted

the way he had from the beginning, as if the murder was of no importance to him at all.

"Look, Ed." Paul smiled as blandly as if he didn't have a care in the world. "I've had the newspapers after me before and I'm still sitting pretty."

"Have you ever tried sitting pretty in the electric chair?" Ed demanded. "Look, the *Observer's* expecting to get something from Nick Varna and if it's on the level or not, it'll be aimed at you. Patch up your troubles with him, Paul. He's the one who's spreading all the dirt."

"I'll patch up nothing with that monkey!" Paul roared. "He's gotta learn that when I say things are closed down, they're closed down."

"I'm sorry if I bored you with my nonsense," Ed said sarcastically but as usual Paul didn't get the subtlety.

"Nonsense is right!" His massive fist crashed on his desk. "I don't want to listen to any more guff about Nick or about Taylor Henry, either!"

It was a run-around all around the track, even from Paul. Useless to make him try to listen to reason. And it didn't help any when Ed got back to his own place and found Janet waiting for him.

"Hello, what's this? A social service call?" he asked bluntly.

"You don't like me do you, Mr. Beaumont?" She smiled that disturbing smile of hers. And then as he didn't answer, "I like you, and I've been hoping you'll help me find Taylor's murderer. You know, it is a coincidence that you should be Paul's best friend and that you should find Taylor's body."

Ed stiffened at the familiar words. "I get it," he said. "Let's have it." Then as she hesitated, "The letter! Come on! Give!" He knew what was in it before she gave it to him. Word for word it was the same as the one he had read in Farr's office. "It's from some half-witted crank," he said.

"I hope so." The girl looked up at him wistfully and she was pretty. Lord, she was pretty! "But can't you see I want to be sure? You want to help me. I can tell."

"No," Ed said. "I know why." Bitterness crowded all the softness out of her voice. "It's because you're Paul's friend."

"Oh, no, it's not that," Ed shrugged. "Don't get any such romantic ideas. If I wanted you, it wouldn't make any difference whose friend I was."

"But you do like me, don't you?" Janet asked.

"Sure." It was hard keeping his voice impersonal that way looking at her. He'd known all along what it was made Paul go crazy. But a man should be able to control things like that. "I think you're built well," he went on. "Got a pretty face and nice manners. But I wouldn't trust you out of this room. You're slumming, and I don't go for it. You think you're too good for me, but sister, it just happens I think I'm too good for you."

He was glad she went then. There were things he had to do and fast! First he'd have to telephone Paul.

Paul was sitting in the back room of the bar when he got there and his face didn't change much when Ed told him he was leaving for New York and getting a one-way ticket, only his voice showed the shock he was feeling.

"This is a swell time to be throwing me down," he said. "What's gotten into you anyway?"

"Just tired of hick town stuff," Ed shrugged.

"What do you want me to do?" Paul demanded. "Write Nick a note of apology and say all is forgiven? What I want to know is why you're sticking up for him."

"I'm not," Ed said. "I'm just tired of everybody outsmarting you, 'that's all.'"



His voice rose which was strange for Ed. Usually the madder he got the quieter it got. But he had a reason for it. He wanted the boys out front in the bar to hear. "You back the reform ticket, get jockeyed into closing down on Nick and play ball with a guy who'll dump you overboard as soon as he's elected and all for a snooty dame who wouldn't give you a second look if it weren't—"

"Cut it out, Ed!" Paul bellowed. Then there was that likeable shamefaced grin again as he put his hand on the other's shoulder. "Don't be a crazy fool, Ed. You and I—"

It happened so quickly he wasn't prepared for it at all. Ed's quick turn and his fist crashing against his mouth, and then as he reeled against the table, his fingers closed around a beer mug and he held it menacingly. But he didn't throw it.

"Get out!" he shouted. "Get out!"

Ed walked through the door. His eyes were steely as he passed the bar and he didn't seem to notice the excited looks following him. He'd picked the place because its customers knew him and Paul. Knew Nick, too. His plan was working as smoothly as a blue print, right down to Nick sending for him. But Ed didn't show the satisfaction he was feeling as he walked into Nick's apartment where the gambler was sitting in front of a blazing fire, his hand caressing the police dog lying at his feet. Ed liked dogs, just so long as they weren't human. He patted this one as he came over to Nick.

He played his part well, giving just enough to lead Nick on. No more. Showing just enough interest in the stake to the finest gambling place in town. Nick was offering him in return for spilling what he knew about Paul, especially about the murder, and pocketing the ten grand Nick shoved across the desk to him as an extra bonus.

"Mathews, the publisher of the *Observer*, is outside." Nick was watching Ed closely. "You just have to give him the dope and he'll put it in shape. Start out with the money you gave Opal that night."

"So you know about that," Ed said.

"Sure." Nick grinned. "The dough was for me. I still have some of Taylor's I. O. U.'s. Listen, you followed Opal to Taylor's apartment. That's an important point. Give Mathews all the details on that."

"I thought you were bluffing," Ed grinned. "Especially about going to Farr."

"Not much." Nick leaned toward him confidentially. "Paul made a mistake kicking Sloss out. He came to me spouting. He saw Paul and Taylor arguing on the street that night."

"That's good." Ed nodded. "But you know Sloss. He'll never stand up."

"He won't have to." Nick opened his safe and took out a paper. "I got his affidavit."

Ed looked down on the paper signed by Sloss. "That's the McCoy, all right." His voice was very casual. "Where's Sloss now?"

"In New York," Nick said. "But he'll be back tomorrow. First I'm going to have him talk with Mathews, then we'll go over and see Farr and—"

He stopped suddenly as he saw Ed tear the paper across and crumpling it into a ball throw it across the room into the fireplace.

"There won't be anybody going to Farr," he said harshly. "And stick this in your ear." He threw the ten grand he'd taken at Nick and started toward the door. But he didn't get there. At a command from Nick the dog sprang at him and seized his wrist. Ed was helpless when Jeff and Rusty, two of Nick's henchmen, broke in from the next room.

"If you want it this way you can have it" Nick said evenly.

Ed took it. He took the slugs and the blows without a sound but his face was

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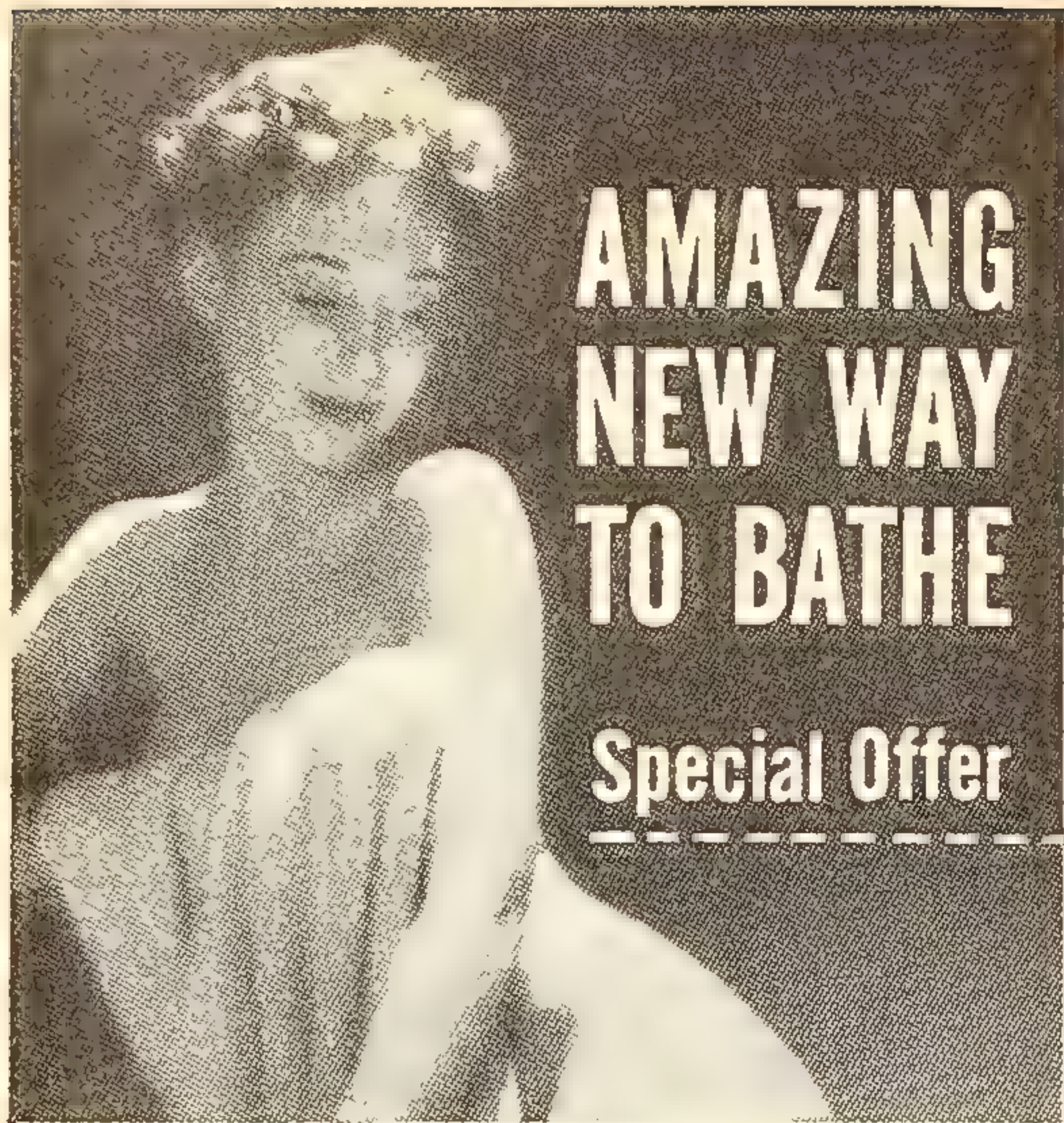
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Three minor rôles, followed by the lead opposite George Raft in "Broadway," were Janet Blair's only claims to screen fame before she was starred in "My Sister Eileen." Janet was a singer with the late Hal Kemp's orchestra before the movies claimed her.

swollen and bleeding when they locked him in the next room and every bone in his body felt as if it had been broken. They didn't know they had left any strength in him. But they had. Enough for Ed to grab a chair and throw it through the locked window, enough to go hurtling through after it toward the roof two stories below. But Ed hadn't counted on the skylight and he crashed through it, right on to the table of an astonished family having supper.

Ed came to on the operating table in the hospital and when they tried to give him ether, he shoved the apparatus away.

"Get Madvig!" he muttered. And then it was funny how the boss was coming through the door, pushing away the nurses who tried to bar him. He'd come, even though he had thought Ed had double-crossed him. That was the way Paul was, once you were his friend. "Paul," Ed called, feeling his head beginning to spin again. "Get Sloss! New York train! Get him before Nick does. He's a witness."

Paul nodded. Then he turned savagely to the doctor. "If that guy dies, I'll turn this joint into a warehouse," he roared.

Ed kept lying in that hospital bed, raging against the helplessness that tied him there. Then on the third day Opal came and he was glad to see her until she began talking about Taylor.

"Do you know who killed him?" she demanded. "Was it Paul?"

"Shut up!" Ed managed to pull himself up on his elbow. "If you must be a nitwit, at least don't go round with a megaphone."

"Today's *Observer* practically said it!" Opal said flatly. "I know Paul killed Taylor!"

Ed's words came slowly and viciously at that. "You know it would be nice if some-

body else in town besides me thought he didn't," he said. "And it would be especially nice if that someone was his sister!"

Opal just laughed and left the room and Ed lay there, his eyes scowling at the ceiling until the nurse came in.

"Mr. Madvig and Miss Henry are here to see you," she said.

"Tell her to go away," Ed said.

"I can't do that." The nurse looked shocked. "She knows you're better."

"Maybe you're impressed by millionaires' daughters who are in the roto all the time," he said. "But you've never been haunted by them like I have. They've made my life miserable, them and their brown roto sections. Millionaires' daughters, always millionaires' daughters. Never a plumber's daughter, never an alderman's daughter, never a nurse."

"No wonder people beat you up!" The nurse grinned walking over to the door and flinging it open. "Come on in, please," she said in her silky professional voice.

Janet was beautiful, all right. She was so beautiful it ached more than the pains tearing at his body. Her hair was so yellow and her eyes were so blue and her smile somehow didn't seem mocking at all now, only tender. Ed had to turn away so he wouldn't see her.

"How's it coming, Ed?" Paul chuckled then as he turned to the girl. "That's what comes of having brains. Use your brains instead of your fists, he's always telling me. Then look what happens! I go about my business and he ends up in the hospital." Suddenly he couldn't contain himself any longer and took Janet's hand, holding it so that Ed had to see the ring on her left hand. The rock couldn't have cost a cent under fifteen G's.



"Well, congratulations to you," Ed said. "We're not announcing it until after election," Janet said a little too quickly to make sound right. Ed turned away again. "How are things going, Paul?" he said. "Got Sloss under cover?" Then as Paul nodded, "I'd get him out of town." "All right, Ed, tomorrow," Paul promised. "Now I gotta run."

Ed lay there tense when Janet said she wanted to stay a little longer in that soft voice of hers. And she was staying. There wasn't any out with Paul grinning in that big, pleased way because she was taking an interest in his pal.

"Do you mean it about Paul?" he said after Paul left. "Or are you doing it for the laughs?"

"I knew you didn't like me," she said. "You can't go by my manners," Ed said. "They're always pretty bad."

"I admire Paul," she said then. "Very much. If only it weren't for those letters. Opal got one this morning. It advised her to talk to Mathews and I think she's going out to his country place to see him. You won't tell Paul, will you? I promised her—"

"I don't talk out of turn," Ed said shortly. "You know," she came closer to the bed, so close he could have touched her if he wanted to, "you're a strange man. Why did you take such a beating from Nick? What do you owe Paul to go through a thing like that for him?"

Ed looked at her hard. "I could tell you he pulled me out of the river, or got me out of jail once, but it wouldn't be true," he said. "It isn't a thing you can put on the credit or debit side of a ledger, like dollars and cents."

"Then what is it?" she asked.

"Paul's rough and crude," Ed said. "But he's square. His word's better than a lawyer's contract and if you're his friend, you're his friend. He'd go through a dozen beatings to protect me and, well, what kind of a heel would I be if I wouldn't do as much for him? Does that make sense?"

"It makes wonderful sense," she said. "It's exactly what I felt in you. That's why I want you to help me. Will you?"

"No," Ed said. He'd been right about her all along. "I don't want you around. I might start making passes at you. And besides," his voice lashed at her viciously, "that crummy brother of yours needed killing."

Ed smiled grimly as he saw her turn and go. He still didn't feel good, he knew that as he swung his legs over the side of the bed and started to get up. His face felt hot and he was shivering as he started putting on his clothes.

"What did you do to her?" he heard the nurse at the door saying. "She went out as near crying as anyone could without crying."

"I must be losing my grip. I usually put millionaires' daughters in hysterics," Ed laughed as he saw the nurse's startled look at seeing him dressed. "Thought I'd get some air," he said.

"But it's raining!" she protested. "You've got a temperature! Dr. Tate will never—"

Ed grabbed her and gave her a hard kiss. "Send that to Dr. Tate from me, will you?" he grinned, walking past her to the door.

It was raining and Ed was shivering and the big fire in the Mathews' living-room felt good as he walked in. His eyes narrowed as he saw Opal sitting on the big sofa. The kid certainly had it in for Paul being there with Mathews and Nick Varna.



Miss Blair, who played her first starring part in "My Sister Eileen," is pictured above with Don Ameche with whom she co-stars in the Gregory Ratoff musical, "Something to Shout About," a title which could easily be applied to Janet's rise to stardom.

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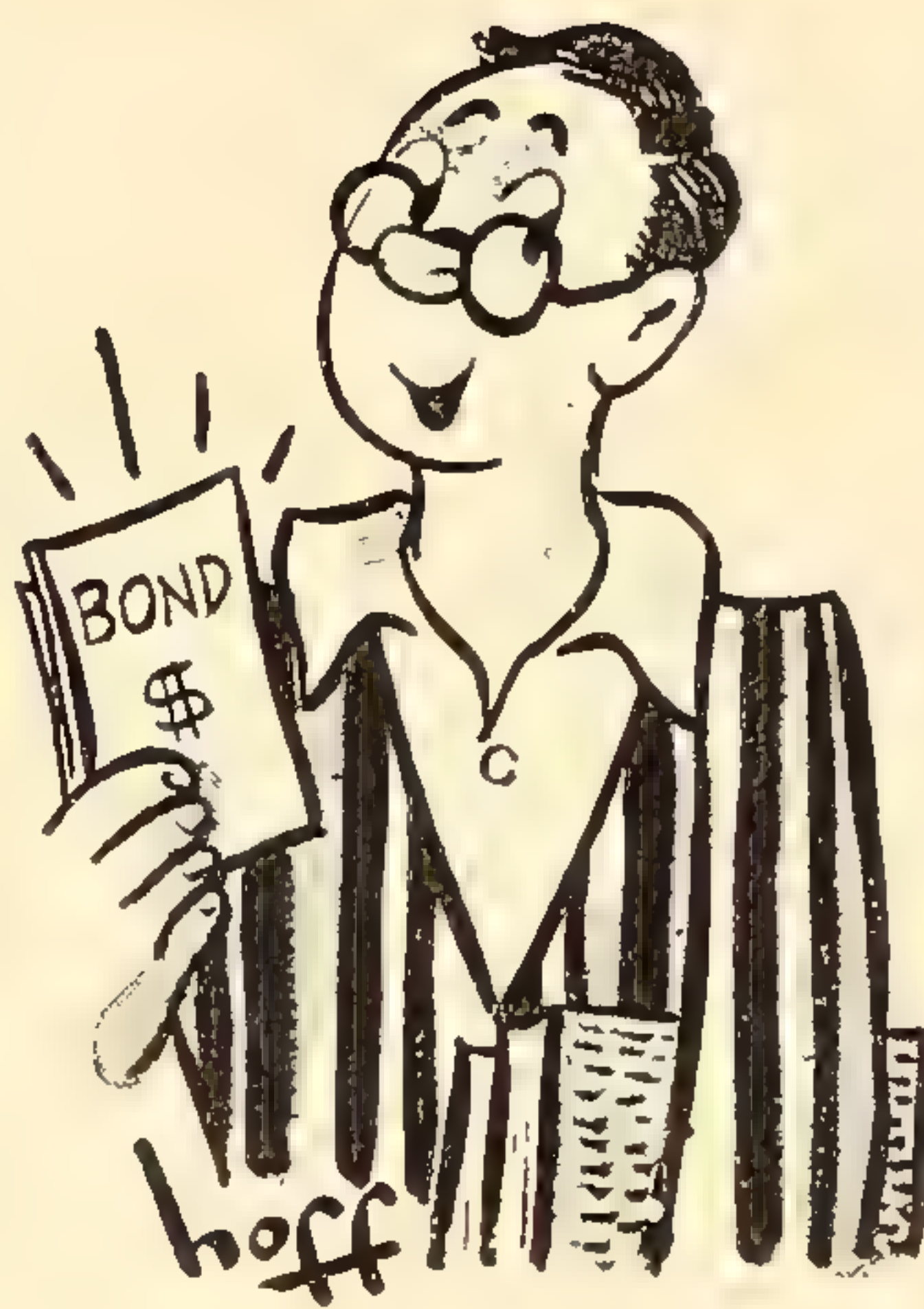
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"Hello, Snip," Ed said. Then he turned to Nick. "I was wondering where you boys were."

Mrs. Mathews came over to him. She was a pretty woman, but the kind that always made him nervous. Ed saw Mathews's eyes following her.

"I'm glad you came," she said. "It's been so dull here. Nobody saying anything. Opal weeping." She disregarded her husband's frantic signal. "It's been ghastly."

"Want me to tell you what they're eating their hearts out about?" Ed said quietly. "Opal thinks her brother murdered Taylor Henry. That's what she's been talking to your husband about, telling him about Paul. Well, Opal." He turned to her. "Am I right? Isn't that what you've been doing?"

"Ed, please!" Opal looked at him frantically.

"Nobody's supposed to talk about it except you and your brother's other enemies, is that it?" he demanded.

"He did murder Taylor!" Opal protested.

"You see?" Ed smiled blandly at Mrs. Mathews. "And of course your husband is going to print her accusation, not that he thinks Paul did the killing. He's just in a tough spot. Nick owns a mortgage on the *Observer* and he has to do what Nick says. Your husband's going to print the story tomorrow and it'll be a lovely wallop, *Opal Madvig accuses brother of murder!* But here's the funniest angle of all. As soon as Nick frames Paul, he'll let the *Observer* go bankrupt. He doesn't want to be a publisher."

"You got something there, Ed." Nick's laughter ran through the room and Mathews froze as he heard it, as he looked at

Nick's mocking eyes and realized how he been taken. His wife only had to look him to know everything.

"Does that mean you're broke?" she demanded shrilly and then as he nodded, she faced him wildly. "Five years! From rich to rags! It's been quite a ride, hasn't it? Her eyes glared at him and when he stood up, begging her to go upstairs, she curtly refused and his big frame seemed to shrink as he walked heavily up alone.

It was Ed who was the first to reach the bedroom when they heard the shot and found Mathews' body. It was suicide, right. There was even the will he'd just written, leaving everything to his wife. Ed pocketed that. And he didn't lose any time getting to a telephone.

"Paul." His voice came in a sharp whisper. "Mathews just committed suicide. Listen! The *Observer's* loaded with dynamite for the morning. Get Judge Thomas on the phone and have him appoint somebody close to us to administer the estate. He can do because there's no will. Then have the administrator kill the story. Get it?"

The *Observer* came out without the story the next morning, but there was another story hidden in a corner of the second page. She had been found murdered outside Paul's office. Things looked blacker than ever. No one had a better reason than Paul for getting Sloss out of the way. There was no time to go cautiously now. Ed went right to Taylor Henry's apartment and waited until he heard a key turn in the lock. He had just time to hide behind a curtain when Jan came in and his eyes narrowed as he saw her go to the typewriter. He waited until she had begun typing before he faced her. His hunch had been right. It was one of the poison pen letters she had begun.

"That's wonderful!" he said. "Paul's sister and his sweetheart both trying to steer him to the electric chair. He certainly has a lot of luck with his women! I should have guessed long ago who was sending those letters around."

She came up to him then, her eyes warm, her smile warm too, and before he knew she had put her arms around him and kissed him. For a moment he stood there, his lips responding. Then he shoved her away. "Can't you forget Paul for once?" she demanded furiously.

"I thought we'd settled all that," Ed said. "I told you Paul wouldn't make any difference if I wanted you." And then as she smiled, "Sure I could go for you in a way. I admit it. You're a dish, the kind of dessert you get with dinner at the Waldorf. But you still think you're five cuts better than Paul and four better than me."

"You're wrong," she whispered.

"I'm not!" His voice lashed out savagely. "That's how you've been able to justify being engaged to him, and this poison pen business! You're dealing with your inferiors, you think. As for me, I think you're something I wouldn't touch with a pole. And now that's settled, let's go."

When they reached the street the new boys were screaming an extra that Paul had been indicted and Ed bought a paper and without a word handed it to her and walked away.

He went straight to Nick's basement club and he knew he was riding in luck when he saw Nick wasn't there and that Jeff had been drinking. It was easy enough to handle the muddle-witted Jeff when Nick wasn't around but the liquor made it even more of a cinch. Ed had no trouble maneuvering him to an upstairs room.

"Don't get the idea I don't know what you're up to," Jeff leered then.

"I'm not up to anything," Ed said casually. "I'd like to see Nick and I thought maybe I'd find him here."

"That's a lie." Jeff lurched toward him. "You think it's a smart trick coming here."



and trying to get me to talk, don't you?"

"About what?" Ed wheeled on him. "Sloss?"

"You talk too much with your mouth, Jeff." A warning voice came from the doorway and they both wheeled to see Nick standing there. "We're coming to the place where I'll have to see you don't do any more talking."

"Don't be a heel, Nick." Jeff turned on him in drunken bravado. "The trouble with you is you're burned because I killed Sloss."

Ed jumped as Nick's hand went to his pocket and he sprang on him, wresting the gun from his hand and Jeff still with that silly smile on his face, grabbed the prostrate gambler by the neck as Ed held the gun on both of them. There was that sickly sound of a bone breaking and Nick lay still.

"That's bingo!" Jeff laughed hoarsely. But he wasn't laughing a half hour later in Farr's office.

"Pretty slick, Ed." Farr laughed as the police dragged Jeff away. "Pinning him for that Sloss killing. Thanks for giving me the bows."

"Now I want you to swear out another warrant." Ed's voice was steely. "For Janet Henry! I've got it on her like a load of bricks. It started when she jumped her brother about Opal and it ended up with young Henry the way they found him. Paul's been covering her all along and all along she's hated his guts. It was her circulating those letters and trying to shove Paul in the electric chair. Get busy!"

"But, Ed! Farr looked at him pleadingly. "This isn't just anybody! This is Janet Henry! No sir, I'm not doing it, not any part of it!"

"Better had, Farr," Ed said quietly. "There's only one guy never kicked Paul in the pants and got away with it—McClosky, remember? And he jumped eighteen floors into Center Street before Paul could get at him."

Their eyes met and little beads of sweat broke out on Farr's forehead. Then without a word he started to fill in the warrant. But it wasn't enough. At a curt nod from Ed, Farr picked up his hat and went along with him to the Henry house.



Brian Donlevy, usually the "heavy" in films, plays Diana Barrymore's lover in "Nightmare," exciting melodrama about spies and saboteurs.



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Janet was in a negligée when she came downstairs with her father. But she was the same as she always was, as if you couldn't touch her, not even with a warrant for murder. It was her father who broke. Ed made that leap at him as he took the revolver from his dressing gown pocket.

"Killing yourself isn't going to help your daughter," he said tersely.

Henry nodded heavily as he turned to Farr. "You had better prepare another warrant," he said. "I'm the one you want. I followed Taylor and Paul after they'd quarreled that night and caught up with them in the street. I told Taylor he was ruining my political career and he struck me. He was going to strike me again and we scuffled. He slipped, hit his head on the curb. When we lifted him up he was dead. I made Paul promise not to talk."

Janet didn't say anything. But her face was white and Ed caught her as she keeled over. His face didn't show a thing as he turned to Farr.

"I was getting worried. Afraid maybe we'd have to hang the girl to make the old man crack!" he said.

Ed began packing the next morning. It was real this time, not a trick. Paul had thundered his indignation when he had broken the news over the telephone but Ed knew when it was quitting time. It was best this way, even feeling about him the way he did. He loved that big, soft guy. Even after all Opal had done to him, the way she'd tried to frame him, Paul was sending her off on a swell vacation with a trunk full of new clothes to forget Taylor. He'd forgiven her everything. That was the sort of thing other people didn't know about Paul, the sort of thing Ed had always known.

He had just put the last shirt in his bag when the knock came. It was Janet.

"I had to come," she said. "I want you to

take me with you." Then as he shook his head, "Look at me, Ed! It's no use pretending, you can't get away with it. You love me and you know it and whatever you say to the contrary there's something in my heart that will always tell me you're lying. It's true, isn't it?"

"Yes," Ed said. "I guess it is. But there's Paul. You owe him plenty."

"Paul's been fine." She came over to him. "And I'm grateful. But if I married him he'd want more than that and that's all I have to give him."

"Yeah," Ed still stood there. "But it's still no. It still leaves us on different sides of the tracks."

She didn't say anything, just laughed, that small tender laugh as she went over to him and put her arms around him. And again his lips responded to her kiss and again he pushed her away. "What are you trying to do?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Dynamite the tracks!" Her smile wasn't at all sure now. "So that maybe some day you'd come across to me."

She hadn't heard the door open, neither of them had. They didn't know Paul had come in until he spoke.

"What are you waiting for, goon?" he asked as Ed faced him. "What do you want me to do? Go out and get a preacher?" Suddenly he took a quick step toward the speechless girl. But Paul wasn't going to hurt her. He was just taking the ring off her finger. "I'm giving you my dame, brother," he grinned. "But you're nuts if you think I'm throwing in that rock!"

Ed could only stand there looking at Janet as Paul went out again. It was still all so strange. He'd have to get used to the idea, Janet and that long silky hair of hers and her blue eyes and her soft voice. She loved him! He couldn't believe it, right off, like that. But it all came true.





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## Jeanette Sings for the Soldiers

Continued from page 51

They even climbed on the roof-tops to get a better view. She made a striking picture standing on the stage, her red hair was beautifully brought out by a kind of green gown, and as you know her stage presence is perfect. She actually seemed to enjoy herself, though it must have been exhausting; she seemed to want to pour out some feeling of pure graciousness to the camp. She made a tremendous hit."

At Fort Sill, Oklahoma, Jeanette, who would be perfectly content to set up house-keeping in a swimming pool, had the pleasure of dunking herself in the old frontier fort's very uptodate pool. "It was like manna from heaven," reminisced Miss MacDonald.

At the ungodly hour of one o'clock Sunday morning Jeanette, with only half an eye open, was dumped off the train at Springfield, Missouri. She sang at the O'Reilly General Hospital that evening to wounded men from Bataan and Pearl Harbor. "And did they ask for Irish songs! I'd forgotten there were so many Irish songs. Finally I said, 'There must be a few Irishmen here,' and they reminded me that I was in the O'Reilly General Hospital."

The boys there kept asking for *Johnny Doughboy*. Before she started singing it for the third time, she said, "I hope my husband doesn't find a Wild Irish Rose in Ireland." Above the laughter she heard a kid, whose legs were in a plaster cast, shout, "He'll never find a rose like you, Jeanette!"

It was at the O'Reilly General Hospital that Jeanette met Gene Raymond. "A nurse with a gleam in her eyes asked me if I'd like to meet Gene Raymond," Jeanette told me. "I promptly did a double-take. I believe in miracles, but after all I had just received a cable the day before from Gene who is with the Army Air Force Combat Command on active duty overseas. The nurse went on to explain that Private Gene Raymond was a stretcher case. I immediately went over to his cot to meet him. I couldn't think of what to say so I sort of blurted out, 'I see you have a mustache.' 'Yes,' he said with a grin, 'I grew mine when your husband grew his.' 'But I had Gene shave his off,' I said. 'Yes, I know,' he replied, 'but my friends like mine and won't let me shave it off.' We had a long talk about my Gene, and the war. He was such a sweet boy. His only complaint was that he was being held up in his war activities. 'I want to be over there with your Gene,' he said, and the way he said it almost broke my heart."

One of the first letters she received when she returned from the camp tour was from Private Gene Raymond. And now Jeanette has two Gene Raymonds to write to. His letter read, in part, "Dear Jeanette, Please excuse my spelling and writing for I have to lay flat on my back to write. I am sending you the picture of us taken the Sunday night you were here. Everyone is talking of you and they send their best wishes. When you write to your husband tell him some day I may meet him for I am also in the Air Corps. Please answer and I will try and do better next time if it is all right to write to the Army's Best Sweetheart. I thank you for singing the *Donkey Serenade* for I was the one who yelled the loudest I believe. The best of luck. And for Lieut. Gene Raymond, Keep 'Em Flying. Your friend, Gene Raymond."

At Fort Leonard Wood Jeanette discovered that that 110° at night was no exaggeration. It was just that. She arrived

at five, and sang at seven, and felt like a dish mop that had been wrung through a wringer. But a little thing like that did not dampen her enthusiasm, nor the enthusiasm of the boys.

At Jefferson Barracks, out from St. Louis, she had her first jeep ride. Even the Commanding Officer, those poor gals who never are surprised at anything, got quite a jolt when he called for Miss MacDonald in a jeep—and in a heat wave it was really laying it on—and found her as pretty as a picture in a large hat, a print, and white suede gloves. When Jeanette saw him eyeing the gloves she explained apologetically, "I was raised in a white glove family. Hot or cold, I always wear white gloves. Isn't it awful!"

It was at the concert at Jefferson Barracks that Jeanette swallowed a bug. "There was giving my all to *My Hero*," Jeanette told me with a grimace, "when the biggest bug I have ever seen flew right down my throat. There was nothing to do but keep on singing—and utter up a little prayer that it wasn't poisonous."

Outdoor concerts are famous for bugs and mosquitoes, as we all know, especially when a person is on a stage with a lot of lights trained on her. "I started out on tour trying to be a lady," said Jeanette sadly. "When I thought no one was noticing I'd surreptitiously brush off the insects on my arms and neck. But finally I got it. I was slapping away at them like everybody else."

Jeanette arrived at Camp Robinson, Kansas, on a Saturday, and a pay day. The officers were terribly worried. As soon as the men get their \$50 it's customary for them to rush in to Little Rock where there are plenty of places to spend it. Saturday night is no time for a concert. Miss MacDonald would certainly be offended. When the General, all set to apologize to the small audience, escorted Jeanette to the stage he could hardly believe his eyes. The



Jeanette MacDonald and her husband, Lieut. Gene Raymond, who is now overseas with the U. S. Army Air Force Combat Command





A new romantic team! Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Young, above, are appearing together on the screen for the first time in "Cairo," a spy film with the mystery of ancient Egypt as a background for the love, laughs, adventure and intrigue that make up the story.

asn't a vacant space to be found. "Look, Miss MacDonald," he exclaimed excitedly, "thousands of men! Thousands of them! And it's pay day!"

Before she started the concert Jeanette made a little speech. "Frankly, boys," she said, "I wouldn't have been surprised if you had walked out on me tonight. And I am flattered, believe me, that you preferred to stay here and listen to me sing." And then when the last encore had been sung, she called to them, "Well, boys, look at the money I saved you tonight!"

At Camp Tyson, near Paris, Tennessee, the rains came again just at concert time. So Jeanette suggested that she sing to the men in relays inside the barracks hall. In the middle of her first performance the lights all over the camp went out. But a little thing like that didn't bother Jeanette. If the Army can fight in the dark, I guess I can sing in the dark," she announced gaily, which called for a round of cheers from the appreciative men. At Fort Knox, Kentucky, she gave four grinning soldiers something to write home about. They were detailed to put her on the train. Now Jeanette never eats before a concert, so she had missed dinner at the Fort, and she knew there wouldn't be a diner on the train (there never was) so she had the boys take her to a "jernt" near the railroad station, and there they ate sandwiches and played the juke box until train time. At Scott Field, Illinois, the skies were threatening so rather than run a chance of missing out on the concert the men there had hastily cleaned out a hangar for her. "I'm a little disappointed it didn't rain," Jeanette told the men when she was leaving. "I'd like to have the experience of singing in a hangar."

Back in Hollywood again, Jeanette said of her trip, "It was one of the most gratifying jobs I've ever done. I had perspiration dripping off my nose, my arms, my body for twenty-four hours a day—but what of it, those boys are perspiring month in and month out, surely—I can take it for a few weeks. The boys were wonderful. Their genuine gratitude, their attentiveness, their eagerness made it all so worthwhile. I kept thinking to myself, 'Oh, God, I am thankful that I can do this.' Heat or no heat,

I'm going to try and do it again real soon."

Postscript: I feel that this story would not be complete without the following letter which was forwarded to the star by Mrs. Herman J. Bittler, the mother of "Bud," one of the soldiers who heard Jeanette on her tour of the camps.

"Dear Mother: I'm walking in the clouds—along with thousands of other soldiers. This evening Jeanette MacDonald visited the field and thrilled everyone. She is one of the loveliest persons I have ever seen on the stage. I can't begin to name all the songs she sang—she sang so many—but the highlights of the evening, for me, at least, were the *Italian Street Song*, *Ave Maria*, and two popular songs, *Johnny Doughboy* and *Keep the Light in the Harbor Burning*. I must mention *Lover Come Back to Me*. I'm going to be sentimental for a week! All the men were thinking of their mothers, wives, and sweethearts and they all were in sympathy with Miss MacDonald, knowing how she must feel because her husband is in service overseas. One could feel it in her voice. For such a crowd of men, there was an unusual hush and quiet during her songs. She asked all of us to join her in *Auld Lang Syne* and I could hardly sing a word. It seems that we were all overcome, the chorus of voices was so subdued—one just knew how we all felt and what we were thinking.

"No one person has done so much for, or meant so much to the fellows on this field. The boys are full of gratitude. Our regret is that there is no appreciable way of showing it.

"She must be a grand person. The guards at the gate said that she drove herself onto the field in a Ford. They say she is making part of this tour by car. Tomorrow she drives to Fort Sill for a concert. Think of the happiness she is bringing to thousands of soldiers.

"Well, this being midnight, I should retire. And since I just wrote to you this morning there is no other news. I bought your birthday greeting today and it is so nice I can hardly wait to send it to you. The way mails go I will have to send it early—but don't open it until the day. With much love, Bud."

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# Roy Rogers' Wife Talks!

Continued from page 31

that radio station. Tell 'em we'll be down with a couple of lemon pies. No call for anyone to go hungry with all this food around."

The radio station directed them to the boys' motor court. Roy took one look at the pies, and another at the girl sitting beside her mother. "He seemed kind of flustered," says Arlene. "Kept stammering thank you. Kind of bashful too. But not so bashful he didn't ask where we lived, so he could return the tins next day."

Mrs. Wilkins wouldn't hear of it. "Just leave 'em at the station and my boy'll drop by for them." Arlene's heart sank, then sang again. The least he could do, Roy insisted, was return the tins. "Well, then, I tell you—you and your friends come up around dinner time. We're having fried chicken." Roy still doesn't know whether the girl or the chicken loomed larger in his fancy that day. Arlene doesn't know whether her mother's bid was pure inspiration, pure guile, or a blend of both. Mrs. Wilkins won't talk.

Anyway, before Roy left a few days later, he and Arlene had pledged themselves to write. His pen seemed to be less bashful than his tongue, the net result being that the following year, with Roy established in a job of sorts at KFWB, Arlene betook herself to Los Angeles for a business course. In 1936 they went back to Roswell to be married. Not till after their marriage did she realize that he'd never proposed.

"You mean that corny down-on-the-knee stuff, honey?" he protested. "Shucks, that's not the way it's done today. You just kind of sneak up on it."

He was doing all right in radio, as one of the four *Sons of the Pioneers*, the other three being Bob Nolan, Tim Spencer and Hugh Farr. As a unit, they were also being

spotted in pictures, including Gene Autry's at Republic. After a year as apartment-dwellers, he and Arlene bought a small place in the valley. She thought it was a gag the day he came home and told her Republic had signed him to a contract.

"Just like that—?!"

"I did it," he explained modestly, "with my little foot—"

Quite by accident he'd learned that the studio was on the hunt for a singing cowboy, rushed out there but couldn't get by the doorman, who was new. He hung around, waiting for a familiar face. None showed. So when the magic door was opened for a party of four, he stuck his foot through before it could swing shut and, deaf to the yells of authority behind him, landed plump in the arms of Sol Siegel, producer.

"Want to see me?"

"Think I could get a test?"

Siegel surveyed him—all five feet, eleven inches—blue eyes, blonde thatch, lean kindly face, sinewy body. "Funny. I've tested eighteen, and you never entered my head. Got your guitar?"

He dashed out to the car after it, grinned at the foiled doorman, planked himself down on Siegel's desk and sang three numbers. The producer shook his head. "You don't get a test, you get a contract."

"So for four months," says Arlene, "all they did was change his name from Leonard Slye to Dick Weston to Roy Rogers. But after that Gene Autry, bless his heart, went on strike, and Roy went into 'Under Western Stars,' and from then on everything was lovely."

Everything but one. They found they couldn't have children. This generally hits a woman harder than a man. But Roy's one of those he-guy softies where kids are concerned. For a dimpled smile he'll wrap his

Right, Claire Trevor, as she appears opposite Randolph Scott and Glenn Ford in "The Desperados," a vivid drama of early settlers in this country's vast Northwest, filmed in Technicolor.







The kiddies appearing with Judy Garland in "Presenting Lily Mars," film version of Booth Tarkington's widely read novel, gathered around Howard Dietz, M-G-M executive, when he visited the Garland set. Judy is standing between Mr. Dietz and Spring Byington, above.

heart up in tissue paper and hand it over. They decided on adoption.

One night Roy came home from a tour, in the course of which he'd played several orphanages. "Honey," he said, "what're we waitin' for? There was a little ole girl at one of these places, couldn't have been more than two, hung round my neck an' wanted to come home with me."

"Why didn't you take her?"

"Already spoken for. But I want a little ole girl of my own."

"Let's go," said Arlene.

They applied to a place from which one of their friends had adopted a child and, after preliminary investigations over, set forth to pick a daughter. They spent the trip, and it was a long one, selecting and discarding names. Arlene's final choice was Cheryl. Roy's memory went back ten years to a time when he'd been working on the state highway up beyond Castaic. A little blonde kid used to come over every day and talk to him. "Her name was Darlene," he mused fondly. "I always liked that name." So a slumbering six-weeks infant, miles away, became Cheryl Darlene.

She was lying on her tummy when they spotted her, and as they stopped beside the crib, lifted her blonde head to show them a pair of gorgeous brown blinkers. They looked at each other. The matron smiled. "He'd seen that look before. 'Are you sure?'" he asked. "Don't you want to see the rest?"

"Seems like this is the one," said Arlene. They couldn't take her till she was three months old, so six weeks later they drove down again with a bassinet, and could have saved themselves the bother, for Cheryl Darlene spent most of the trip in the arms of whoever wasn't driving.

She's two now, an accomplished flirt and old-digger, rifles Roy's pockets for "mono" to put in her bank, calls herself his doll baby, and knows she has only to coo "I love you, daddy," to bring her slave to terms. When they tune in on Gene Autry, she gives him the raspberry.

"Who taught her that?" her daddy inquired sternly.

Arlene was airy about it. "Children pick

things up." Which, whether by accident or design, brought another joyous sputter from the cherub's lips. Roy eyed her in awe. "She's terrific, that's all." It's the comment he always uses to sum her up.

Not long after her arrival, they found they were outgrowing the old house. They'd planned to build, but priorities got ahead of them. Roy wanted a place with big trees, big rooms and plenty of space for Trigger and the pigeons. They discovered it on top of a hill near Encino.

Next to his family, says Arlene, Roy loves Trigger and the pigeons best. Talking about them, his eyes go soft, and when he says "that little dickens" in a certain tone of voice, she's never sure whether he means Cheryl or the golden palomino.

He came home from a recent rodeo, laughing his head off. "The little devil's just too smart, that's all—"

Trigger, it seems, likes to do a little ribbing on his own, knowing that out in front of an audience, he's safe from correction.

"How old are you?" Roy asked.

The horse counted up to eight.

"Hey, wait a minute! You may feel that old right now, but you're only six." Roy gave him the cue again, the cue which in private he never missed. Trigger just looked bored.

"What did you do?" asked Arlene.

"What could I do?—Laid my cards on the table. Told the crowd if this didn't stop pretty soon, they'd see a little horse-training right there on the stage."

It was an English pigeon-fancier who infected Roy with the bug. He bought his first loft a year and a half ago, and Arlene will never forget the first pigeon he clocked for a hundred-mile race. The Lone Ranger they called him, and he'd been shipped to

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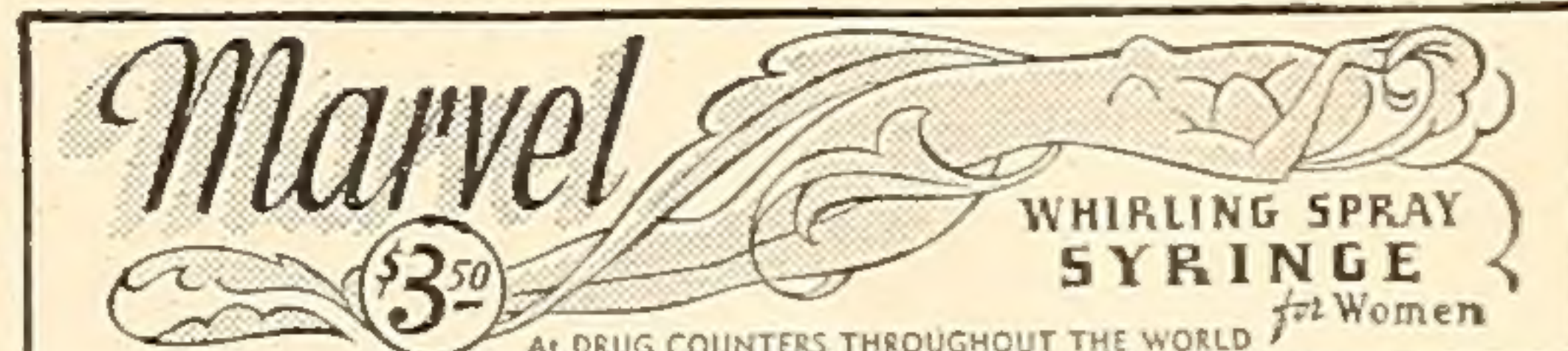
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DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 535, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.







Meet Tarzan's new girl! Frances Gifford replaces Maureen O'Sullivan, who is temporarily retiring from pictures, as the jungle hero's mate in "Tarzan Triumphs." A costume similar to a sarong and called a "zandrape" has been created for Frances' rôle of Zandra.

Bakersfield the night before with several others. Roy was out at the loft that morning two hours before they could possibly arrive. When he caught sight of a bird winging its way in, he turned white, his hands shook so he could hardly get the band off and, but for Arlene, he'd have stuck his head instead of the band into the time-clock.

The Ranger was Roy's darling. He won four races, and never returned from the fifth. A hawk must have got him. That was when Arlene stepped out of the picture. She wasn't going to have her heart broken over any more pigeons. Roy still mourns the Ranger who, along with others of its breed, fairly convinced him that pigeons have souls. Maybe hearts is a better word, and maybe guts is the best of all. "They'll come home to you with a broken leg," he says almost reverently, "but they'll come home."

He calls Arlene Maw and she calls him Paw. It started as a gag, but comes so naturally now that they don't even notice until some stranger smiles. She says he has a sweet nature, and that people just naturally like him because he likes them. He also has his faults. Wherever he steps out of his clothes, there they lie. She used to keep after him about it, but nothing happened, so now she picks them up herself. This entails less wear and tear on the nervous system. He can never find anything. It wouldn't be so bad if he'd call for her help in the first place. But not till he's pulled all the dresser drawers apart, does he start yelling "Maw!" When she reaches into the mess and brings forth the item, he acts as if he suspected her of legerdemain.

He sometimes forgets her birthday—December 14th—his alibi being that he's too busy remembering Christmas. Last Christmas Eve he worked till five, dashed to a store and bought her a piano. She could wear a new dress every day and he wouldn't know the difference. When she tells him it's new, he hangs his head in shame, mutters "Gosh, it's pretty," and peeks out of the

corner of his eye to see how she's taking it. As for shopping with her, he'd sooner take a beating. "Men don't belong in those places. Besides, a woman walks you to death. When I want a hat, I go to a store and buy it. A woman walks in, sees a hat she likes, walks out, goes to ten other stores, and comes home with sore feet and the same hat she liked in the first place."

Arlene did all her own work in the small house and is still doing it because they haven't been able to find the right housekeeper yet. According to her, he doesn't help with the dishes. According to him, he's washed them a couple of times.

"Dried," she scoffs. "There's a difference. And I had to be awfully tired before you did that."

"Well," he defends himself, "I'm an outdoor man."

On the other hand, he pays her the supreme compliment of calling her a good driver, and cheerfully admits his sole responsibility for traffic tickets and bumped fenders. Like all men, he says most women can't drive. But the few who can, drive better than most men. Arlene's one of them.

He also goes around proclaiming her prowess as a cook, and would willingly dine seven nights a week on her fried chicken, hot biscuits and corn on the cob. "That girl does something to fried chicken that nobody else ever did except her mother." Discovering that Cheryl, like himself, went for the wings and drumsticks, he was secretly enchanted but pretended to be a martyr. "I'll just have to eat the backs and the bony stuff." So now there are two fried chickens in every pot. He generally passes up dessert, because when he eats the main course he's not fooling, and there's no room left for anything else.

He sleeps peeled and sings in the shower, especially before recording, to loosen up his voice. His favorite song is *Home on the Range*, his favorite movie stars Tracy, Gable and Stanwyck, his favorite color blue. He wears only cowboy clothes, both as part of his business and because he loves

them. His only superstition has to do with laying a cowboy hat down on a bed—that's bad luck. So you'll find his flur down on a chair or table or dresser—never on a bed and never by any chance in the closet till Arlene puts it there.

Night clubs bore them both to death. "Don't even know how to sit in one," says Roy. He doesn't drink, he likes only square dancing, so what's there to do in a night club, call hogs?—and no reflections intended. He's an expert square-dance-caller having started as a kid of eleven in Ohio because he lacked the nerve to ask a girl to dance and had to do something. He's looking forward to calling some fine square dances in his tennis court.

When he's not on a picture, the day begins at eight. He and Cheryl head for the pigeon pen, where they fool around till Arlene calls them to breakfast—for Roy's dainty meal of fruit, bacon and eggs, waffles, hot biscuits and coffee. The rest of the day is monotonously happy—from pigeon to Trigger to watering the place and back to the pigeons. Sometimes at night they take in a show. Sometimes they have friends in for cards, on which occasions the sexes are segregated, wives playing trip at one end of the house, husbands poker at a circular tower room at the other end. "Women," Roy and his pals decree, "can play poker." At midnight they get together for sandwiches, coffee and cake.

Arlene thinks her husband is just about right as is. There's only one reform she's tried seriously to institute. She wishes he'd read more. Not that she wants to make a scholar out of him, but she thinks he'd enjoy it, once he got started. He thinks too. When they're alone of an evening he'll sit himself down, pick up a book—the-month and sometimes get as far as the third page.

Then Arlene will hear: "Fine book, honey. You should read it. Well—guess go out and take a look at the pigeons."

## "Beauty Without Extravagance"

Continued from page 55

least in a very cool place. They are pleasant to use when they are cool and should get a lift to your spirits just by the most routine matter of cleansing your skin. Even the simplest of all beauty treatments is less effective unless it is fun.

A beauty, fashion note about your hair today there are no great changes in fashion, but, as always, good sense, good taste, is important. So your hair style should be dictated by comfort and becomingness. The way it hasn't been for a long time. Wear it up or down, long or short, as you choose. But keep it brushed and shining. That's what counts. If you like your hair long, however, there is a new style for long hair that makes it look short. The trick is to wind the hair close to the head.

Now that we are dressing with so much simplicity and fashion freedom, remember how becoming pearls are. (After you have used your mask, of course, and your pearls can compete with any pearl!) These lovely beads are being worn a great deal. They are being worn in new ways. Sometimes a long string of them, evenly matched and wound round and round your throat as Hedy Lamarr does on page 54. Sometimes they are worn in shorter strings; the pearls are different sizes. A simple black or gray or dark blue dress, with strings of pearls worn in an original fashion, makes a lovely costume.





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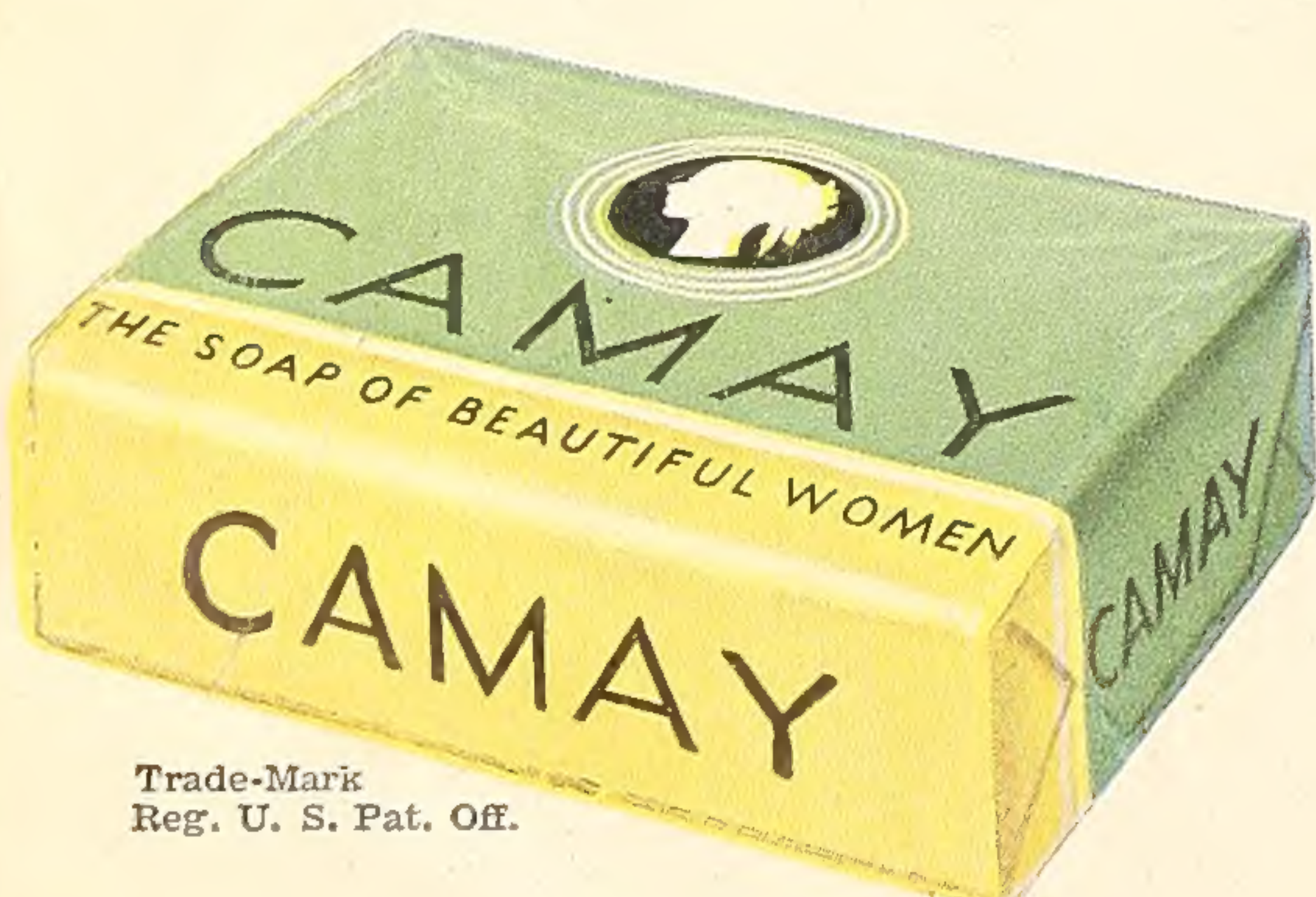
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